America's Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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LIBRARY ARIZONA STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE

BAD ACTOR *by* Beth Brown

LOCATION WIDOWS

LOST *in the* Hollywood Maze . . . *by* OTIS SKINNER

TIME OUT *for Motherhood*



THE LOTTERY BRIDE

JEANETTE MacDONALD, JOE E. BROWN and ZASU PITTS place United Artists' new Technicolor musical-romance, "The Lottery Bride," among the hit-headliners of the current season. Don't miss this one.

Her charm made a vital, stimulating presence

No longer do screen limitations restrict this vital Jeanette MacDonald to shadowy motions in black and gray.

In *The Lottery Bride* she walks before you a living presence—her color and charm richly expressed in the color and charm of Technicolor.

Only in Technicolor can the true sweep of life actually pass before you on the screen. You hear, and *now* you see, people and things actually as they are. The true image, the very living presence, is yours to command—through the magic of Technicolor.

TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **FOLLOW THRU,** with Charles Rogers and Nancy Carroll (Paramount); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon, James Hall, Jane Winton and Thelma Todd (Caddo) Technicolor Sequences, **SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS,** with Claudia Dell and Perry Askam (Warner Bros.); **THE LIFE OF THE PARTY,** with Winnie Lightner (Warner Bros.); **THE TOAST OF THE LEGION,** with Bernice Claire, Walter Pidgeon and Edward Everett Horton (First National); **VIENNESE NIGHTS,** all-star cast (Warner Bros.); **WHOOPEE,** starring Eddie Cantor (Samuel Goldwyn-Florenz Ziegfeld).

Technicolor

Here are the Winners

in the

JO-CUR' Contest *for* Beautiful Hair



Thousands of women from all over the country submitted their photographs in the Jo-Cur' Beautiful Hair Contest which closed September 30th. From these photographs the judges impartially selected the winners whose names appear on this page. The task of selection was unusually difficult — for practically every photograph showed hair beautifully finger-waved and becomingly arranged. And the almost invariable comment of these thousands of entrants was, "I never knew how lovely I could make my own hair look, until I tried Jo-cur' Beauty Aids." For shampooing, for finger-waving, for making the hair truly beautiful, there is nothing like them—at any price. You, too, can prove this. Just try Jo-Cur' Beauty Aids. They come in 10c, 25c and 50c sizes—at your favorite 10c Chain Store or your Druggist's.



2nd Prize, $100.00

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"When I tell you it cost me over $5.00 every time I had my hair finger-waved at Mons. _____you can realize how delighted I was to find your lovely Shampoo and Wave-Set." —says Mrs. McMahon

1st Prize, $250.00

and Portrait by Charles B. Ross

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830 West 6th Street, Plainfield, New Jersey

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Miss Marion Bierce
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Mrs. Fred Kuether, Jr.
13 Second Avenue, Cedarburg, Wis.

$25.00 Prizes

Miss Alice Yendrek
Dardanelle, Ark.

Miss Harriett McDermott
458 West 42nd Street, New York City

Miss Esther Jacobs
Exchange Building, Winona, Minn.

Miss Esther A. Higgins
21 Parker Terrace, Newton Centre, Mass.

$10.00 Prizes

Mildred Johnson
4433 Third Ave. South
Minneapolis, Minn.

Stella M. Haugen
2525½ 27th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mary Knetter
Edgar, Wis.

Fay E. Kerr
23 W. 64th St.
New York City

Thelma Myrum
4711 29th Ave., So.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Peggy Hillberry
Hoult, W. Virginia

Muriel Applegate
220 E. Lemon Ave.
Monrovia, Calif.

Laura Everson
719 7th Ave., N.
Devils Lake, N. D.

Mrs. Bertha Chodera
109 Stanage Ave.
Champaign, Ill.

Helen Young
109 N. Ardmore St.
Dayton, Ohio

$5.00 Prizes

Merry Cass
St. Louis, Mo.

Afton Pickett
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ida Elizabeth Zink
San Francisco, Calif.

Mrs. I. E. Granett
Berea, Kentucky

N. P. West
Auburn, Ind.

Doris Guertler
Philadelphia, Pa.

Emma Butor
Northampton, Mass.

Gladyce Kilmer
Venice, Calif.

Lynwood Rapier
Louisville, Ky.

Marion Hopewell
Chicago, Ill.

Ruby Tucker
Topeka, Kansas

Mrs. M. Wettrick
Mansfield, Ohio

Olive A. Crawford
Concord, N. H.

Louise Meriwether
La Belle, Missouri

Annie Dugan
Rumford, Maine

Betty May Quayle
Burlington, Iowa

Emma Seats
St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Margaret E. Noss
Aliquippa, Pa.

Mildred E. Simons
Minneapolis, Minn.

Emily E. Fisher
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dorothy Lange
Norwood, Ohio

Mrs. Leo Brendel
Philadelphia, Pa.

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Roanoke, Virginia

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North Platte, Nebraska

MaryLouiseRobertson
Greenfield, Mo.

Mrs. Myrtle Rosewater
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Evadna Moshier
Caldwell, Kansas

Blanche Knox
Tarboro, N. C.

Viola Bodei
So. Orange, N. J.

Kathryn Wiedenhaeft
Chicago, Illinois

Helen Clingaman
Wauseon, Ohio

Edna Bolender
New York City

Althea Pedersen
Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Jane A. Moschel
Denver, Colorado

Mrs. Etta Siemers
Little Falls, Minn.

Vera Funsch
Mt. Morris, Mich.

Odessa Barfield
Sylvester, Ga.

Erna Jeschke
Aberdeen, S. Dak.

Lucile Long
Birmingham, Ala.

Adeline Necker
Charleston, W. Va.

Mari Ware
Feasterville, Pa.

Jennetta Quinn
Margate City, N. J.

Lucille V. Strouse
Lyndon, Ohio

Bertha Shimaitis
Chicago, Ill.

Harriet Choflet
New Rochelle, N. Y.

Mrs. R. M. Henry
Washington, D. C.

Viola Whitehair
Trenton, N. J.

Mrs. C. M. James
Flagg, Texas

Mrs. V. Buckley
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. Jack Lowe
Witt, Ill.

Lydia Hartman
Lyndale, Minn.

Virginia R. Willey
Quincy, Ill.

Lois Seltz
St. Paul, Minn.

Martha Murphy
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dorotha Sneed
Salem, Oregon

Madeline F. Coffey
Providence, R. I.

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Yonkers, N. Y.

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Redwood City, Calif.

Gladys R. Ficke
Astoria L. I., N. Y.

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Lansing, Mich.

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Indianapolis, Ind.

Virginia Woolley
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Jefferson City, Mo.

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Birmingham, Ala.

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*

DECEMBER, 1930 VOL. XXII, NO. 2

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Painted by Jay Weaver

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Fun for everyone from 6 to 60!

You enjoyed Tom Sawyer and his gang when you read of them as a kid—you laugh even more uproariously when you read about them now. But when you actually meet them on the Paramount screen you'll love them more than ever before—you'll laugh as you've never laughed yet!



MITZI GREEN

The lovable, laughable imp of the screen as Becky Thatcher



Mark Twain, whose stories of these adventurous kids made his fame immortal.

"TOM SAWYER"

JUNIOR DURKIN

Bringing to life that freckled, mischievous, irresistible Huckleberry Finn

Directed by John Cromwell

JACKIE COOGAN

Hear the most famous boy in the world in his first talking picture—and his ideal part as Tom himself

SEE and hear them pay Tom to let them whitewash the fence! Follow Huck, Tom and Joe to the island where they played pirate while the town thought they'd been drowned—and then see them attend their own funeral! Listen to Tom "get engaged" to Becky Thatcher. Played by America's most famous juvenile actors—real kids, all of them—and produced by the greatest picture organization in the world, "Tom Sawyer" is a picture everybody should see. It will be a treat for children—and for you too! *If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!*

TUNE IN! Paramount Publix Radio Hour, each Tuesday evening, 10.15 to 11 P.M. Eastern Time, over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES. — PARAMOUNT BUILDING, N. Y. C

REVUETTES

Screenland's Tabloid Guide to the Current Pictures

Class A:

Outward Bound. *Warner Brothers.* An interesting film with an unusual theme. Beryl Mercer, Leslie Howard, Helen Chandler and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., excellent.*

Her Man. *Pathé.* Helen Twelvetrees comes through with a noteworthy performance. Phillips Holmes and Ricardo Cortez fine male support.*

What a Widow. *United Artists.* Gorgeous Gloria in a corking comedy and smart clothes. You'll like Gloria, the comedienne.*

Liliom. *Fox.* Molnar's play well acted by Charles Farrell, Estelle Taylor and Rose Hobart and directed by Frank Borzage.*

Girl of the Golden West. *First National.* Ann Harding goes western with much success. You'll like this talker.*

Whoopee. *United Artists.* Lavish production, beautiful girls and Eddie Cantor wise-cracking. A good show.*

Abraham Lincoln. *United Artists.* The life of Lincoln portrayed splendidly by Walter Huston and very well directed by D. W. Griffith.

Old English. *Warner Brothers.* Another George Arliss classic. Add this to your *must* list.

Hell's Angels. *Caddo.* Aviation epic. Magnificent flying feats and Ben Lyon, Jean Harlow and James Hall.

The Bad Man. *First National.* A fascinating portrayal by Walter Huston as a Mexican bandit. Entertaining.

Moby Dick. *Warner Brothers.* John Barrymore's best talker, this sound version of "The Sea Beast."

Monte Carlo. *Paramount.* Charming musical romance with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan, directed by Lubitsch.

The Big House. *Metro.* Thrilling melodrama about prison riots, with Wallace Beery, Chester Morris and Robert Montgomery.

Class B:

Good News. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Bessie Love and Gus Shy, great in much-imitated musical comedy of college life.

The Sea God. *Paramount.* Pearl diving adventures in the South Seas with Richard Arlen and Fay Wray.



Clara Bow and her boy-friends, Charles Ruggles, Ralph Forbes and Skeet Gallagher, in "Her Wedding Night"—hilarious farce.

Three Faces East. *Warner Brothers.* Constance Bennett and Eric von Stroheim, splendid in vocalized version of the well-known secret service play.*

Love in the Rough. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Golf, music and romance by Robert Montgomery with comedy by Benny Rubin. Fore!

Sweethearts on Parade. *Columbia.* Alice White rescued by the Marines when the villain pursues her. Unconvincing.

Love Your Neighbor. *Educational.* Charlotte 'Legs' Greenwood, very funny in a comedy short of domestic disorders. Plenty of laughs.

Don't Bite Your Dentist. *Mack Sennett Comedy.* Andy Clyde and Daphne Pollard cavort through a comedy short which has many funny sequences.

Africa Speaks. *Columbia.* Thrilling and interesting travelogue, with lions as the 'menace.' See this one.*

Call of the Flesh. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Ramon Novarro at his best, aided by Dorothy Jordan, Ernest Torrence and Renée Adorée.*

The Sea Wolf. *Fox.* A fine performance by Milton Sills in a virile melodrama of the sea. His final film.*

Let's Go Native. *Paramount.* Funfest with Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, Skeet Gallagher, Jeannette MacDonald and William Austin. You'll like it.*

Her Wedding Night. *Paramount.* Clara Bow in a hilarious farce, her best talker so far, with Charlie Ruggles a riot, as usual.

Road to Paradise. *First National.* Loretta Young plays a dual rôle in a mystery drama. Fair entertainment.

Dough Boys. *Metro - Goldwyn - Mayer.* Buster Keaton wins the World War, the girl, Sally Eilers, and a lot of laughs with this one.

Way of All Men. *Warner Brothers.* You'll recognize this as "The Deluge," a former silent film. It's dull even though Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is the hero.

A Lady Surrenders. *Universal.* Good entertainment and good acting by Conrad Nagel, Genevieve Tobin, Rose Hobart and Basil Rathbone. Don't miss this.

Big Boy. *Warner Brothers.* If you like Al Jolson don't pass this by. Nice comedy and musical numbers put over with the Jolson technique.

Man Trouble. *Fox.* Another racketeer film worthwhile because of capable performances by Dorothy Mackaill and Milton Sills.

Last of the Duanes. *Fox.* A typical Zane Grey western, with the stalwart George O'Brien as the hero.

Outside the Law. *Universal.* Underworld melodrama with plenty of action supplied by Mary Nolan, Owen Moore and Rockcliffe Fellows.

The Office Wife. *Warner Brothers.* The 'poor working girl' gets a break. Very pleasing picture with Dorothy Mackaill and Lewis Stone.*

The Squealer. *Columbia.* Heavy drama done well with Jack Holt, Dorothy Revier, Matt Moore, Zasu Pitts and little Davey Lee.*

Leathernecking. *RKO.* Light comedy with music and marines. Benny Rubin, Louise Fazenda and Ned Sparks hand out the laughs.*

Sweet Kitty Bellairs. *Warner Brothers.* Nice, old-fashioned film but it has been in moth-balls too long. Claudia Dell is charming.*

Follow Thru. *Paramount.* Fun on the golf links. Charles 'Buddy' Rogers and Nancy Carroll share the romance; Zelma O'Neal and Eugene Pallette the comedy honors.*

The Spoilers. *Paramount.* If only for the 'big fight' scene between Gary Cooper and William Boyd this picture is worth seeing.*

Dixiana. *RKO.* Elaborate settings and Bebe Daniels, Everett Marshall, Robert Woolsey and Bert Wheeler can't overcome the poor plot.*

*Reviewed in this issue.



Coach Howard Jones
Univ. of So. Cal.
W. K. Schoonover
Arkansas
E. N. Sleight
Purdue
George Gibson
Minnesota
Tim Moynihan
Notre Dame
Ray Montgomery
Pittsburgh

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Mark Canfield
Screen play and dialogue by
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What is behind the success of a great football team? Men? Teamwork? Coaching? Watch Joan Bennett vamp the whole All-American team into playing for her and you'll agree that sometimes —*"Maybe it's Love!"*

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Russell Saunders
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Howard Harpster
Carnegie Tech.
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Univ. of Penn.
William Banker
Tulane

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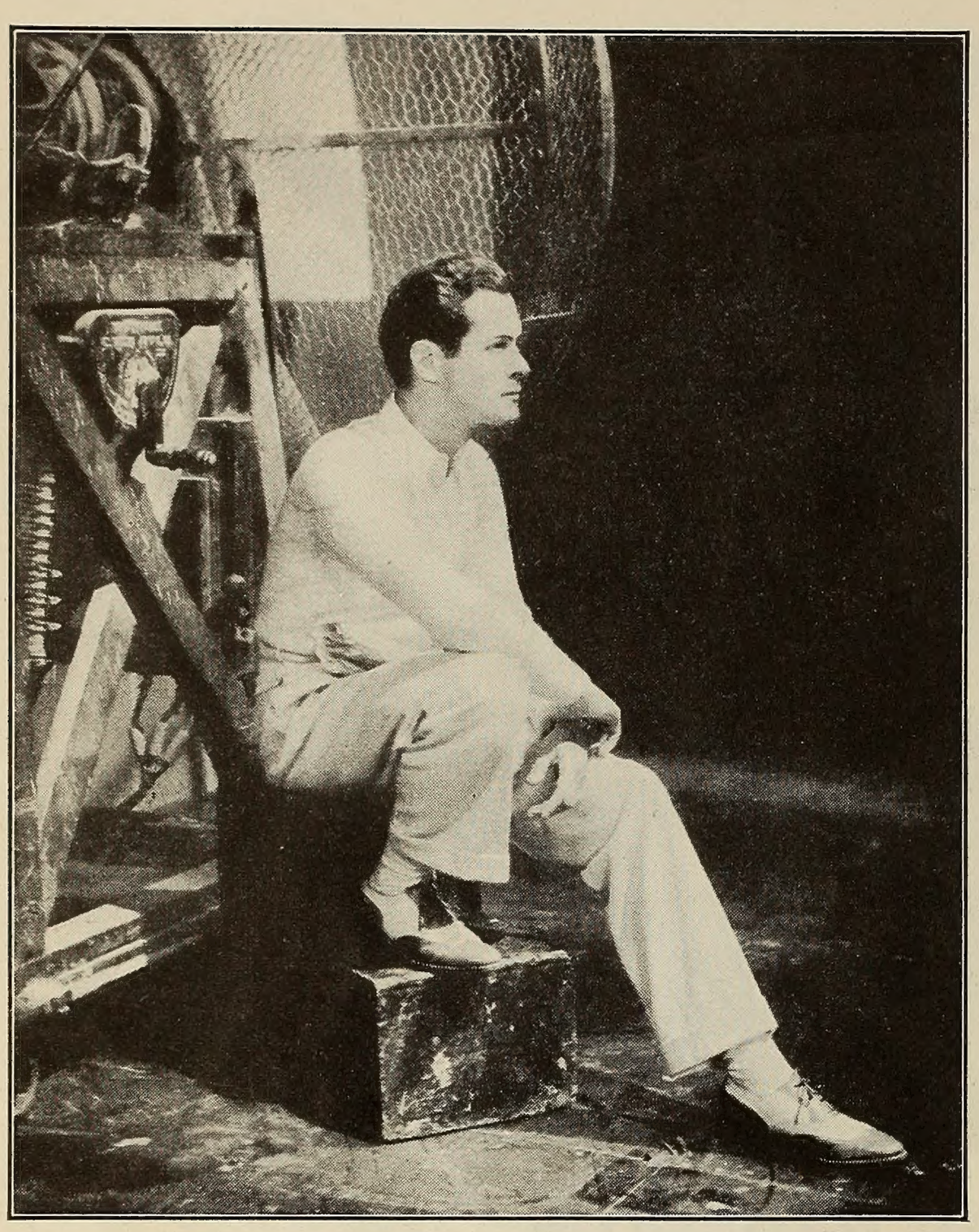
Directed by
WILLIAM WELLMAN
Director of "Wings"



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A WARNER BROS. AND VITAPHONE PICTURE



Robert Montgomery's audiences like him because he plays his rôles with a sincerity that demonstrates the difference between real acting and just action.

LETTERS *from the* AUDIENCE

This is YOUR department, to which you are invited to contribute your opinions of pictures and players. For the cleverest and most constructive letters, not exceeding 200 words in length, we offer four prizes. First prize, $20.00; second prize, $15.00; third prize, $10.00; fourth prize, $5.00. Next best letters will also be printed. Contest closes December 10, 1930. Letters in praise of SCREENLAND *are not eligible in this contest and should be addressed directly to the Editor. Send 'best' letters to Letters from the Audience Department,* SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, *45 West 45th Street, New York City.*

THE EDITOR

FIRST PRIZE LETTER
$20.00

Mrs. Pose intentionally loses interest whenever I speak of the screen. Should I ask if she has seen some especially good picture, she replies: "No, I see so few movies. Really, I don't care for them—such a waste of time, don't you think?"

Yes, I think! I think her pose is decidedly misplaced. Intelligent women everywhere realize and appreciate the big part the screen is playing in progress. It is not only entertainment, but edification for both the brilliant and the bourgeois. Mrs. Pose enjoys cards and chitchat—no quarrel with these, understand—but she declares it wasted time to see and hear the latest, most important news of today. To be instructed entertainingly through educational films; to enjoy the best histrionic stars of this and other countries, also the highest acclaimed beauty and keenest wit.

Naturally, one exercises choice in movies as in other things. Seeing shows as in eating garlic is a matter of taste. But good shows—clearer slants on some angles of life, tense emotions liberated and eased, mind and body delightfully relaxed, absorbing entertainment with no distressing come-back as some pastimes have—even Mrs. Pose should appreciate this!

Chloe B. Ayer,
851 Park Avenue,
Springfield, Ill.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER
$15.00

What with miniature golf and business depression, some persons, we hear, are growing panicky and are even predicting that the talking pictures, like other 'fads,' will soon die out.

Die out, indeed! Why, ever since the ancient Greeks put on six-day tragedies and comedies that have survived unto this day the human race has loved and clung to the theater. Even under the stern Puritanism of Oliver Cromwell, the theater flourished surreptitiously. Even when, during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was invaded by risqué plays, it struggled on until it came to its present glory.

What, you ask, has all this to do with the talkies? Much, for they are a part of the theater and as such, will never be relinquished by their patrons. And certainly, the adoring audience will never desert their stars! It is the miniature golf course that is a fad, and the business depression will die out while the movies go on forever.

Charlotte Dubin,
1757 K Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

THIRD PRIZE LETTER
$10.00

It may seem strange that a young girl just entering college isn't simply 'wild' about all the men stars who happen to be good-looking. Well, here's one who isn't! There are two men on the screen whom I really like; one is George Arliss, the other is Robert Montgomery. My reason for this is that I like people to do what they try to do. If a person is an actor, he should be able to act. George Arliss can act, there's no doubt of that. And so can Robert Montgomery. For the type of rôles he plays there is no one who can outdo or even equal him. He's a real actor.

On the other side, there are only two women on the screen whom I really like. They are Norma Shearer and Dorothy Mackaill. Dorothy is the most different blonde on the screen and puts her real self into her work. And since I saw "The Trial of Mary Dugan," my parents have forbidden me to see one of Norma Shearer's pictures more than four times!

Esmerelda Mayes,
4483 McPherson Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

FOURTH PRIZE LETTER
$5.00

Once it was said, "Trade follows the flag." Today it might be said, "Trade follows films."

There can be no doubt that commercial interest is stirred by the presentation in motion pictures of various marketable commodities. It is said that business places in America, England and Sweden were delighted with demands for reproductions of a bracelet worn by Gloria Swanson in a picture made in Paris.

In China, a certain commercial group made pictures and gave them to the theaters free. There was no direct advertising in these films; the company's one advantage was that during the picture their product was used by the various players.

The growth in tea drinking over the world is credited in part to the constant delineation of pleasurable afternoon tea parties shown in hundreds of films.

Far back in Thibet a Llama is said to have asked for a lamp to light his quarters. Scores of the local butter-fat contraptions

HELP yourself to the best time you've had in years!

"Where the H--- is Mulligan?"



Out go the lights! On go the thrills! Into the mystery-mansion stalks the "Gorilla", a mind of a master-criminal—lust-cravings of a beast. In walk Mulligan and Garrity, the two dumb detectives, and then the fun begins. It shouldn't be missed.

THE GORILLA

Mulligan and Garrity (Joe Friso and Harry Gribbon) the two blundering detectives who see all, hear all and know nothing. They're a riot!

FIRST NATIONAL PICTURES, INC.
presents it with

LILA LEE — **JOE FRISCO**

Harry Gribbon . . Walter Pidgeon

Story by Ralph Spence
Directed by Bryan Foy

Mysterious! Hilarious! Stupendous! "The Gorilla" Will Give You The Thrill Of Your LAFFtime!

First National Pictures

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A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE



The gorgeous Garbo. Audiences agree that in "Romance" Greta gives the greatest performance of her career.

were shown him, but he insisted upon a kerosene lamp such as he had seen in a moving picture while on a visit to India!

R. J. Crum,
2401 Edwards Street,
Granite City, Ill.

In Memoriam

By the passing of Lon Chaney the screen has truly lost one of its greatest artists, and unquestionably the greatest master of make-up. The loss to the picture loving world is greater than that occasioned by any other motion picture player, not even excepting the beloved Wally Reid or the great Valentino. While the latter two held a high place in the hearts of the fans, they were more or less 'class' players. Both were handsome and accomplished in their line, but they did not appeal to the masses —male and female, young and old—to the same degree as Chaney. They were both the delight of the female of the species.

Furthermore, the niche occupied by Wallace Reid and Rudolph Valentino has been filled by other handsome and accomplished players. But there is no one to fill Lon Chaney's shoes. He was not copied, he had no imitators. He filled so unique a place in the picture world that his loss cannot really be approximated. He played a type of picture that is extremely difficult to put over convincingly. All honor to this fallen star.

Frank G. Davis,
P. O. Box 428,
Springfield, Ohio.

Garbo Again!

At last, Edward Sheldon's great stage success "Romance" has reached the talking screen; and in this film, Greta Garbo in the rôle of *Rita Cavallini* has surpassed even her portrayal of *Anna Christie.*

Mr. Sheldon must be very proud of his *Cavallini,* the exotic opera star, for Garbo makes her live again. Such a glamorous *Rita!* This is Garbo's very finest characterization. It makes no difference whether you are a Garbo fan or not, you will come away from the theater realizing that never has she displayed greater artistry, and never has she been more exquisite to look at than she is in the long, full skirts, tiny hats and curls of *Cavallini.*

Miss Garbo's voice is as individual as her acting. Low-pitched, unforgettably expressive—surely the most distinguished voice of the screen today.

Mrs. Clifford E. Rounds,
127 North Louise Street,
Glendale, Cal.

Better Rôles for Brook!

I would like to ask, humbly, why a brilliant, personality-plus actor like Clive Brook must be wasted on rôles unworthy of his fine talents. For instance, "Sweethearts and Wives"—even his finesse couldn't save it. Why can't we have this sterling player in something worthy of his metal, leaving the frothy stuff to those it fits better? What saving grace there was, he gave. Clive Brook is worth the price of admission at any time; but we don't like to sit through anything burning up with indignation at the rôles he has to play. He is a cultured gentleman and we like to see him in worthy rôles.

I am making a 'play' for Clive Brook as *Stingaree,* that 'gentleman of the road' whom in spite of his profession we all loved, and who remained a gentleman through all his misdemeanors.

Ida G. Billings,
Alberta Lea, Minn.

Egypt Speaking

In Cairo, we are all marveling over that magical thing that has come to us, the talking picture. We saw first, Al Jolson in his sensitive "Jazz Singer." "Sonny Boy" also, was one of the best shows ever seen here. Our favorites, aside from Mr. Charles Chaplin, are Greta Garbo, Bessie Love, Ramon Navarro, and the most joyful and enchanting boy in the world, Maurice Chevalier.

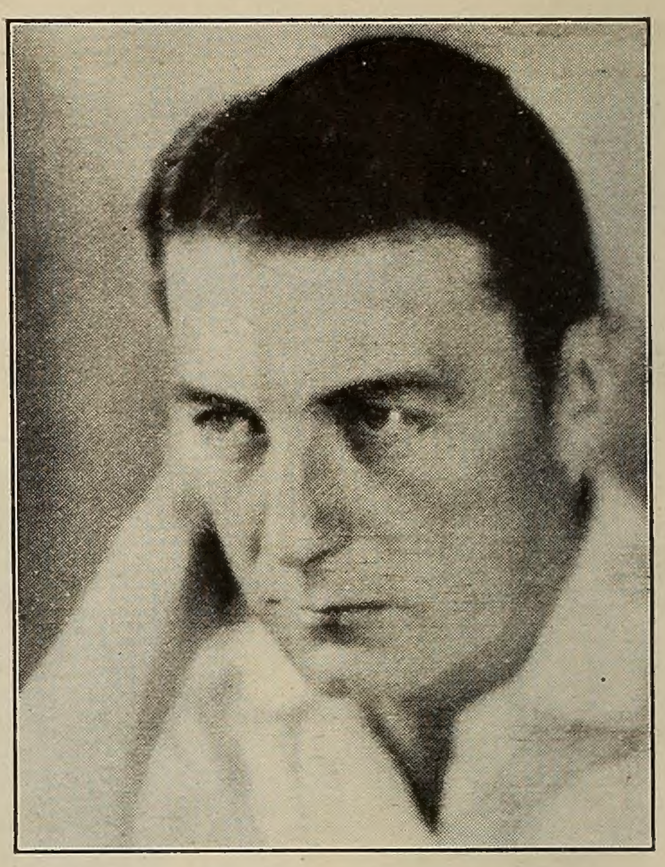
We understand here English and French, Spanish and Italian also have no secrets from us. We are anxiously awaiting "Hallelujah," "All Quiet on the Western Front," "The Love Parade." Also Mr. Chaplin's "City Lights."

We Egyptians love America. Egypt is not only the land of deserts, the Pyramids and Sphinx. Cairo and Alexandria, for example, while not resembling New York, Paris or Berlin, can rival them in civilization, amusements, education and sciences.

A. J. Cori,
Gresham House,
Sharia Soliman Pacha,
Cairo, Egypt.



Norma Shearer is back with us again, lovelier than ever. You'll be seeing her soon, in a new talking picture.



Clive Brook, gentleman, and personality-plus trouper, adds distinction to every picture in which he appears.

War Pictures Lead to Peace

Sitting spellbound during that wonderful picture "The Dawn Patrol," I was both dumbfounded and dismayed to hear a comment from a woman behind me to the effect that she could not understand why, after all these years of peace, we must still see and hear such horribly exaggerated pictures of war.

Horrible, yes! Exaggerated, no!

Years of peace? For the ones who stayed at home, perhaps, but not for those who fought for peace and now lie in hospitals, disabled and jobless, dependent on the 'yes,' or 'no' of their government. We could not understand the horror of war if pictures like "What Price Glory," "Wings," "The Big Parade," "Journey's End" and "The Dawn Patrol" were not brought before us on the screen. And these very pictures may be leaders towards international peace.

Another strong argument for war pictures is the fact that they help to keep employed many otherwise unemployed veterans; for many of the uniformed actors we see in 'reel' war are the boys who fought in the 'real' war.

Miss Marion Skinner,
Westville, N. J.

No More 'Back Stage,' Please

Having seen an indefinite number of movies dealing with back-stage life, I know how the chorus girls fight, just how the leading man feels towards his partner who steals his wife's love, and how little *Bessie Bunker* from Brattleboro steps into the shoes of the leading lady indisposed by a fit of temperament, and saves the show for the dear old producer.

I also ask you, is life like this? The hero sees his heart's desire home and is coldly refused. Does he become nonchalant and light a Murad? No, he bursts into song!

Yes, there's one who can do that. Who is it? Maurice Chevalier, of course. Hats off to Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, Maurice Chevalier, Ann Harding and Ruth Chatterton, the aristocracy of filmland who don't need back-stage pictures or mushy songs to prove that they are artists!

Mildred E. Miner,
15 Claflin Place,
Newtonville, Mass.



FAMOUS FUNMAKERS from the footlights



Many of the stage's most popular stars join veteran screen comics to make this a greater year of laughs through...



Educational's Talking Comedies

CHARLOTTE GREENWOOD...TOM PATRICOLA... BUSTER and JOHN WEST...stage favorites who have made millions laugh...these and many more are now bringing their fun to the screen for you to enjoy. For now that the talking screen makes the spoken word as well as action a source of fun, *Educational* is picking from the best stageland has to offer.

And these stars, added to *Educational's* famous company of veteran screen comics such as LLOYD HAMILTON, ANDY CLYDE, JOHNNY HINES and DAPHNE POLLARD, are making picture programs funnier and more amusing wherever *Educational's Talking Comedies* are shown—and that includes most of the country's leading theatres.



For the best laughs you have had in months see

Charlotte Greenwood
in
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A TUXEDO COMEDY

•—•

Buster West and John West
in
"DON'T GIVE UP"
A VANITY COMEDY

•—•

Tom Patricola
in
"SI, SI, SENOR"
AN IDEAL COMEDY

Educational Pictures
"THE SPICE OF THE PROGRAM"

EDUCATIONAL FILM EXCHANGES, INC.
E. W. HAMMONS, President
Executive Offices: 1501 Broadway, New York

ASK ME

By Miss Vee Dee

An Answer Department of Information about Screen Plays and Players

Miss Vee Dee will be glad to answer any questions you may care to ask about pictures and picture people. If you wish an answer in the Magazine, please be patient and await your turn; but if you prefer a personal reply, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address: Miss Vee Dee, SCREENLAND MAGAZINE, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Clara Bow, sitting pretty as usual.

JUNIOR. Don't let anyone fool you; there is just one of me. Suppose you thought it was a Tweedle-Dum and Tweedle-Dee act, didn't you? Edythe Chapman was born in Rochester, N. Y. She had 20 years' stage experience as leading woman and about 15 years on the screen in character rôles. She has blue eyes and grey hair. She played with Dorothy Mackaill and Jack Mulhall in "Man Crazy" and with Colleen Moore in "Naughty but Nice." Gertrude Short was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1901.

A. B., Watertown, S. Dak. Audrey, where are you? Here's a li'l fan rooting for you. Audrey Ferris was born Aug. 30, 1909, in Detroit, Mich. She has brown eyes and auburn hair. Some of her films were "Slightly Used," "The Broadway Kid," "Sailor Izzy Murphy," and "The Jazz Singer."

Mariana G. Nancy Carroll has beautiful red hair, blue eyes, is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 119 pounds. She is the seventh child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas LaHiff and was born Nov. 19, 1906, in New York City. Her latest pictures are "The Devil's Holiday" with Phillips Holmes, "Follow Thru," with Charles Rogers, and "Laughter." You can reach her at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, Cal.

Lauretta R., Eldorado, Kans. You can write Greta Garbo and Nils Asther at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Marian Nixon at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Her latest release is "Scarlet Pages" with Elsie Ferguson from the stage, and Grant Withers.

Bertha G. You are going to hand it to me for snappy answers, are you? Thanks for the kind words and the glad hand. Charles Delaney played with Sally O'Neil and Robert Elliott in "Kathleen Mavourneen," a Tiffany production; and in "Show Girl," a First National release, with Alice White and Donald Reed. Charles was born Aug. 4, 1897, in New York City. He has brown hair and eyes, is 5 feet 10½ inches tall and weighs 162 pounds. His wife is Mary Meek, a professional.

William W. Why should I end your suffering when some wise guy said, "suffer and be strong?" But to relieve the agony, please note the information wanted. Joan Crawford can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. She plays in "Our Blushing Brides" with Anita Page, Dorothy Sebastian, Robert Montgomery and Raymond Hackett. Nick Stuart is playing in short comedies for Mack Sennett now but one of his latest features was "Happy Days" from the Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Marjorie T. from Franklin, N. H. Sorry I haven't space to give you the addresses of all the picture people—it would take pages and pages, with never a place to sign off, and if there's anything I like to do, it is to sign off. Jack Mulhall's wife is Evelyn Winans. Jack has a young son, Jack Jr., by a former marriage, who gives promise of becoming a fine pianist. His latest release is "The Road to Paradise" with Loretta Young.

Hazel, Edinburgh, Scotland. Does it take so much courage to write me? I'm the so-and-so of good nature and letters like yours make me delirious with joy so don't hold out on me. Eddie Phillips was

(*Continued on page 101*)

WANTED!

by the American Public

BILLY THE KID

KING VIDOR'S

Great Epic of the Lawless West



With

John Mack Brown
Wallace Beery
Kay Johnson
Karl Dane

A FIGHTER TO THE END—A LOVER UNAFRAID!

A great motion picture has come to the theatres of the world. A drama of love, power, revenge, greed! King Vidor, who created "The Big Parade," has brought to the talking screen this amazing story based on the life of that notorious "bad man" of the lawless West—Billy the Kid. In this picture M-G-M has produced for you the most thrilling frontier drama ever filmed! You'll want to see the mighty Wallace Beery give one of the greatest performances of his career—equal to his masterful triumph in "The Big House." Never before have you felt the power, the might and majesty of the Great West as you will experience it in "Billy the Kid."

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer PRODUCTION



SCREEN INGÉNUE, *NEW STYLE*

Helen Twelvetrees has very blonde hair and very wistful eyes and a bee-stung mouth—so she must be an ingénue. But she doesn't always act like one. In "Her Man" she definitely establishes herself as a unique young actress—a Griffith heroine of the old school, say, gone deliciously, daintily wrong!

SCREENLAND HONOR PAGE

Won by HELEN TWELVETREES

'The girl with the funny name,' Helen Twelvetrees, is going to make that name count for a lot in pictures. She's begun already in "Her Man," in which she plays a café cutie with charm and some conviction. Her close-ups on this page prove her appeal. But the most refreshing scenes of her in "Her Man" are those in which, as *Frankie,* she flounces fliply down the sordid streets in the wake of *Johnny* (Ricardo Cortez). Her walk says plainly: "I'm somebody's sweetie, I am." And somehow she contrives to lend a touch of pathos to that commonplace picture.





These close-ups from "Her Man" are mirrors of moods, rather than stark horror or mad joy in the old-fashioned ingénue manner.









He's "Her Man" and she's his woman! Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes in a scene from the new picture which makes Helen a big star bet. Phillips is good, too.



Al Jolson's first picture for United Artists will be "Sons o' Guns" with Lily Damita, who played in the stage production, supplying the feminine pulchritude.

Janet Gaynor is in screen circulation again. "The Man Who Came Back" is her new picture.





Maurice Chevalier is in France, for a visit, and fifty million Frenchmen are paying 1,000,000 francs a week to see him.

Billie Dove will make pictures for Howard Hughes, producer of "Hell's Angels," to whom she is reported engaged.





If you're in New York City this fall drop around and see Colleen Moore in "On the Loose," her first Broadway play.

Not content with his last European jaunt, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., is now "Reaching for the Moon" for United Artists.

Cupid's Bow, Clara, having acquired a new coiffure and discarded a few odd pounds, will be seen in "Her Wedding Night."



Celebrities *in* Caricature

Wynn presents Hollywood stars as he sees them



THE EDITOR'S PAGE

SCREENLAND



IF Hollywood is taking itself too seriously all it has to do is stop and consider "Once in a Lifetime." It's a new Broadway play, a terrific satire on motion pictures. It lambasts producers, directors, writers and actors. It makes merciless fun of everything movie. And it is so hilariously funny that all New York is pushing and shoving to see it.

It knocks the high hat right off Hollywood's head. I recommend it to every producer, director, and star—everybody, in fact, connected with this grand little industry o' ours. "Once in a Lifetime" may hurt in places; it's cruel, caustic, not always strictly truthful; and if you have ever had anything to do with making, marring, or reviewing a motion picture you'll crawl out on your hands and knees. But it will make you laugh so hard you won't be able to carry a grudge away with you. And any producer or star whose self-esteem it punctures should have seen Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor, two of the Big Men of the movies, laughing at the lecture, at the first night. These gentlemen are good sports.

▭ ▭

But then, they have never gone completely Hollywood. They make good pictures out there; but they have clung to the fantastic notion that good pictures may also be made elsewhere—in Astoria, Long Island, of all places, for instance. Zukor and Lasky, the bosses of Paramount, have believed in keeping a perspective on Hollywood—getting a little away from it once in a while and looking back at it through half-closed eyes. Now they have definitely committed their company to a producing program at their Eastern studios. "The Royal Family" is under way there now. Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Fredric March, Mary Brian, Buddy (sorry) *Charles* Rogers, Claudette Colbert and other important players will work in the big bare film factory half an hour from Manhattan by Rolls Royce—a little less, maybe, by Ford or Austin. What do the stars think about this change in locale? They're wild about it. Ask any film performer his personal idea of Heaven and he'll answer ecstatically: "A trip to New York!" Now they're getting it, with all expenses paid.

▭ ▭

Credit Viña Delmar for this one: "Beverly Hills is the place all good movie stars go when they buy."

▭ ▭

Chevalier, as you know, is in France just now on one of his semi-annual vacations. He took the opportunity to renew his long-standing love affair with the Parisian theater audience. But that isn't all he is doing in that dear Paris of his. *Mais non!* The canny Maurice is also renewing his accent. M. Chevalier without the accent would be as tame as Clara Bow without a new boy-friend.

▭ ▭

Ina Claire, in the screen version of "The Royal Family," that play supposed to be all about the Barrymores, is playing Mary Brian's mother. And, they say, Ina is creating a little color on the set. She wants close-ups and plenty of 'em; and she's going to get them or know the reason why. Well, Mother Knows Best.

—Delight Evans.



"No happiness is comparable to motherhood!" said Norma Shearer, who temporarily deserted the screen to become the mother of Irving Thalberg, Jr. Norma has refused to allow her son to be photographed. He is more precious than publicity!

TIME OUT

About the stars who have risked their careers to gain the glory that is greater than fame

By Rosa Reilly

"NO happiness which I have ever before experienced is comparable to the joy I feel now that I hold our son in my arms," are the words Norma Shearer said a few weeks ago when a child was born to her and her husband, Irving Thalberg, motion picture executive.

How times—and styles—have changed in movie circles!

Perhaps you can recall a day several years ago when Prince Divani, husband of Mae Murray, was seen by newspaper reporters wheeling a baby down the streets in Hollywood.

Immediately they pounced on him and asked if the baby were his and Mae's child. Too proud in his first fatherhood to deny it, he answered in the affirmative, despite the solemn instructions Mae had left with him not to let the news leak out, when she left for a prolonged vaudeville trip.

Mae, away in New York, promptly and a little hysterically denied the child was hers. Of course not. Motherhood for a golden-haired movie star? Who ever heard of such a thing? It just wasn't done.

But the prince stubbornly repeated that it was their child. And a little later, despite her fear that her career would be ruined if the fans discovered she was a mother, Mae was forced to admit the awful truth!

But that was before the movies had grown up. Before film players allowed themselves to be real women, real artists, and were content merely with capering as pretty little ingenues across the glittering silent screen.

But styles change. And the latest movie mode is certainly all towards motherhood. It's the smart thing now in the best cinema circles, just as it is in the best social circles.

Just which star started this recent trend towards motherhood is a question. But I should say it was Eleanor Boardman. She came right out in church shortly after her marriage to King Vidor and said frankly that she wanted children. And she has had them. Two of them. And at a time when it took great courage. For it wasn't the style at the time Eleanor's first baby was born for a film star to permit herself to enjoy that greatest of human impulses—motherhood!

Of course, previous to this time, there had been children born to movie star mothers, but they were relegated to the background. Gloria Swanson, who has been a mother for years, kept her child strictly out of the limelight, allowing no publicity about her, not even a photograph. But now that Gloria second, aged twelve, has made her debut as a harpist, I hope Gloria will change her mind and we shall be seeing the piquant features of this little starlet of the second generation in the pictorials.

Irene Rich, of course, has two daughters, nearly grown now. But the public didn't mind that. Irene has always been unique, set apart in a niche of her own. The fans didn't mind her having children because the thought of her as a mother suited the characterizations



Irene Rich is the chum and confidante of her two daughters before she is an actress. Her career has prospered!

for MOTHERHOOD!

Alice Joyce, below, believes motherhood is more important than a career—and she has both.





Florence Vidor left the screen to become Mrs. Jascha Heifetz and the mother of a new baby girl.



Gloria Swanson, at the height of her first film fame, left the screen for Gloria II. But she came back!

she gave on the screen, since she has usually played wife and mother rôles with a sweetness and a dignity rarely found within movie circles—or without!

Alice Joyce, also, has taken time out twice to become a mother. But Alice is in the same class as Irene—sweet, dignified, absolutely the type of woman you would expect to see rearing a family and living a dignified, gracious life. And in this same class is Leatrice Joy, who was the mother of John Gilbert's child. Miss Joy, poised and serene, manages to maintain a stately manner of living even though she makes her living as an actress!

But for Eleanor Boardman, the madcap Eleanor—Eleanor the outspoken, Eleanor the unconventional—for her to become a mother was assuredly creating a new chapter in screen history. And this was, of course, before the beautiful languorous Dolores Costello bore her husband, John Barrymore, a daughter. Dolores put the seal of approval on movie motherhood, for she and John constitute movie royalty, just as Norma Shearer, the artist, and Irving Thalberg, the young film executive genius, constitute cinema aristocracy.

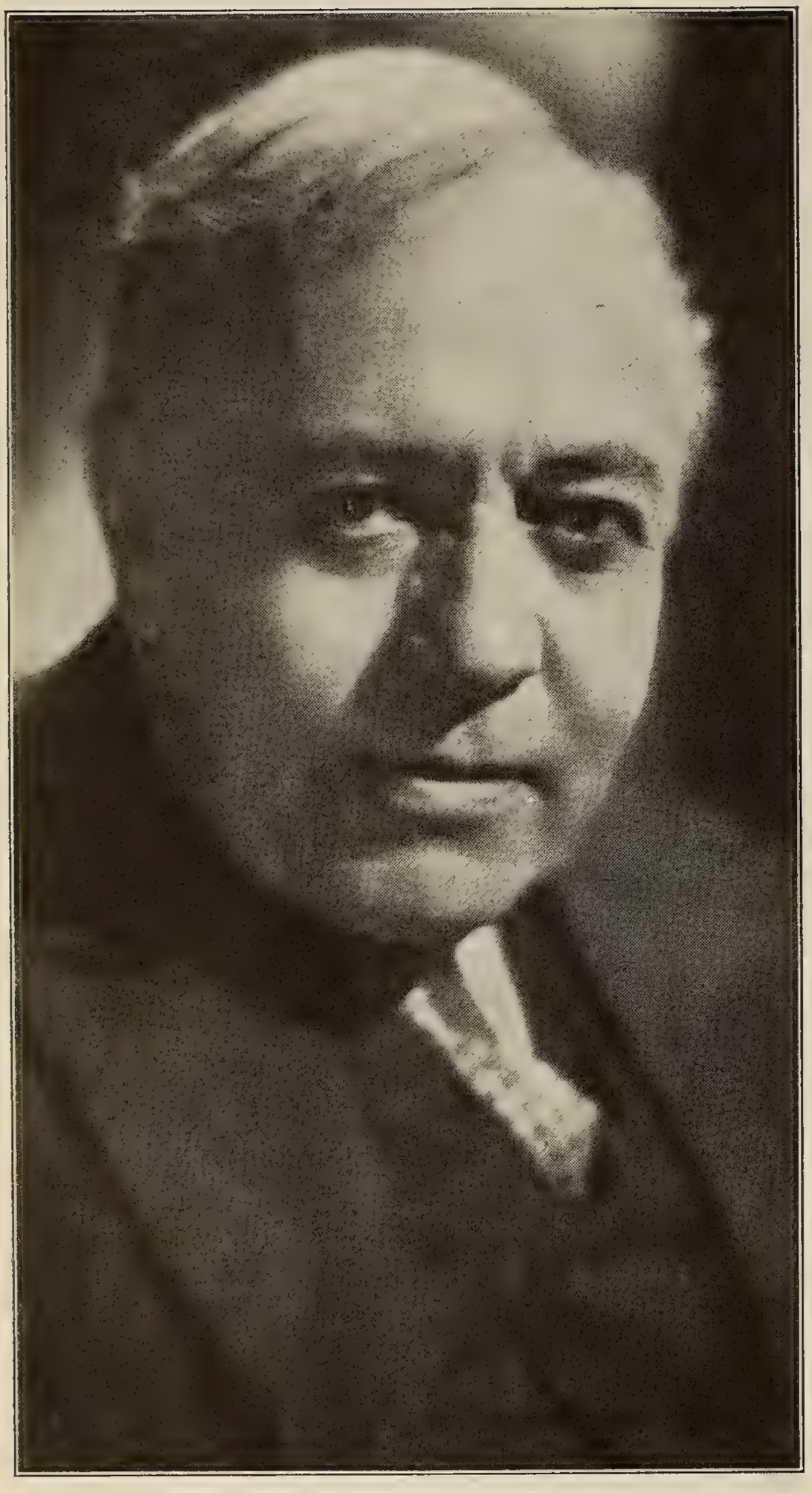
And the Thalberg princeling certainly picked a fine time to be born, as he has splendid royal company. Irving Thalberg Junior, I'll have you know, came into the world the same fortnight as the little daughter born to the Duke and Duchess of York, at the gloomy old castle of Glamis in Scotland, where Macbeth's ghost is said to roam; and also in the same fortnight as the son born to pretty Princess Astrid and Crown Prince Leopold of Belgium.



Eleanor Boardman dared to leave the screen for motherhood. She and King Vidor have two charming daughters.

But Norma always does the right thing! At the right time! Hard work and unquestioned talent have brought her to the top. But mixed with these, there has certainly been added the gentle lumination of a lucky star which enabled her to be born a gentlewoman, to become a famous screen actress, to fall in love with an executive genius, to marry him, to find happiness in that marriage, and finally to bear him a son—at a time when the box-office results of her pictures show that she is grossing a greater profit—even than Garbo. Nobody's development in talking pictures has equalled that of Norma Shearer.

She is in the (*Continued on page 125*)



Otis Skinner, the most beloved star on the American stage today, writes for SCREENLAND *an account of his adventures in Hollywood where he filmed "Kismet." The only other magazine, incidentally, to persuade Mr. Skinner to write about Hollywood and the screen is* The Saturday Evening Post

LOST

By

Otis Skinner

IT is an amazing city, this Hollywood; a spot put on the map entirely by the motion picture.

To the Easterner, like myself, who comes within the charm of its appeal, it is a town of youth and gaiety. It seems to be living in a continual state of Mardi-Gras. Moving picture premieres are matters of real civic importance.

On the evening of my arrival from across the continent I discovered the city *en fete,* quite bursting with excitement. Illuminated airplanes swept the sky, crowds surged through the streets, and hundreds of searchlights shot their shafts to the stars. Vehicular traffic was almost at a standstill.

It seemed to me that the Pope, Mussolini, King George, the Prince of Wales, and Queen Marie must have arrived, and that President Hoover and Lindberg were here to welcome them. Upon making some timid queries I learned that it was all because "The Dawn Patrol" was having its premiere!

I have ceased to marvel at these exhibitions. It is but natural that Hollywood, where entertainment is born and reared for the recreation of the universe, should be a town of joy and festivity. Hollywood has a lurking twinkle in its eye. Even in the stress of the intensive work at the studios you're never quite sure when a laugh is going to break forth. Or at whose expense.

It was in the silent picture version of my old play, "Kismet," in 1920, that I made my initial acquaintance with the films and the intricacies of the studio.

In those days I received whispered warnings from my initiated friends and from studio officials. I was informed that I must forget the theater.

We of the regular stage were looked upon somewhat askance by the old line silent-film folk. We referred to them rather tolerantly as the 'Movies.' They retorted by calling us the 'speakies.' I felt myself wholly *persona non grata.* Everybody seemed to look to me to be decidedly 'high-hat.'

But I approached my task with due humility. I had much to learn and I knew it. I asked questions right and left and I profited by my instructions. I had been told that it was in the power of the cameraman to make you or mar you. If he didn't take a fancy to you he could throw your features into repellent shadows and make you look like the very devil!

I confided my fears to Tony Gaudio, who has since that day achieved a brilliant success in the camera field. I invited him to lunch at the little studio café.

"Tony," I said, "I'm told that if the cameraman doesn't like me he is going to ruin me. Well, there's only one way out of it. *You've got to like me!* Whenever I am doing the wrong thing you tell me. I am in your hands."

When I saw the rushes I felt that Tony had thrown me a life-line and my fears abated. He must have liked me. Anyway, he produced some beautiful photography.

But really, I needn't have been so apprehensive. I was an actor and actors should know how to act. This was my old play, "Kismet," and I had presented it for three long seasons in the theater.

It was a strange new art, this cinema, but not so unapproachable if only you did your work quietly and slowly in the close-ups.

That was ten years ago. We are all 'speakies' now. Hollywood has become the Great White Way of Manhattan, and where formerly only the motion picture actors were to be seen, the personnel of the stage has merged with that of these silent people.

But with the newer order has entered a new timidity; and, perhaps, a new inspiration—the microphone. If it isn't an encouragement, at least it's a terror, and terror moves us to desperate deeds.

No longer do we hear the studio orchestra—a piano, a violin and a saxophone droning out sad ditties for emotional scenes, and melodramatic 'hurries' for the dramatic episodes; the music that caused the heroine's

in the Hollywood Maze

What happened to Otis Skinner in Hollywood? Let the great stage star give you, in his own words, his frank and humorous impressions of Screentown

eyes to overflow, the hero to swell to a perfect inflation of heroism, and the comedian to outdo his mugging and his back falls.

I recall that our orchestra was a single instrument—an accordion. I think it was the biggest one in captivity, and its owner, McNeill, poured his soul into it from morn to dewy eve. It moved us all to tears.

One morning our little ingénue found her lacrimal flow somewhat obstructed. She was playing a scene of great sadness and was hopelessly dry-eyed. McNeill wailed out the most sentimental of melodies, the assistant director hovered over her telling her how terribly sad everything was. How she had been greatly abused, how her father had cursed her, and how she would never see her lover again. Tony Gaudio was awaiting the moment when his cameramen could record her sorrow by spilling tear drops on the film.

She buried her face in her hands and strove to plumb the depths of her emotion. There *were* no depths!

The strains of *Orientale,* the appealing minors of eastern music leaked from the accordion keys. We became filled with breathless expectancy. Of course, we could resort to the glycerine tear drops, but that device was becoming musty. Presently a slight spasm shook her shapely shoulders. She murmured to the orchestra:

"Play *Kiss Me Again!*"

The orchestra obeyed and in a moment she uncovered her eyes and the cameras recorded a perfect Niagara of sorrow.

Today, the orchestra has no place in the studio. Where the soulful ballad was once the font of all feeling, now the stern eye of the 'mike' is the only thing that stings us to madness.



"Kismet" was filmed for the silent screen in 1920. Skinner survived the ordeal only to be coaxed to do it again in sound, with that 'disc of doom, the mike,' hanging over his head!



Skinner, enacting his famous rôle of Hajj, the wily beggar in "Kismet," is supported by Mary Duncan and Loretta Young.

The art of the cinema has progressed. We are becoming grown-up. Cameras are growing more and more perfect. The recording disc is surer and the new art of sound mixing has come to the rescue of voice records that sounded as if the speaker was talking into a hogshead. Detail has been pursued into its very lair in the matter of direction, and it is its persistence that makes plays like "Kismet," full of the flavor of old romance, possible.

There has been a distinct reluctance on the part of motion picture producers to present plays of pure romanticism. The talking film has removed the difficulty by the Open Sesame of the spoken word.

In its most perfect form, the filmed play is but the play of the regular theater reduced in time. The "Kismet" of the dramatic stage ran in its evening performance from eight o'clock to eleven. (*Continued on page 128*)



Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor, together again in "The Man Who Came Back." "Oh, how hard Charlie and I have tried to fall in love!" says Janet in the story on the opposite page. "We knew everybody expected it. We have spent hours alone in the moonlight hoping the divine spark would touch us, but it hasn't!"

The GIRL *who came back*

The real story of Janet Gaynor's revolt and return, by one of her best friends

By Bio De Casseres

ALL of Janet Gaynor's admirers will be glad to hear that she has settled her affairs with the Fox Studio amicably, for that means we will soon see her wistful loveliness on the screen again!

There may be screen stars who have greater beauty and others who have operatic voices, but there is no one in movieland who has that under-the-skin appeal that Janet has. She has that other-world attraction—there is something of *Wendy, Peter Pan, Mary Rose,* and Dickens' *Little Nell* in everything she does.

Her smile is like moonlight seen through tears. Her eyes are like moats where elves come to play. Her voice could summon Mother Goose and all her band, for it hasn't lost a single note of glamour.

Now, Janet is about the size of an elf but she has the will and decisiveness of mind of an Amazon when she comes to the point of making it up. She has a lot of courage when it comes to the important matters in her life. She has always had to stand pretty much alone because in so many ways she is unique. The things that pleased others did not please her. She has a different sense of values.



Charlie and Janet caught in the act of convincing Mr. and Mrs. Public and all the little Publics that they are doing their very best love-making in their new picture, "The Man Who Came Back."



"The Man Who Came Back"—he was lost in musical comedy—and the Girl who joined him—the happy reunion of Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor.

In the recent difficulty with the Fox company she may have been at fault as far as rote and rule were concerned; but there are inner conditions that the artist who is in any way creative must take cognizance of. In this case it was Janet's love of her work, her wish to give the best that she had in her to give, and thus her demand for better stories, which were the real causes of it all.

She stood out valiantly for a principle that she believed in, and I believe she has won.

"High Society Blues" was the picture that caused Janet's rebellion. There wasn't anything in that picture for her to do but to smile and look pretty, and before the end came I could see that that famous smile of Janet's was a pretty wilted one. I knew what was going through her mind and could sympathize with her.

On receiving my unflattering comments about the picture, Janet answered, "Now that you have seen 'High Society Blues' I am sure I don't have to explain why I sailed to Honolulu and felt that I *never* would come back. Rather than ever make another picture like that, I'll quit right now, and I mean it sincerely."

This is quite a stand for any one to take in this money-loving, hard-boiled age. *(Continued on page 131)*

What Trend PICTURES

The producers attack the problems of the new year's films

By Doris Denbo

PITY the poor producer with a new year of talking pictures bearing down upon him!

What's to be done in 1931? What trend will talking pictures take? The producers are the men who have to face this problem.

One by one, I visited these producers in their sanctums in Hollywood and asked them how they were going to answer the problems of pictures in 1931.

When you have read their answers perhaps your ire and caustic comments about 'these producers and the trash they are forcing down the throats of the public!' will be tempered with pity and a sympathetic understanding of the almost insurmountable problems they have been, and are, facing!

Samuel Goldwyn, because he is so colorful, because he never fails to make interesting, artistic entertainment in spite of weak stories and the various pitfalls so common to production, was the first person I sought in my quest.

I found him sitting at his desk in his luxurious offices at the United Artists studio, surrounded by papers, scripts, telegrams, all the atmosphere surrounding the business of making pictures. A private switchboard for inside calls at his elbow buzzed almost constantly as we talked.

George Fitzmaurice, directing John Boles and Evelyn Laye in "Lilli," called from the set where they were working and asked questions. Joseph Schenck, head of the United Artists Corporation, called on production problems. Hank Arnold, publicity director, called on a publicity stunt. And so it went, incessantly.

Goldwyn tersely advised, directed, commanded, and then dismissed these hundred little details over the wire as a general would direct the attack from behind the lines. All the while he carried on a direct, to-the-point talk with me, never once losing the thread of his conversation. Such is the life of every producer! Each visit was a repetition of this activity and condensed executive labors—all in the day's work to these men!

"This year is going to be a year of great picture sensations—or great flops!" said Goldwyn, positively. "There will be no half way. The appeal of talking pictures as a novelty is no longer present. The public have been shown every trick and possibility of talking pictures at present, and it has taken them scarcely a year to become very wise. They will not accept



Jesse L. Lasky, Paramount:

"This next year will be a year of comedies. Even in drama we are going to have to insert comedy characters and scenes. Color will probably be universally used by the end of next year."



Jack Warner, Warner Bros:

"There must be a reason and a logical one, for music and dancing on the screen from now on.

"There will be new faces. We need youth—new blood not only on the screen, but behind it!"



Joseph Schenck, United Artists:

"The star system will gain momentum this next year. Individual stars who have kept pace with screen progress will be greater than ever. But perhaps the greatest strides will come through color and its general use."

Harry Cohn, Columbia:

"Musical extravaganzas, revues and operettas are not wanted. The wide screen will not make great progress this next year. The public wants entertaining pictures regardless of story, type, star, or studio!"



IN 1931?

bad dialogue, unnatural situations and bad diction. They will no longer go to a picture simply because it is talking!

"Yet, there are but five really clever, dependable dialogue writers in the country! There are but a handful of clever, trained personalities who know how to put over their stuff on the talking screen. There are few directors and fewer writers who have learned to combine screen technique or story treatment with the stage formulae. They are learning—but not fast enough for the tremendous demand all over the country.

"Producers are going to be up against making fewer pictures, taking more time in preparation and more care in the selection of personalities. The program picture is out! Story and handling will be the thing!

"New York has had a great season if they have twelve or fifteen stage hits in a year," he went on. "Pictures are expected to have hundreds of hits in a year! Thousands of pictures must be ground out of the studios to meet the demand of theaters all over the world.

"It is easy to see that with the lack of material and talent available it is impossible to meet this demand with perfect results in every case. In spite of all odds, thousands of theaters must be supplied with entertainment each week, it stands to reason there must be a certain percentage of flops!

"Every producer wants to make every picture a hit, but this is utterly impossible—and so he does the best he can, and sometimes he knows it is a very poor best through no fault of his own. He knows he cannot break faith with his exhibitors and the public and fail to supply them with pictures to show and to see—good or bad—and there you are!"

That sort of lets us peep over the other side of the fence a bit, doesn't it?

Joseph M. Schenck, at the same studio, was the next citadel I stormed. He was most cheerful in his predictions for the next year of talking pictures.

"Great minds from all over the world have been attracted and brought into the motion picture business through the advent of talking pictures and its new demands. World-famous writers, playwrights, composers, impresarios and players have migrated to Hollywood to contribute their talents," he said.

"Color is daily becoming more perfected. Perhaps the greatest strides *(Continued on page 112)*



Louis B. Mayer, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer:

"We must have story and showmanlike presentation this next year. Type of story will not matter. Good pictures, well handled, whether drama, low comedy, or melodrama will attract the public any time, anywhere!"



Winfield Sheehan, Fox Films:

"Haphazard and indiscriminate use of color is no more becoming to the screen than it is to a beautiful woman. On the other hand, its employment under the direction of a master can lead to magnificent effects."



William Le Baron, Radio Pictures:

"Now that sound recording can be done, we will have a great many outdoor dramas. Much time will be spent this next year smoothing out rough spots in story and screen treatment. Great strides will be made in dialogue."

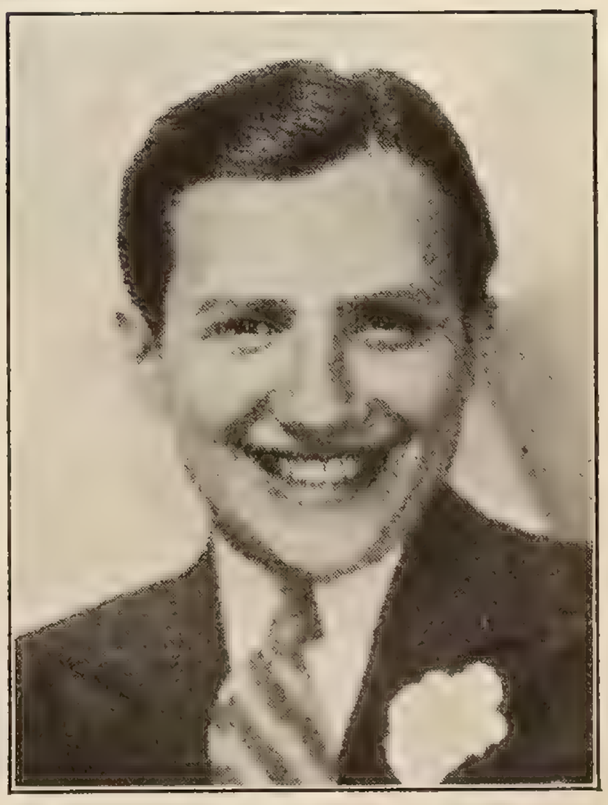


Samuel Goldwyn, United Artists:

"This year is going to be a year of great picture sensations—or great flops! There will be no half way. Talkies are no longer a novelty. Story and handling will be the thing from now on."

Carl Laemmle, Jr., Universal:

"Sex stories as the screen has formerly known them will be no more. Music, except in use as we find it in everyday life, is out! Comedy is going to be strong. Pictures will be better!"



LOCATION WIDOWS

You have heard of golf widows. Now meet the Hollywood wives whose husbands are called away on location business!

By Hale Horton

TO a certain extent Hollywood has always been threatened with the Location Widow menace, and while the situation never became acute, the danger was there, hanging over the town like a faint, sinister cloud, waiting for the most puissant moment at which to swoop down and blot out the sweet, trusting happiness in a considerable number of homes!

Since the revitalization of the Outdoor Romance, the menace has come to a crisis, and the crisis, parenthetically, is causing the gravest concern: not only to the lonely husbands, so ruthlessly dragged from their firesides, but also to the young debutantes of the screen who rather fear the location widows intend subtly to monopolize their boy friends—especially since holding a boy-friend in Hollywood, even without this added competition, calls for tireless and efficient cultivation.

"While up to now I have noticed no appreciable diminution in the number of my dates," June Collyer complains, "sooner or later this overflow of attractive women is bound to have its effect."

And so it is. Unless, perchance, the widows' activities are adequately accounted for; which leads to all manner of surmises—and, frankly, I was quite unprepared for the one all-consuming passion enjoyed by most of the horde. But more of this later on.

Now lest the term 'location widow' cause a flutter of apprehension, let me hasten to explain that it refers in no way to women whose husbands live in town but are located in different houses or apartments. For example: the mere fact that Ina Claire lived for a while in a home located some six blocks from that of her husband's did not necessarily place her in a category with the location widow, especially since one presumes that her temporary widowhood engendered not so much from location as from back-fire of temperament. However, I have no intentions of probing the subject, for at the moment I am solely concerned with the wives whose husbands are located at a distance of at least ten miles away and for periods extending from two weeks to a year. Their reason for departure being an Outdoor Romance.

All manner of questions have been put forth relative to the situation. Some people seem chiefly worried as to whether or not these repeated absences are conducive to matrimonial bliss, and I would say that the answer is obviously "Yes and no."

Lilyan Tashman, whose husband, Eddie Lowe, is away for some four months of the year, believes that a little vacation never hurts anyone. "When Eddie's away I change my mode of living not an iota. I go out no more nor less." She trots around with a small clique of friends which includes Ilka Chase and the entire Barrymore tribe, and apparently makes efficient use of her time.

There are those who say that if Jim Cruze had scampered off on a few more location trips, Betty Compson would not have insisted that "Jim is around the house so much and drags in so many friends that I have absolutely no time for my work!" and caught a little divorce. But Cruze was around the house, and Betty complained, and the kindly judge intimated that Cruze could have himself a location trip, with or without Outdoor Romance, and notable for its permanency. But on the other hand, what about the case of the young actor who, upon returning from a year's location trip in Africa, found himself quite thoroughly divorced?

But, of course, the most important question relative to the problem concerns the status of the entertainment enjoyed by the widows while their husbands are busily occupied with an Outdoor Romance. With what do they fill their lonely hours? I've often wondered myself! From a purely casual observation one becomes rather confused. Could it be possible that all of them simply 'continued a quiet round of feminine activity' as did Evelyn Brent? Or perhaps they pull the neatest trick of the week by emulating Vera Reynolds and 'just stay home and be peppy.'



When Dick goes on location, Jobyna Arlen finds herself pretty well occupied keeping house.

And at least one location widow will never again play pinochle rummy while her husband's away. While the incident lacks the element of tragedy it is not without a certain shading of pathos; for the full extent of this young girl's crime was that of losing a considerable sum at the aforementioned game, unfortunate but pardonable. However, her husband of two weeks, on returning from a brief location trip, took one good squint at the guilt in her eye and cried: "Don't tell me, dear. There's no use of both of us suffering." From then on relations were strained. The divorce was inevitable.

"But in spite of these rather extreme examples," you may wish to inquire, "is the location widow problem actually developing into a menace, or is the gravity of the situation greatly exaggerated, like Mark Twain's death and the importance of Clara Bow's love affairs?"

Personally, I felt the condition was pretty acute; and in tackling the problem, with my customary vigor, I admit to a number of false moves such as asking Lupe Velez if she were a location widow, and inquiring into the activities of the Domino Club which has been joined by a number of the more prominent widows among whom is Mrs. Edward Robinson—but nevertheless, I completed my research work without receiving even a scratch!

Eventually I discovered that several of the more consistent location widows had revolted. Apparently they had come to the conclusion that no good would engender from their being left behind while their husbands were working on Outdoor Romances. Ken Maynard now definitely knows that to get away from his wife he would have to imitate Puss In Boots and go mouse with a quick squeak. "Ken has an airplane which he often takes on location," Mrs. Maynard explained. "And you've no idea how much territory he can cover! But from now on, I'll have you know, I'm going, too."

"And I don't blame you at all!" her best friend, Mrs. Robert Armstrong agreed. "Personally, I don't mind two or three weeks, once in a long while, but now Bob's going to Montana for ten weeks and maybe more, and this time I'm going along—I never did trust small town girls, anyway."



"When Eddie's away," says Lilyan Tashman Lowe, "I change my mode of living not an iota. I go out no more or less."

And while touching on the subject of rebellion, one simply must bring up the case of Olive Carey; although there exists some difference of opinion as to just why she followed her husband, Harry, down to Africa during the "Trader Horn" location.

"I didn't want any dames around," Harry insisted with an expressive shrug. "I wanted the kids, and they (*Continued on page 120*)



Left, Robert Armstrong and his wife. When Bob was on location in Montana he sent for Jeanne to join him.

Olive Carey went to Africa with husband Harry on the "Trader Horn" location and took the children, too!





'Whiskers' never displays temperament on the set.

'Shep' showing what the well-dressed dog wears.



Zion Myers and Jules White getting 'Shep' and 'Buster' in the right mood for a scene in "The Big Dog House," while the trainer and cameraman stand by.

Hollywood Goes

It pays to lead a dog's life in pictures

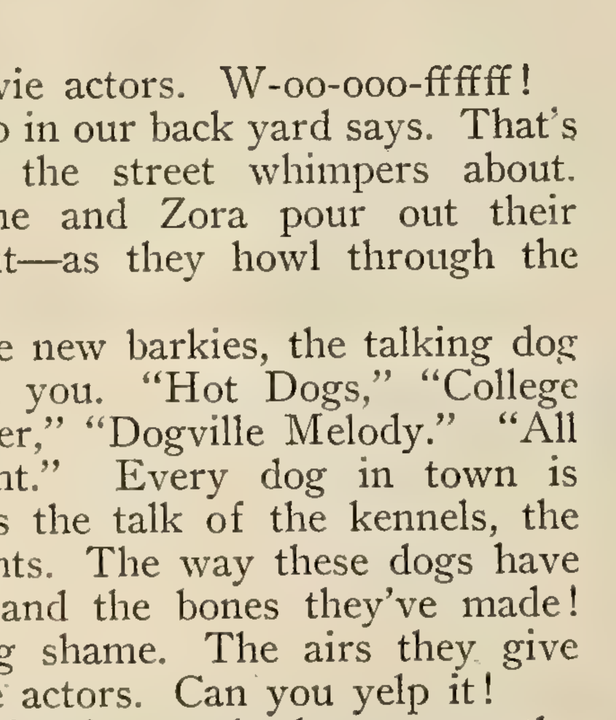
DOG STARS. Movie actors. W-oo-ooo-ffffff!

That's what Zep in our back yard says. That's what Ace down the street whimpers about. That's what Dane and Zora pour out their hearts to the moon about—as they howl through the night!

Well, have you seen the new barkies, the talking dog comedies? That will tell you. "Hot Dogs," "College Dogs," "Who Killed Rover," "Dogville Melody." "All Quiet On The K9 Front." Every dog in town is barking about it yet. It's the talk of the kennels, the gossip of all the bone-fights. The way these dogs have broken into the movies, and the bones they've made! My dogs! It's a howling shame. The airs they give themselves. Stars. Movie actors. Can you yelp it!

You've heard rumors of going to the bow-wows, the well-known dogs. You know actors accused of putting on the dog, getting Ritzy, going Hollywood—but here are actors who can't go to the bow-wows, they're already there. And do they put on the dog! Just ask Jiggs. Or Oscar.

You don't know Jiggs? Well, for barking out loud! Nor Oscar either, I'll wager. Nor Buster, nor Pepper. Brownie, Billie or little Lena? I suppose the only dogs you know are Rover and Fido and Beauty. They would be. You're not up to the times, that's all. Still in 1929. Don't know your dogs. We sneer at you. We snap our fingers at you. We, yes, we growl at you. Zep, from my back yard, and I. Don't know Oscar, indeed. Or Jiggs!



'Lena' is versatile—she can play soldiers or flappers with equal ease.

Why, dogs all over the country are in an uproar. Beating their way to Hollywood. Trying by sniff and by snaff to get into the studios. Signing up as extras. Living from bone to bone. Bitten by ambition.

It all started about six months ago when two enter-



A wet smack! Buster and Oscar osculating for one of their barkies. Buster has been in pictures for six years and Oscar keeps getting fan letters.



'Buster' learning a new trick for his next all-barkie from his trainer, Rennie Renfro. 'Buster' understands every word of his trainer and a firm command is enough.



'Buster'—he's a regular Don Juan *with the ladies.*



'Whippet' seems to take his screen art seriously.

to the Bow-wows!

By Marie House

prising young Hollywoodmen, Jules White and Zion Myers, Carmel's brother, believed there must be something in the saying, "Love me, love my dog," and they combed the studios for canine talent, getting all of the paws on the dotted line; and then they started to work.

"Hot Dogs!" That was the first result! Now they have a troupe of canine actors working. And how they work! Dressed like people. Acting like people. Nicer than—some people!

Let's step over to the dog set on the Metro lot, with Zep from our back yard, and see the stars that glow in the canine heavens.

Look! There's Oscar just coming off the set now. Yes, it *is* Oscar. Of course, Oscar is no lady, silly! He's a famous female impersonator. You'd never dream he wasn't a dog flapper, with those soulful brown eyes, that injured innocent expression, would you? Oscar came up from the extra ranks, discovered by his directors. Hired first to do a bit, he was such an instant success he was put on contract, and now romps home with all of the honors as leading lady for the troupe.

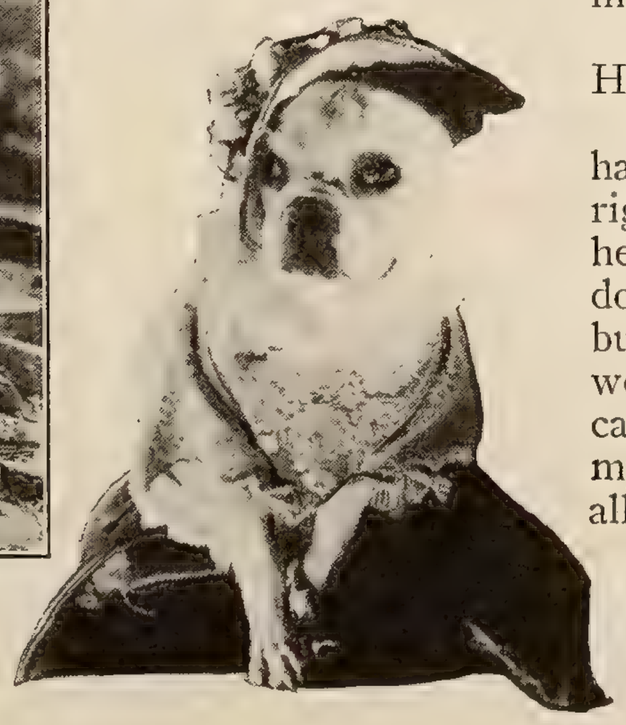
No, Oscar isn't usurping a director's chair. There's Director Meyers sitting in his own. This one is Oscar's. See his name in gilt letters? Oscar is resting now, cooling off, shedding his pants—that is, when he gets hot he pants; he has to have ice and electric fans. No, it isn't pampering them, feeble. They're hard working movie actors!

Hello, Oscar, old fellow: How's tricks?

Oscar yawns, pink tongue hanging out (that is quite all right in dog etiquette). What's he saying, Zep? "Oh, it's a dog's life," he barks, "but I'm burying lots of bones and it won't be many years before I can retire to a little kennel of my own and get away from it all!" *(Continued on page 122)*



Two Busters—two troupers—two soldiers! 'Buster, the bow-wow, soldiering in "All Quiet on the K9 Front," and Buster Keaton in "Doughboys."



Oscar is a female impersonator—and oh, how he can wear clothes!



"When you read in the papers that you and your husband have separated it has a terrifying effect," says Mrs. John Gilbert.

NOT

"I look incongruous in aprons!" says Ina Claire Gilbert—one reason she will never retire from a star dressing-room to love in a 12-room cottage



Ina Claire is making her second picture, "The Royal Family," in New York, and she may also do a stage play here—Jack is working in Hollywood.

INA CLAIRE seemed to be an ideal person to quiz about marriage.

In the first place, Ina has been married to a smart newspaperman, whom she divorced in due time. In the second place, Ina has been successfully allied to John Gilbert of the films for a year and a half. (The half is important. In Hollywood every four months is celebrated. Life is short and matrimony treacherous.) And in the third place, Miss Claire has sparkled on Broadway in so many brilliant comedies bristling with epigrams, insults and divorcées that she has unquestionably absorbed some of the Lonsdale ideas on love and marriage, men and morals, scotch and soda. Who can say that being "Polly with a Past," *Mrs. Cheyney* and the heroine of "Grounds for Divorce" wouldn't be a liberal education?

So I went to Ina Claire to find out about the inside story of this thing called marriage. Why was it considered an institution, and who, as the beloved Raymond Hitchcock was wont to inquire, wanted to live in an institution? It would all be answered by the blonde Miss Claire.

Although she was living at the Savoy Plaza messages brought no response. Telegrams, footmen, and carrier pigeons were disregarded, one and all alike. So it was necessary to charter a camel and cross the hot sands of Long Island to the Paramount studios, where Ina was alleged to be making "The Royal Family" for pos-

Just a Wife

By
Rowley Trench



terity and the talkies. Ahunting we must go!

Again she was elusive. She was in her dressing-room but she had just quitted it for Stage 4; she had stopped at Stage 4 long enough to leave her script and might be found in the commissary. A tour to that center of provisions disclosing nothing better than Harry Richman, carrying his latest photograph, ebony walking-stick, and humming something that sounded like *I'm Just Wild About Harry,* but after all anyone is liable to err. He may have been cooing *I'm Just a Vagabond Lover.*

At any rate, Ina Claire was finally discovered on a balcony in "The Royal Family" set, a very pretentious affair duplicating three of the original stage sets and leaving room for a miniature golf-course.

It seemed that Miss Claire was an off-stage voice in the opening sequence. She had to remain on the balcony, out of camera range, but on the balcony nevertheless.

Taking the director's chair when he wasn't looking I hurried back of the set with it, and placing a ladder on it I climbed to the balcony.



John and Ina Claire Gilbert. Their marriage was one of those front-page sensations for nine days.



"If two people decide to marry with the prefixed notion of long separate vacations, more marriages would be successful," says Ina Claire Gilbert.

Miss Claire as she appeared in her first talker, "The Awful Truth," which created no uproar. But wait!

"Miss Claire," I said, "here we are, and you might as well bow to the inevitable."

Miss Claire stifled a yawn and bowed.

"If a supervisor should find you on this balcony your name is abracadabra," she said, pleasantly.

She is a smartly turned out woman with a distinctly intelligent face that is attractive without being beautiful. She is the epitome of style, it should be unnecessary to add, and moves in an aura of sophistication.

Regarding matrimony she was rather positive and had very definite ideas.

"Matrimony is overrated and overwritten," she said. "Matrimony is not a state; it is simply a state of mind. If two people decided to marry with the prefixed notion of long vacations out of one another's sight, more marriages would be successful.

"I have never been disillusioned by the ceremony. On both occasions I have enjoyed the companionship of interesting men. My first husband, you know, once reviewed my play with some such phrase as 'Miss Claire is the worst actress I have ever been married to,' and yet we got along well. A sense of humor is indispensable. But that is obvious.

"Gilbert has a sense of humor. He's a charming fellow. Temperamental, of course, but aren't we all?"

That was a Lonsdale play, too, I remembered.

"Oscar, darling, I'll be down in a minute," said Miss Claire. It was startling until (*Continued on page 132*)

Copyright 1930
By Beth Brown

BAD



A Bad Actor's little old mother things happen! A brilliant film author of "Wedding Ring,"

"I THOUGHT that bad actor was through!" remarked Lew Carroll, ace publicity man. He was standing at the window of the Motion Picture Club, studying the giant electric sign that announced Tommy Gray in his latest super-feature. The Broadway theater crowds surged toward the lobby like black moths toward a flame. "There was a star I thought was due for the greased plank—"

"He's not as bad an actor as you think," drawled Hy Howard. Hy was one of the freaks of a freakish industry—a motion picture press agent who seldom talked. But Lew was his buddy. "What I'm going to tell you, Lew, is strictly confidential. The public must never know a single word of this. You promise me that, don't you?"

"I promise. I know we've got to keep some things under cover."

"This is one of them, Lew," and Hy lounged back in the deep red leather chair, blinking out at the giant electric sign as if he himself could scarcely believe the strange story he was about to tell. "Well, last year, I was out on the Coast to do some special publicity for Tommy Gray. He was as hard to see as a wart on your back. Success had gone to his head and he wore it like a high hat. Only two years before that, he'd been an unknown extra. A wandering camera caught him full in the face, and he went up among the high-priced stars like a sky-rocket.

"The only reason the gang still liked Tommy was because he was a good spender. Some of the gay times he staged at his thirty-room Beverly Hills bungalow would have made old man Nero jealous. Tommy was traveling so fast that he used to meet himself coming home at dawn, and he was generally so party-eyed that he thought the sunrise was a klieg-light.

"Well, when I arrived, his picture was five weeks behind schedule and the director was afraid to take close-ups because that angel face of his looked like the very devil. Dissipation was written all over it thicker than the grill-work on a speakeasy door. Even his voice, which used to sound like an amen to a maiden's prayer, had begun to crack. Sometimes he would show up on the set at noon-time, sour as last week's milk, and sometimes he wouldn't show up at all while the whole company waited for the bad actor and the payroll went right on clicking without waiting.

"At first the Big Boss was patient. He tried coaxing. Tommy didn't realize he was not only sliding down the rope but nearing the end. Nobody dared to advise him to tie a knot and hold on. And he got to the end of the rope one night after a wild party. Then came the dawn, as the title writers say. Tommy was driving one of the girls home in his speedy red, and it wasn't

ACTOR

By Beth Brown



Illustrated by Vladmir Chenkoff

Tommy pleaded with Dolly, his ex-fiancée, to pretend they were still sweethearts, and Dolly agreed to play her part just for the old lady's sake.

visits him in Hollywood—and fiction story by Beth Brown, "Applause," and "Ballyhoo"

Dolly Duane, the girl he was engaged to, either. Tommy's car couldn't keep to the straight and narrow any more than Tommy could, and he hit something he didn't know existed—a milk wagon. The police hauled him off to sober up in jail.

"Of course, he sent for Dolly to bail him out. He must have made a pretty picture sitting behind the bars in his evening clothes. Dolly had followed her boy friend's straying so often that her heels were all run down. She was tired of his fast pace, passed her engagement ring through the bars and told him to bail himself out with that, and when he got out to keep away from her.

"By this time even the Big Boss had had enough. He decided that there would be no renewal of contract for Tommy. This last picture of his would be finished and shelved, then down the slippery plank he'd slide, make a couple of quickies and end up in the street. It looked hopeless for Tommy. The bad actor had played bad for the last time. Then what do you think happened?" demanded Hy.

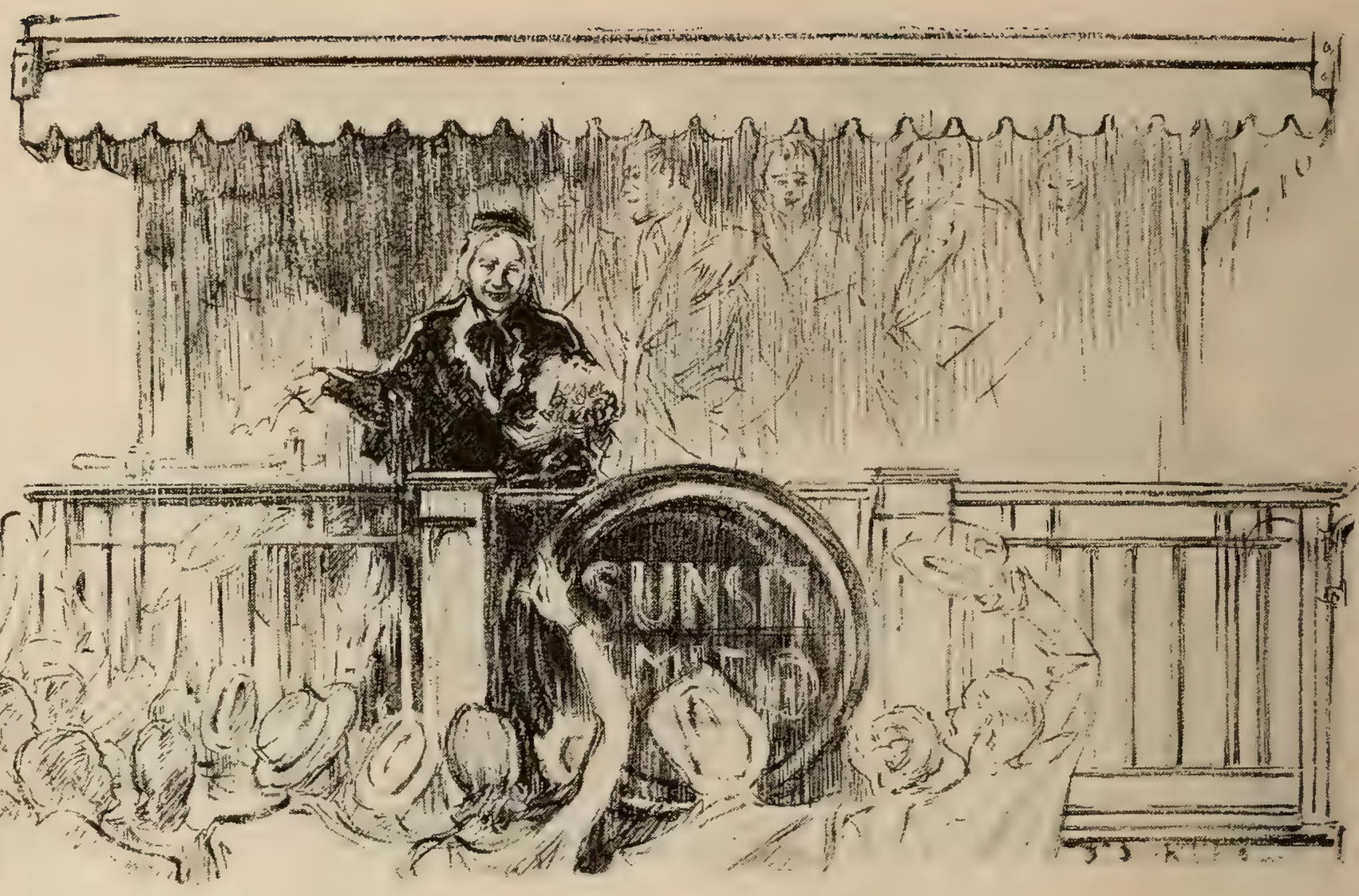
"I never think after office hours," from Lew. "You tell me."

"Well, a telegram came to the studio from Tommy's mother, saying that she was coming out to Hollywood—"

"That's enough," interrupted Lew, "I know the rest of the story. Mother-love triumphs and all that bunk. I've heard that story before—"

"But that's not this story," retorted Hy. "There are no salt tears in this story. It's got a surprise finish that'll surprise even you. Listen. Tommy showed that telegram all around the studio as worried as if it were a summons to court. He sobered up over night and sense moved back into his head just as if it had never broken its lease. Everybody saw right off how much the little white-haired mother from Boston, whom he had not seen in years meant to him. She must never know what a bad actor he had been. He went around to all his friends begging them to help him carry out a plan—while his mother was in Hollywood he would pretend to be just as good as she thought he was, and his friends must pretend along with him.

All agreed to play their part. Even the Big Boss reluctantly promised to say that Tommy was the most law-abiding actor that ever mugged a klieg-light. Yes, he would help fool the old lady. It looked to me like hoping for the impossible. Any mother would have to be pretty dumb not to see through all the pretense. But the gang was sure that the plan would succeed because, after all, it required only some good acting, and acting was



As the east-bound train pulled out, there she was on the observation platform, waving goodbye to the Hollywood gang.

their business, and didn't they know their business?

"From the moment Tommy's mother stepped off that train from the East, the acting started. The mother was a nice old lady—white hair, and white collars and cuffs to match. She measured up to Hollywood's idea of what an old-fashioned mother should be. Everybody fell for her because she was so simple and so trusting. She didn't doubt a thing the gang told her about Tommy, and in exchange, she confided what a model son he was. She was so wrapped up in her yarns about her boy that she never noticed the winks the gang passed round. I tell you this straight acting had some of the girls and boys pretty tired. They hoped she'd go back home for they couldn't hold out much longer. They were worried that somebody would let the cat out of the sack before the old lady left.

"And sure enough, one of the girls who had just got in from location and didn't know what was going on, met Tommy's mother. Before anybody could stop her, she had given the old lady a bird's eye view of the ground the model boy had covered while having his fling. The old lady merely smiled and told the girl that it was useless to make her believe that Tommy kept pace with the fast life out in Hollywood because she knew that he wasn't that kind of a son.

"Gee, the old lady must have been simple!" interrupted Lew. "It must have been a lot of fun kidding her along. I bet the gang enjoyed it."

"Yeah, you would have enjoyed it. A smart guy like you would have put a lot over on the old lady. But let me tell you, it was no fun for Tommy. Of course, he gave some parties but you'd think they were Sunday school picnics. The company left for home at the time they'd been accustomed to arrive. In the mornings, his mother would wake him promptly at eight and send him off to work. The only time that Tommy was ever up that early since he became a star was when he was up all night before. The first time the gang saw him arriving on the set at eight o'clock, they thought he was walking in his sleep.

"Afternoons, his mother would come to the studio to watch him work. They seated her right up front, beside the director, and she belonged there for it was she who directed Tommy with those bright, encouraging smiles of hers. And let me tell you, he worked! He threw aside his high-hat, said 'yes sir' to the director, 'pardon me' to the script girl, and 'please' to the second assistant camera-man. The Big Boss himself heard about it and came around to see what had come over Tommy.

"When the little mother was introduced to him, she spent half an hour telling him what a model young man Tommy was. The Big Boss blew in the rest of the hour agreeing with her. The old lady swallowed every word, including the punctuation. It was the best bit of acting the Big Boss had ever done, and he felt so good about fooling her that he joshingly offered her a bit in the picture so that she could tell the folks back home she'd been in the movies.

"But all she said was: 'Oh, I'm no actress. I'm just an old lady that retired long ago!' and there was the strangest twinkle in her eye. *(Continued on page 124)*



Meet the clever young man who made the remarkable portrait studies of the stars in the special exclusive art section beginning on the opposite page. This photograph of Mortimer Offner, portraitist, was taken by Josef von Sternberg, the noted film director, during Offner's recent visit to Hollywood—just to show the young camera artist how it feels to look at the birdie himself!



CHARACTER PORTRAITS OF POPULAR PLAYERS

Buddy Rogers

All the portraits in this sixteen-page gallery were photographed exclusively for Screenland *by Mortimer Offner.*



Offner

Jack Oakie



Offner

Leila Hyams



Offner

Lillian Roth



Offner

Joan Crawford



Offner

Gary Cooper



Offner

Clara Bow



Offner

Marie Dressler



Offner

Zasu Pitts



)ffner

Winnie Lightner



Offner

Chester Morris



Offner

Joan Bennett



Offner

Lawrence Tibbett



Offner

Robert Montgomery

Montgomery Scored!

Now they're calling him 'Box-office Bob'

By
Myrene Wentzworth

EVER since Robert Montgomery has been on his own his motto has been 'keep working.' Born in Beacon, New York, and educated at Pawling School, Pawling, with trips abroad every vacation, he began life surrounded by wealth and culture. In his middle teens the sudden news of the death of his father, who was vice-president of the New York Rubber Company, revealed the fact that the family fortune had reached the vanishing point. Faced with the necessity of earning a living he and his brother went to work on a railroad and then shipped on a coastal steamer as deck hands. He met a struggling playwright on this job and became interested in the theater as a profession. There was money to be wrung from the stage and money was what Bob needed.

The fact that people discouraged him affected him not at all. People always told you the thing you wanted to do was the last thing you should do. Bob knew that he could learn to act because he liked it, so when, after his second performance in a very minor part he had a disgruntled note from the star, Mr. William Faversham, he remained unruffled in spirit. The note was to the effect that there were plenty of good jobs open to young men who could qualify as bond salesmen and that Bob had best look up one of these, since the stage was not at all in his line.

"After all," Bob said to himself, "the best of us make mistakes." He remembered having heard that Maurice Barrymore expressed himself very forcibly on the subject of his son John. "The boy has no talent for the stage at all," was the pith of the great actor's remark. Now Mr. Barrymore made a *big* mistake; and Bob remembered something, too, about an editor, well-known at the time, who told Penhryn Stanlaws he'd never make a dollar on his Phoebe Snow idea and style of art. "Stick to your line," the editor advised. "And," he laughed at the joke on himself years afterwards, "if Pen had taken my advice he would never have been heard of to this day."

So, taking stock of the too positive statements of friends and relatives that didn't always work out, Bob went serenely on his way of learning how to act. He never held out for good parts, parts he thought his growing experience entitled him to, nor did he hold out for salary. He took any and every job he could get. His idea was that if he was on the stage only two hours in a week, at least he had two hours in which to study stage technique. He played a leading part with Grace George one season and the next season did extra work in her company. It was a court-room scene and all during the act he was able to watch the work of this fine artiste and her supporting cast.

He lived in Greenwich Village, that mecca for yearning, struggling artists of every sort and description.

"I wouldn't have missed that experience for a good deal," Bob said, laughing over some of the good times they had. They found a restaurant, French or Italian, I've forgotten which, where they all ate. They met there every night, told their day's experiences, chattered, laughed, sang songs and made great plans for the future, like a happy family. Can't you just see it? Red-checked table cloths, candle light, smoke, and all that sort of thing. When newcomers entered everyone in the restaurant stared at them, embarrassing the strangers so by the wholesale focus of eyes, that they turned and went away. Then 'the regulars' would laugh. They didn't want newcomers, they only wanted themselves and their friends. That was all right with the proprietor, too. He liked his family.

No one ever thought of paying even when he had money. Once a month the proprietor came to each person. "How much money have you?" he would ask.

(Continued on page 127)



Robert Montgomery's theme song is "Keep working with your eyes open"—and it's a hit.



Mrs. William K. Howard, serving as waitress in the Assistance League Tea Room, takes luncheon orders from John Wayne, Fifi Dorsay, Victor McLaglen, Claire Luce, and Edmund Lowe—all happy and hungry!

A NEW HOLLYWOOD WIVES' TALE

What the wives of the screen colony are doing for sweet charity's sake

By Helen Ludlam

HOLLYWOOD wives have gone to work!

These women who have everything—beautiful homes, cars, jewels, staffs of servants—have turned from their easy luxury to follow an ideal of service.

These wives of Hollywood directors and executives and stars are working girls now—all for sweet charity's sake.

Not that they are bragging about it. Why, they don't even want to talk about it! They didn't want to be photographed. They didn't seek publicity. Only by calling their attention to the fact that their modesty might stand in the light of the very people they wanted to help, was SCREENLAND able to get the story!

It isn't a film charity, either. It is a civic charity, for the day nursery—children of workers who have no place to leave their offspring while they earn a living. And thus—the Assistance League Tea Room. You'll find it on the southeast corner of De Longpre at St. Andrew's Place—number 5604 De Longpre Avenue. It isn't a new thing in Hollywood but this is the first time it has been a success. It was just an accident that Mrs. Abraham Lehr, the wife of the general manager of Samuel Goldwyn Productions, took it over. She had been interested in other charitable work and because of the way she pitched in and saved the day on one occasion her associates thought she should run the tea room. The manager then presiding had run it $700 in the hole, which wasn't so good, and when she gave up, the members voted for Mrs. Lehr. She consented, glad to have a real excuse for passing up the bridge parties that were getting on her nerves.

The place didn't have to be redecorated, for Madame Helene who had taken it over for a time with no success had redone it most attractively. Butter-yellow walls, graceful nooks and crannies, a real fireplace, windows on four sides so that there is enough light and air.

"Now if we can make one thousand dollars a month—" Mrs. Lehr began, and was laughed to silence. "One thousand a month! If you make one thousand in four months you'll be working a miracle."

And it might as well be said right here that after six months of her clever management Mrs. Lehr takes in for the fund anywhere from one thousand to twelve

hundred dollars a *week!* Almost unbelievable, but true.

Her first move was to ask her friends, the wives of the directors and executives, if they would rally around. Mrs. Lehr thought if she traded on the good old moving picture lure she'd soon have a crowd attracted to the place in the certainty of seeing screen celebrities, and that once attracted the good food would hold them. And the food *is* good.

Mrs. Lehr asked such women as Mrs. Clive Brook, Mrs. David Butler, Mrs. John Ford, Mrs. Hunt Stromberg, Mrs. Fred Niblo, Mrs. Owen Moore, Mrs. W. K. Howard and Mrs. Harry Langdon to serve as waitresses. She was sure they would all draw their own crowd on the days they served and that gradually the public would hear of it. She asked them to pledge themselves to one day a week, and they all did.

Mrs. Jack Warner is one of the waitresses on Tuesdays. Everyone from Warner Brothers Studio makes a point of trouping over to the League for lunch on that day, from Jack Warner down. They go other days, too, but on Tuesdays they are represented *en masse.*

On Thursdays Mrs. William K. Howard serves, and the Fox Studio turns out. Mr. Howard is one of Fox's star directors, you know. As a matter of fact, every day sees a heavy Fox turnout, for the restaurant is just around the corner from the studio.

The Tea Room is as much of a rendezvous for film folk as any place in town. Elsie Ferguson rented the whole place for a big dinner one evening, and maybe that didn't look like a list of Who's Who! At luncheon one regularly sees most of the following stars: Sally Eilers, Ina Claire, Kay Francis, the Bennett girls, Constance and Joan; Edmund Lowe, Kenneth McKenna, Bebe Daniels, Helen Hayes, Robert Ames, Claire Luce, Phyllis Haver, Lilyan Tashman, Claudia Dell, Katherine Cornell—who is the current Los Angeles rave in the stage play, "The Dishonored Lady"—and her husband, Guthrie McClintic, a New York producer now a Fox director. Mr. McClintic eats there almost every day; so does Robert Ames. It's getting to be like a family. Everyone has a grand time.

The loyalty of the volunteer workers has made it possible for Mrs. Lehr to write 'success' under the first six months of her rule. She tells me that they have been splendid, never letting her down once, never cancelling their day except in case of illness, and then always notifying her in time to get a substitute. As an example, Owen Moore had a day off and wanted his wife to spend it with him at the beach. It happened to be her day at the League. Against a good deal of persuasion Mrs. Moore held firm. Mrs. Lehr was very sympathetic and wondered why she didn't humor him. "I should say not," laughed Mrs. Moore. "When I think of you down here every day for the last six months I wouldn't have the nerve to go back on *my* one (*Continued on page 114*)



From lower left to right: Mrs. Frank Tours, Mrs. Abraham Lehr, Mrs. Barney Glazer; second row: Kathryn Perry (Mrs. Owen Moore), Mrs. Arthur Hornblow, Mrs. W. K. Howard—all willing workers!



Libbman

Claudia Dell buys necklaces and bracelets at the League shop. Peg Ducommun, Pasadena society girl, serves behind the counter.



Lippman

Right: Mrs. Lehr asks Barbara Weeks what she'll have for lunch. Claudia Dell, center, and Evelyn Knapp are her companions.

Below: Some of the children who are taken care of at the Assistance League Day Nursery. Claire Luce has dropped in to say hello.



Lippman



De Casseres says: "George Arliss is the Brain-King of the screen, the greatest English-speaking actor of the age. He made the talkies an intellectual tool!" Whether you agree with the author or not you will be amused and stimulated, even as Arliss himself has amused you in his superb motion picture performances.

By Benjamin De Casseres

George ARLISS BRAIN-STAR

Is Arliss the greatest actor on the screen—and the *only* star of sheer intelligence? Greater than Chaplin, than Jannings? Read this article before you answer!

THERE are classes of screen stars. There are sex stars, sob stars, laughing stars, grim he-male stars.

They, variously, influence the libido, water the eyes, tickle the laughing-bone and cause spinal goose-flesh.

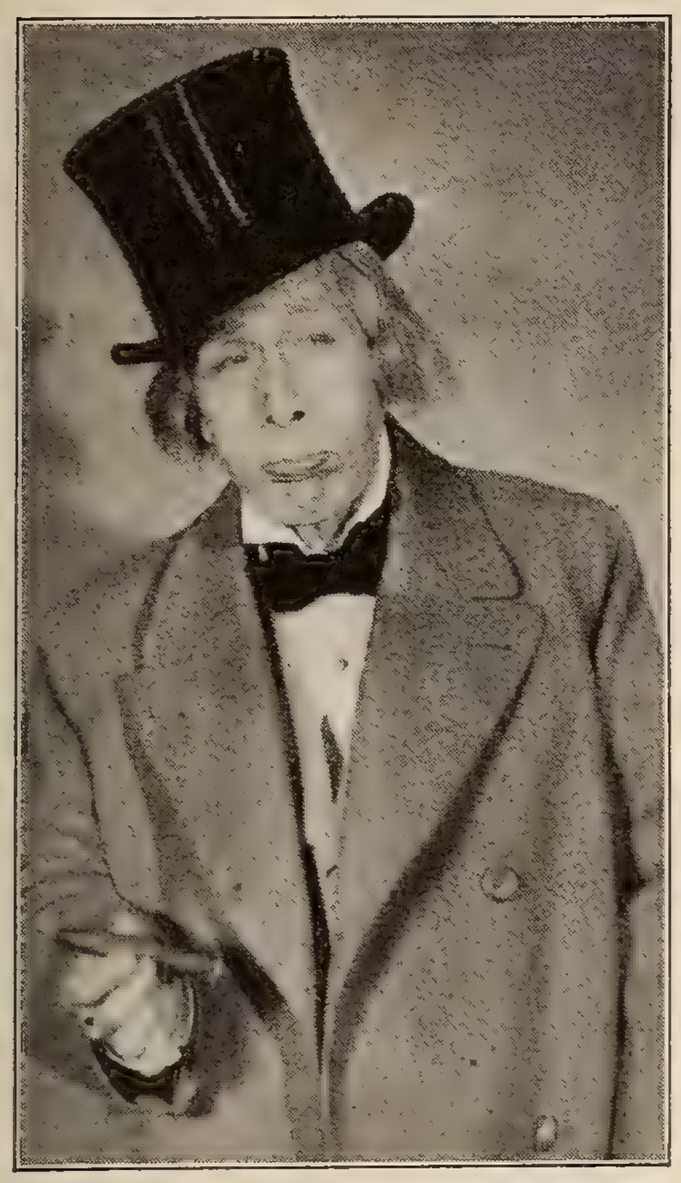
But I see only one brain-star: George Arliss.

Arliss is sheer intelligence; but he is neither cold nor wintry. His intelligence—his brain— is in every member of his body; I should almost say in every organ. Every muscle, every fibre, every motion of Arliss, either on the stage or on the screen, is under the dominion of a brain—a brain that laughs and weeps, a brain that can be grim or soft, a brain that spurts murder-electrons out of the eyes or shoots rays of tenderest love.

He is, to my mind, the greatest English-speaking actor of the age, and certainly the Brain-King of the Screen.

In sheer acting—or the art of extroverting with the conscious and directive mind every shade of emotion and thought that may lurk in the brain and emotional networks—he is the superior of Irving, Mansfield, Booth, Jannings, Chaplin or any one else that I can recall.

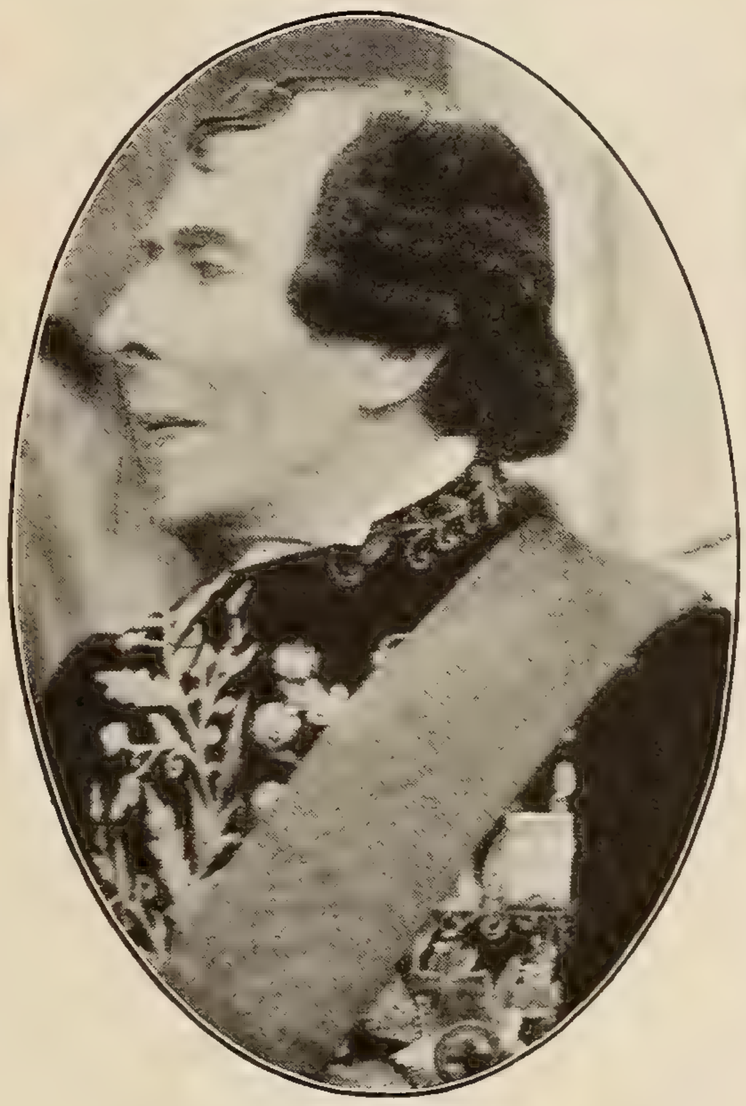
Jannings and Chaplin are both superb creative actors; but Arliss tops them because he has all they have *plus*

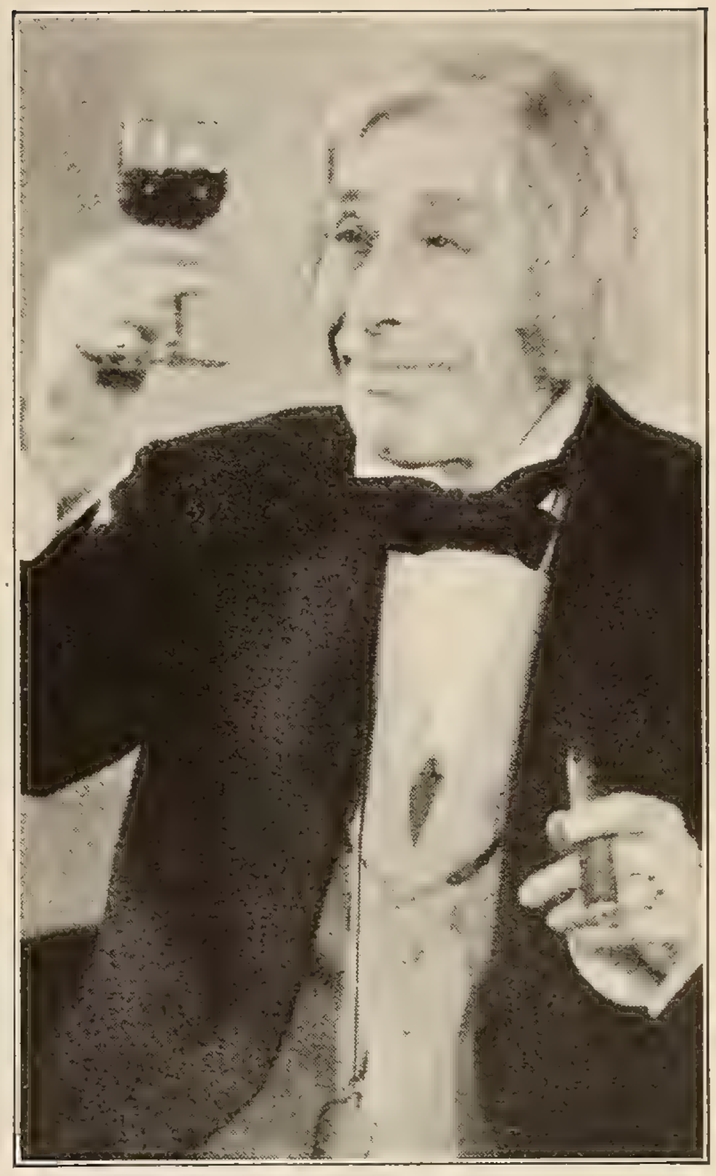


Left, George Arliss as Heythorp *in his latest and finest film, "Old English."*

Right, "what a grand old sinner he was!" A scene from the new picture.

Below, Mr. Arliss in his great rôle in the memorably distinguished "Disraeli."





a subtle spiritual quality and a magical power of blending the spiritual and the physical, of putting the tongue of his profoundest and most hidden thought and feeling in his eyes, his walk, his fingers—and, beyond all, in his voice.

When he is in a scene on the speaking stage, although there may be half a dozen other persons present, there is, to me, no one on the stage except Arliss. The others are blotted out. There is no scenery when he is there—he blots that out. He is an authentic Horla of his art: he absorbs into his personality all that is around him.

And so it is on the speaking screen. He is the one man who—in "Disraeli," "The Green Goddess" and now in "Old English"—has made the talkies an intellectual tool.

He is the only actor whose work I wait for in the talkies. And this is the reason: it does not make any difference whether Arliss is talking canned English or remains silent—whether he pantomimes or talks into a cowbell hanging from a ceiling—he is an artist who by some curious thaumaturgy infuses his genius even into his high-hat, his monocle, his walking-stick and the chair he sits in.

He surges out of the screen, a more vital, vivid, living presence than we who are look- from a ceiling—he is greater than the mechanized medium in which he works. He completely destroys for the spectator—and this can only be said of Arliss—screen-consciousness, picture-consciousness, actor-consciousness, talkie-consciousness.

Thus again the Horla on the screen, as he is on the stage, he absorbs the whole 'works.' He needs no director. "I directed George Arliss" would sound as ridiculous as saying, "I sold Charlie Chaplin a story."

One of my intellectual interests since I have been a boy has been the drama. Sometimes it has helped to butter my bread and pay the bootlegger. So my judgment of the work of George Arliss (whom I have never met personally and have never even seen off the stage or the screen) is not snap or suddenly formed. It is the slowly matured opinion of twenty-nine years during which time (and before) I have seen every great actor in the English-speaking world and every play of any importance.

In 1901 Arliss came to New York supporting Mrs. Patrick Campbell. He was totally unknown. The morning after the first performance he was famous. James Gibbons Huneker wrote in *The Sun*, "The man Arliss is a great actor!" This was also at that time my own opinion.

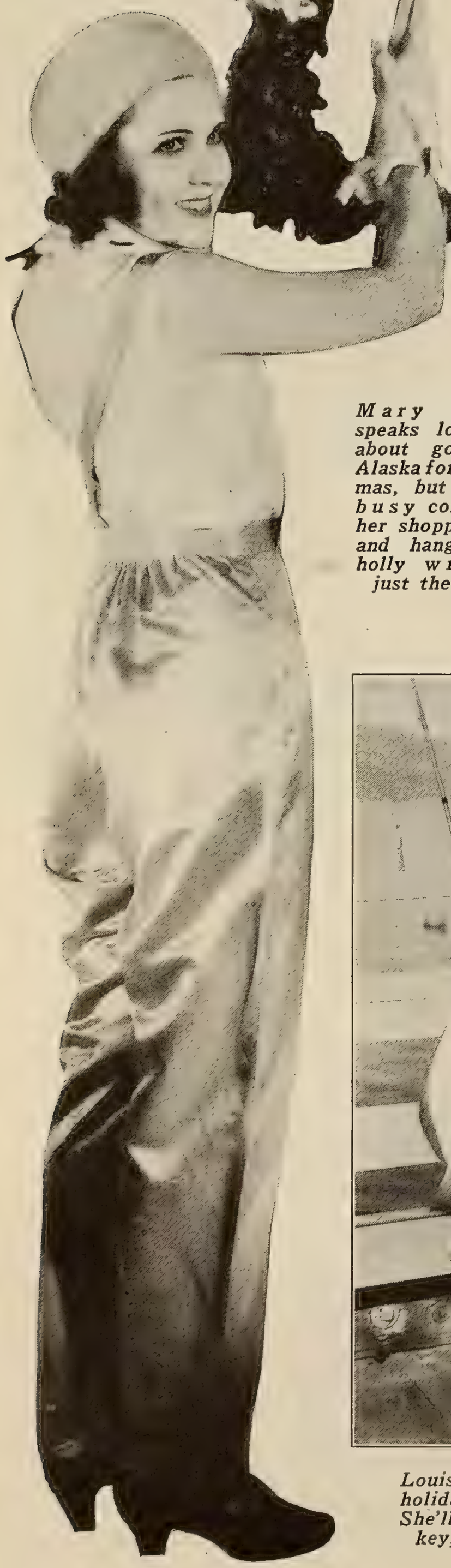
I was still of the same opinion (now mounting to profound admiration—my highest emotion) when I saw him in "The Darling of the Gods," as *the Marquis of Steyne* in "Vanity (*Continued on page 121*)



"Old English" has proved to be another "Disraeli" in box-office receipts. De Casseres tells you why. Betty Lawford is the girl in this scene with Arliss.

HOW *the*

By Ruth Tildesley



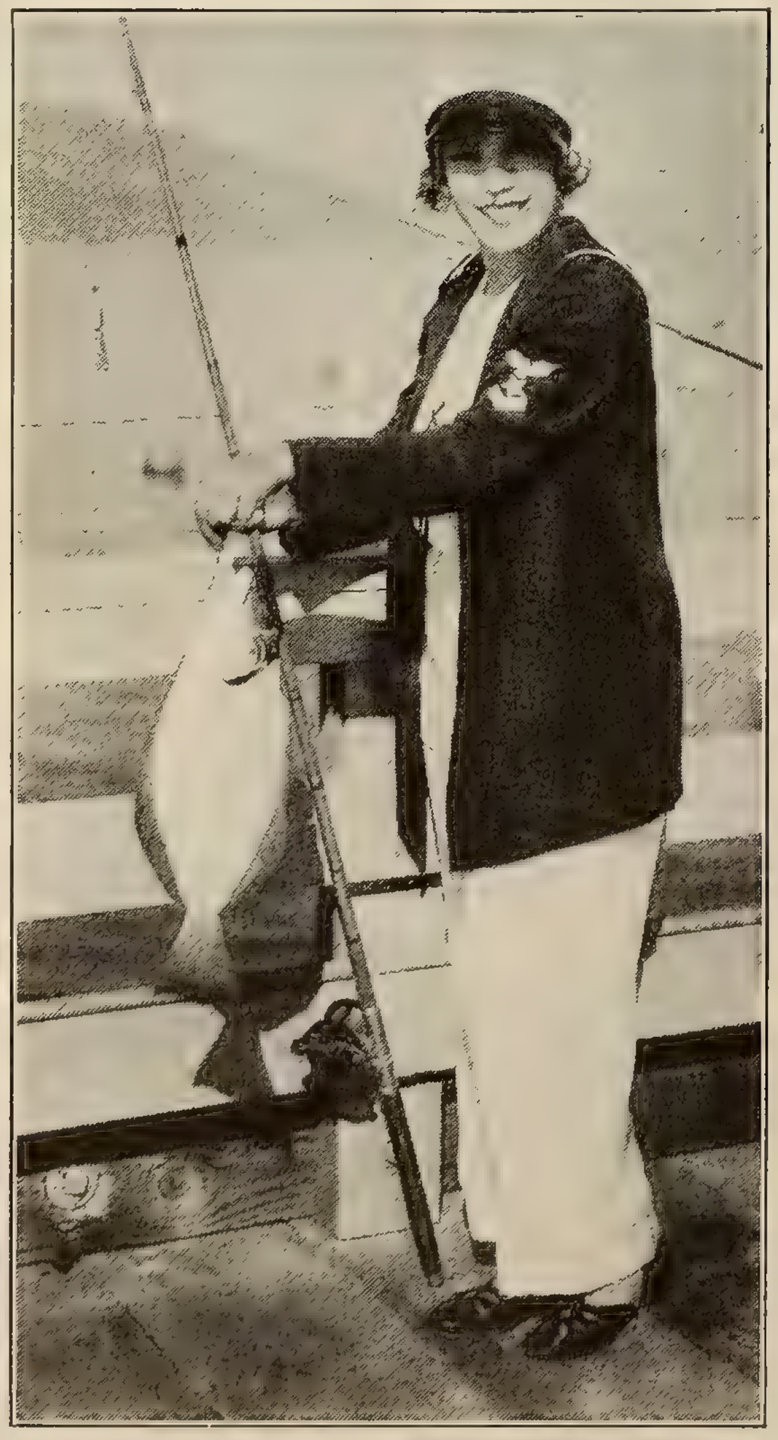
Mary Brian speaks longingly about going to Alaska for Christmas, but she is busy consulting her shopping list and hanging up holly wreaths just the same.

THE ideal, unconventional Christmas is a secret dream of more than one star.

Ronald Colman thinks the Byrd expedition must have spent a glorious day. Making history on the edge of the universe, with danger and the unknown at either elbow, would create an unforgettable memory.

"I'd like to be in Rome in time to hear the midnight mass sung in St. Peter's!" cries John Boles. "Hundreds of gorgeous voices will sing *Adeste Fidelis,* the most glorious of all Christmas songs.

"While I was studying in Italy I used to spend hours at St. Peter's, just walking about. It wasn't the works of art that held me, but just something in the atmosphere



Louise Fazenda will spend her holiday at her Malibu cottage. She'll fish for her dinner—no turkey, no trimmings—just fish!



A frost-bitten Santa is longed for by Anita Page, condemned to sunny California! But she may go up to the mountains, anyway.

STARS *would like to* SPEND CHRISTMAS

Santa Claus is sneaking up on the screen colony, and the stars plan their ideal holidays

of the place. It seems to me that this feeling, so hard to attain in a workaday world, would be intensified at Christmas. I can shut my eyes and see crowds winding slowly into the cathedral, the procession of choir boys, the altar ablaze with candles, and hear the music pouring out over all.

"That's how I'd like to begin the twenty-fifth day of December!"

Three of our prettiest maidens vote for St. Moritz, Switzerland. The two-weeks festival season of winter sports appeals to Clara Bow, who has it from Phillips Holmes that the real Christmas spirit is rampant. Barbara Kent, who hails from Canada, chooses the spot because she can ski well, never suffers from chilblains, and has not yet had her fill of snow sports.

And Irene Delroy would add to her order that she must be head over heels in love, share the sports with the Man, and look and feel like an Ideal Girl all the time!



"I'll have my first ideal Christmas this year," says Ann Harding. She'll spend it with her baby, Jane, and her husband, Harry Bannister, in her own home.



Richard Arlen and his wife, Jobyna Ralston, will cruise along the coast of Lower California in their little yacht, if Dick doesn't have to work.

Mary Brian speaks longingly of going to Alaska, but she was looking at a Christmas list at the time.

The high seas as a holiday location strikes Charles Bickford as about right. He owns a whaling fleet.

Richard Arlen dreams of taking Mrs. Arlen (Jobyna Ralston) and maybe friend Walter Huston, on their boat for a cruise along the coast of Lower California. "It's like the South Seas," he explains, "we'd sail slowly, stop at old towns that attracted us, just loaf and live."

Louise Fazenda whispers that she has actually enjoyed the ideal and unconventional Christmas. For four years now, Louise and husband Hal Wallis have spent their holiday at their beach cottage. *(Continued on page 123)*



Stockton

All the stars know her and love her. Here she is with her brother Bill and one of her best friends, Mary Pickford Fairbanks.

The most popular GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

She is the friend of the stars—goes to all their parties, knows their joys and their sorrows. Read about her here

By Aimee Torriani

TO find the heart of Hollywood may sometimes require almost a surgical operation to penetrate the adipose tissue that seems to grow about this little hamlet's warm breast. For many have come and gone and will continue to come and go and still see nothing but the cold, calculating, self-centered stars, sitting smugly in their luxurious cars, in their pretentious homes, walking along the boulevards and strutting the golf courses and the sands of Malibu Beach—always, always 'putting on the caviar.'

Now had I not been invited to this particular party the second week I was in Hollywood, I might have come and gone with just the same reaction. I've been to a dozen parties since and, had the memory of that first one not echoed in my mind, I might have thought quite differently of the whole show.

It was to be a birthday party. Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Alice and Marceline Day, Belle Bennett, the Duncan sisters, Betty Compson, many other stars and directors' wives were to be there.

The party was given at the home of Mrs. Felix Hughes, Ruth Stonehouse of early picture fame, Jackie Saunders and Ruth were the hostesses that day and both of these girls are as pretty and as youthful as they were some years ago when the fans of the early picture days worshipped at their shrines.

It was Ella Wickersham's birthday. I was introduced to Ella immediately upon entering. Ella is a fair, radiant person, looking far more like an angel than a human being. Her face is like one of Botticelli's cherubs, although her straight and dainty little form is always clad in dresses that are the last word in fashion. She wears skirts right to her shoes and displays two motionless well-shod feet on the step of her wheel chair; for this little Ella has not walked since she was a girl in her early teens.

She reigns in her wheel chair like a queen on a touring throne. Ella goes everywhere; she is invited to practically every party given in Hollywood, and is notified of every love affair, marriage, birth, or death in the film industry. No star is too busy to talk to Ella on the telephone or at parties; no one considers the evening complete without sitting out a dance with her.

Every year this little group of girl stars assemble a houseful to give Ella her birthday feast. They bestow upon her presents such as you would not see at the betrothal of a Princess. No perfume is too rare, nor is any gown, pillow, or lace too beautiful to give to this little girl, who, in spite of her courage and energy, must spend three fourths of her time in bed. Nothing seems too beautiful or extravagant for these oft-called 'heartless stars' to express their love for Ella. They do not preach to her, or give her what might be warm and serviceable; they give from their generous hearts what they would consider beautiful for themselves if fate had designated that they spend their lives in a wheel chair instead of in the radiant glow of fame and fortune.

Granted Ella is a remarkable character, and her brother Bill an equally unusual personality. Bill takes

her everywhere, in a manner that is so efficient that it almost seems perfunctory. He lifts her into the car, straps the wheel chair on the spare tire, and away they go, Hollywoodward and pleasure bent!

Theirs is a companionship that passes human analysis. Bill says, "Ella is like Cicero. He had a very marked impediment in his speech. Consequently, oratory held such a great fascination for him that he eventually became the world's greatest orator. Going places and doing things has a similar fascination for Ella, and her handicap has only served to give her such a keen consciousness of activity that it adds zest to every event."

Perhaps therein lies the secret of her charm, for there is nothing quite so ingratiating as intelligent and wholehearted interest.

Granted that these two beings are extraordinary characters, appreciating them shows that the heart of the picture colony is warm, sincere and without pretense. For Ella and Bill are not a new thrill to Hollywood; they have grown up in its midst. They understand it with an understanding that induces avid interest and compassion and Hollywood has received them in like manner.

When you first meet Ella, you are inclined to treat her with deference and extend to her the instinctive courtesies that one does to an afflicted person; but after you hear her say, "The water was too cold for bathing, so we walked down the beach and dropped in to see Rosetta and Vivian." Or, "We had dinner, danced a bit and then went to the midnight matinée at the Chinese," you become as oblivious of her wheel chair as she is. So completely has Ella mastered the situation mentally that she seems to move through life with a fleetness that defies physical locomotion, and I have heard many people say that they are constantly checking themselves from asking her to come over to them, even when they have known her for years.

Like all great comedians, Harry Langdon has a great and alert sense of human understanding. Upon meeting Ella for the first time, he appraised her radiant self, glanced at the wheel chair and said, "Pretty soft for you!" With that terse remark, he dispensed with the little artificialities that usually follow an introduction and precipitated the admiration that Ella has for him and for his lovely wife, *(Continued on page 126)*



Harry Langdon with the little girl Hollywood loves.



She has the fair face of a Botticelli cherub.

Walter Frederick Seely



Mabel Normand was a great friend of the girl all Hollywood admires. In the circle you'll see the girl, with Mabel sitting at her feet second from right, at a Beverly Hills party given by Mrs. E. M. Asher.

FASHION NEWS

The newest notes in the mode for 1931

By
Maybelle Manning

ALL the beauty and romance of Phidian Greece, Czaristic Russia, Cleopatran Egypt, Napoleonic France, and Victorian England, are bound up in the fashions of the winter of 1931. But what a treacherous season it will prove for women without a sure sense of style!

Lanvin, Chanel, Patou, Agnes, Louiseboulanger, Lelong, Molyneux, Worth—every great couturier is creating a different mode for the new year of 1931. And each mode bears no relationship to the designs of the other. So many and diverse are the costumes and *robes de style* displayed by those various creators, that unless a woman is magnificently sure of her own style sense, she had better beware of purchasing her winter wardrobe without expert advice. If, however, she decides to choose for herself, the one cardinal point to keep in mind is that these 1931 clothes must have distinguished simplicity of line, depending for the necessary ornamentation only on a dignified elaboration of detail, or trimming.

There are five separate and distinct winter silhouettes: The Napoleonic, revived by Molyneux. The Egyptian, evolved by Patou. The Victorian, the Greek, and the Russian, worked out by various other celebrated designers.

And right here, while one is dazzled by this multiplicity of modes, is the spot for every woman to realize that she should strive to be gowned—not costumed. There's a great difference. Lelong explains it admirably when he says, "Both a costume and a gown cover the body. But the costume is make-believe and is designed to change the personality of its wearer. Whereas, a really beautiful gown, in good style, enhances the individual characteristics."

That's what each woman must do—enhance her individual characteristics by distinguished simplicity of line, not cover her body with a variety of bizarre garments which tend to make her look as if she is on her way to a masked ball. Remember this when you are deciding which of the five major modes will best suit you—whether Napoleonic, Egyptian, Victorian, Greek or Russian.

Now if you happen to be young, slight, and lovely—like June Collyer, say—we would suggest that you select the Napoleonic style, with its high waist-line, and dainty little poke bonnets trimmed with cock-plumes, flowers and little birds.

All models from Bergdorf Goodman

Photographs of Ilka Chase by Hal Phyfe





Reminiscent of the romantic era with a dash of the Napoleonic is this evening wrap worn by Ilka Chase. The entire top is of sumptuous white ermine; the bottom of the wrap is of bias-cut wine-colored velvet. The picture above gives you an idea of the subtly designed back.

for WINTER



A Russian note is emphasized in this suit of two tones of green with collar and cuffs of Persian lamb. A fetching tricorne with a veil tops the ensemble. Posed by Ilka Chase.

However, if you are of a more sensuous and glamourous type, resembling Constance Bennett, I should suggest the Victorian mode, which includes the "Kate Greenaway" frocks with tiny puffed sleeves, and tight, high-waisted bodices.

On the other hand, if you are nearer the Ann Harding style of beauty, the Greek theme, with its formal simple lines would suit you exactly. But again, if you have the warm-blooded, colorful beauty of Evelyn Brent, you should try either the Russian, with its marvelous high fur collars and long sweeping trains; or the Egyptian, with sinuous front drapes and intriguing slits at the sides above the ankles.

After you have definitely decided which of these formal silhouettes you will follow, let us consider what clothes will be needed.



The Victorian influence is apparent in this black velvet dinner gown that introduces a large bow at the waistline, giving a bustle-like contour. Miss Chase, who's wearing it, is the daughter of Edna Woolman Chase, Editor-in-Chief of Vogue*—no wonder she can wear clothes!*

For morning, alas, we can no longer wear those little silk dresses which played such an important part in our summer wardrobe. Wool is the only fabric permissible. You should have two or three of these light, durable gowns, for shopping, spectator sports, or for home. Because of their simplicity, the cut, the line of these dresses, must be the last word in artistry. The wearer must also be meticulously groomed and her accessories chosen with the greatest of care.

At lunch time and for early informal afternoon wear, the smartest thing of all is a Jersey frock or suit made with circular skirt and bordered with wide furs like fox, with tight fitting jackets. If, however, the luncheon is formal, a velvet fur-trimmed coat and skirt, combined with a discreet touch of real lace, would be the thing.

Dead black is also exceedingly smart for early afternoon but only when a note of color is introduced by a beautiful bag, set with seed turquoises or seed corals or such stones.

With morning and early afternoon dresses, the fur bolero is a dashing adjunct. They are so short they resemble a mess-boy's jacket, and are contrived from white lapin, white ermine and green, if you please, green moleskin. Chanel has introduced a *(Continued on page 106)*

WHAT PRICE

EDITOR'S NOTE:

This is the first article of a series comprising our new radio department edited by Louis Reid, the most authoritative—and amusing—writer on radio topics today. Mr. Reid, who is Radio Editor of* The New York American, *will guide you gently through the mazes of microphones, crooners, announcers, and news events in* SCREENLAND *every month.

THE most flourishing industry in the republic at present is the manufacture of megaphones for the crooners of the radio. The harassed Hoover must be aware of it though our most reliable operatives along the Potomac report he has yet to turn his statisticians to the job of spreading the glad tidings.

Crooners are the infantry of the microphonic army and the megaphone is the rifle with which they attack the countless eardrums of the nation. Crooning, indeed, has become a major phase of our civilization. Colleges are alert to it. They are increasing their enrollments by giving it shelter and nourishment. Given a year or two on the campus and a crooner can storm any radio gate in the country.

It was Rudy Vallee who was the first to raise a megaphone to his lips and thereby make himself a byword in the parlors of the land. The M. Vallee's megaphone had a special significance. It was moonstruck. It concentrated upon the mystery of deep night and the charm of vagabond love. So industriously did he use it that he was soon in what the professors call the heavy sugar. When his vogue showed signs of dying, when the restless and lonely women of the republic were turning again to bridge, did he retire to his fast-gotten gains? The answer, of course, is no. He cultivated the ears of the male population. He paid bibulous tribute to dear old Maine!

The ears of the nation have been cupped for months to the glories of Maine. More than any other State in the Union save Carolina, Maine is the belle of the broadcasters. Early and late Maine is sold to the armchairs as prosperity was once sold to the electorate. And the salesmen are the M. Vallee and Phillips Lord.

Ransacking the musical attics, Vallee came across the Maine Stein Song and sent it flashing to the understuffed divans of the land. Listeners quaffed deeply of it and quenched their musical thirst. It became over night an answer to song publishers' prayers. Its bow to Bacchus became the rage from Gotham to the Golden Gate. It must inevitably have penetrated the parched pastures of Bishop Cannon.

Dance bands took it up, concert bands sounded its marching melody, brass bands breathed its mug-draining defiance, little German bands adopted it as their theme song. It drew more attention to Maine than at any time since some stimulating prophet coined the expression 'hell-bent.'

Meanwhile, another maharajah of the microphone was busy selling Maine to the millions who go down to the radio sea in slip covers. Phillips Lord, donning the accents of down East, made Seth Parker, the hymn-shouter of Jonesport, a national figure.

Jonesport, a village on the Maine coast, not far as the



Amos 'n' Andy continue to be the leading entertainers of the air, thereby establishing a precedent as the longest-ruling radio kings yet to face a microphone.



Floyd Gibbons has made gabbing pay as it never paid before!



Graham McNamee is the big noun-and-adjective man of N. B. C.

TELEVISION?

Television isn't far off, so radio entertainers are now being chosen for sax as well as sex appeal. Read our radio department and know what's going on in the land of the loud speaker

By Louis Reid

sea gulls fly from Bar Harbor, is known today in every crossroads of America. It has even become a mecca of the motorist. Formidable signs dot Maine highways, telling the world on wheels just how far Jonesport nestles in its rockbound glory.

Jonesport, thanks to radio, has become famous and civic-conscious as one retreat in sophisticated America where old-time hosannas are actually sung with old-time zeal.

So long as the *Stars and Stripes Forever* is heard in the land—and it's heard often and late—I cannot feel that America is in danger of a communist overthrow.

The most enduring enthusiasm on the radio sea is that of Graham McNamee, the big noun-and-adjective man of the N.B.C. No form of sports defies him. He can be as excited over the gentle pawing of the ponderous palookas as over the broken-field running of Albie Booth. Sometimes I should like to see him try a wrestling match just to learn if he can convey a thrill over a ten-minute toe hold. One of the first attention-callers of the microphones, he is also one of radio's foremost stars—the others being Amos 'n' Andy, Floyd Gibbons and Vallee.



B. A. Rolfe heard a dance-mad world cryin' for the Carolines and set out to bring it succor. Rolfe is the happiest of the jazz maestros of the merry microphone.

Amos 'n' Andy continue to be the leading entertainers of the air, thereby establishing a precedent as the longest-ruling radio kings yet to face a microphone. Setting a dial to them is still a ritual in millions of homes—eloquent testimony, it seems to me, to the freshness and magnetism of their characterizations. These bewildered oafs of Harlem are the most successful gods of blackface comedy that America has yet produced, and blackface comedy has ever occupied the throne room of the American amusement empire.

Floyd Gibbons brought a new note of spontaneous adventure and inexhaustible vitality to the armchairs. He has made gabbing pay as it has never paid before in the republic—to the tune, a spy reports, of $3,000 a week. He has a knack of talking fast—faster than anyone this side of Billy Sunday's soul-saving sawdust, but he also has a knack of singling out the odd items in the day's grist of news and giving them the importance of a declaration of war. He goes in for showmanship, wears a white patch over an eye which he lost when the Western front was not so quiet and draws upon his experiences in far places of the world. He gives off an air of impending drama.



Phillips Lord has made Seth Parker of Jonesport a national figure.



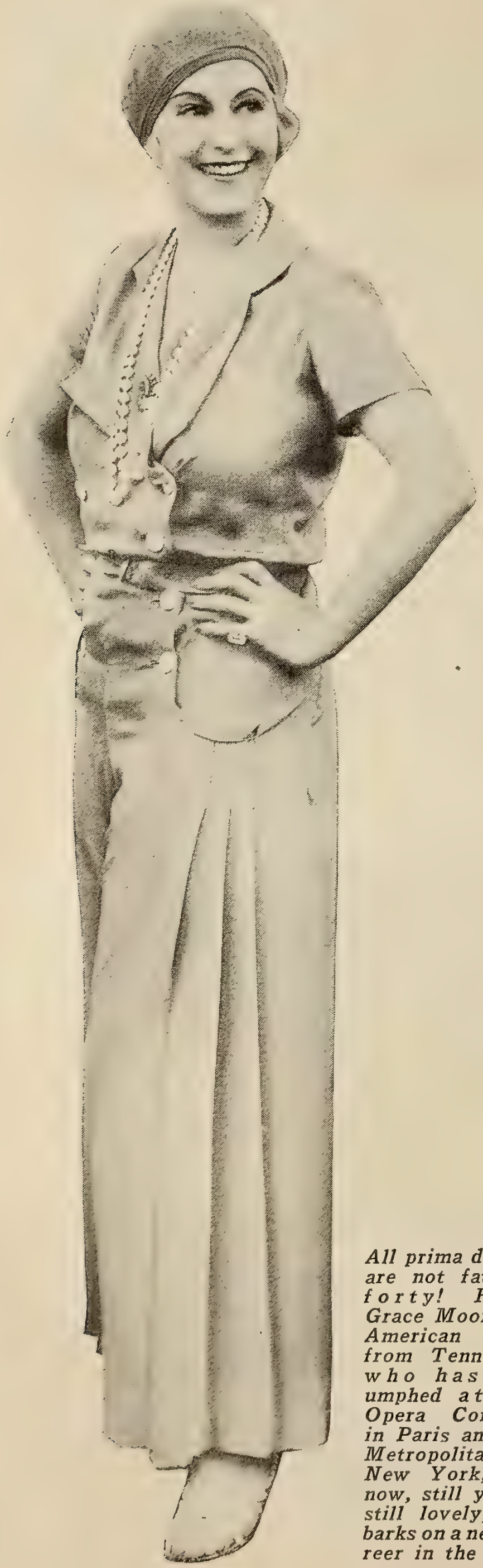
It was Rudy Vallee who was the first to raise a megaphone to an art.

The happiest of the jazz maestros is B. A. Rolfe. Not among the luckier of the Hollywood prospectors, he heard a dance-mad world

(*Continued on page 124*)

EXPRESS YOURSELF

An opera star who is young and beautiful tells why the life of a singer is the most glamourous and the most exacting of all careers



All prima donnas are not fat and forty! Here's Grace Moore, an American girl from Tennessee, who has triumphed at the Opera Comique in Paris and the Metropolitan in New York, and now, still young, still lovely, embarks on a new career in the films.



Grace Moore co-stars with Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon." This musical romance marks the second screen appearance of the famous opera stars.

TO give a singing lesson in a few hundred words would be like asking someone to become a doctor or a lawyer in a week! But I realize that books, stories and articles on singing by singers are sometimes just the inspiration that some young students may need to spur them on to forge ahead. To me a biography or autobiography by someone who has lived through the same trials and tribulations, joys and thrills that I am experiencing, is often of the greatest benefit. Therefore, I gladly give these few words of advice and possible inspiration to all who care to read them.

I did not dream of being a singer from the moment I first heard the singing voice, nor did anyone ever predict I would set the world on fire with the tones of a lark. In the quiet, uneventful, beautiful little spot in Tennessee in which I spent my childhood, I dreamed of becoming a missionary in far-off heathen lands! Just the thought of being a singer was not what led me to follow the gleam; it was a yearning for release, self-expression, adventure and fulfillment of dreams that led me to run away from school to New York and there to try my luck in the land of the footlights.

From one-night stands throughout the country, to vaudeville, then the Music Box Revue, on to Europe at the Opera Comique in Paris, then the Metropolitan Opera House, and now talking pictures. This is my career in a nut-shell. The details of the accomplishment of this tour is another story.

Talent, intelligence, and above all, *patience* is needed to have a career as a singer. Patience, beyond human understanding. This pearl of great price has been the gem hardest for me to attain. I am a daughter of this

in SONG SAYS Grace Moore



"The life of a singer is a contradiction—great freedom on one hand, and a strange bondage on the other," says Grace Moore.



Dr. Mario Marafioti, 'one of the greatest teachers in the world today,' has been a valuable vocal guide to Miss Moore and many other singers.

speed age and I want to accomplish all things in a jiffy. This patience that you must have to attain the heights demanded of a great singer, is of the soul; it surrounds that inner flame of inspiration, imagination and individuality with a shroud of peace, poise and penetrating power.

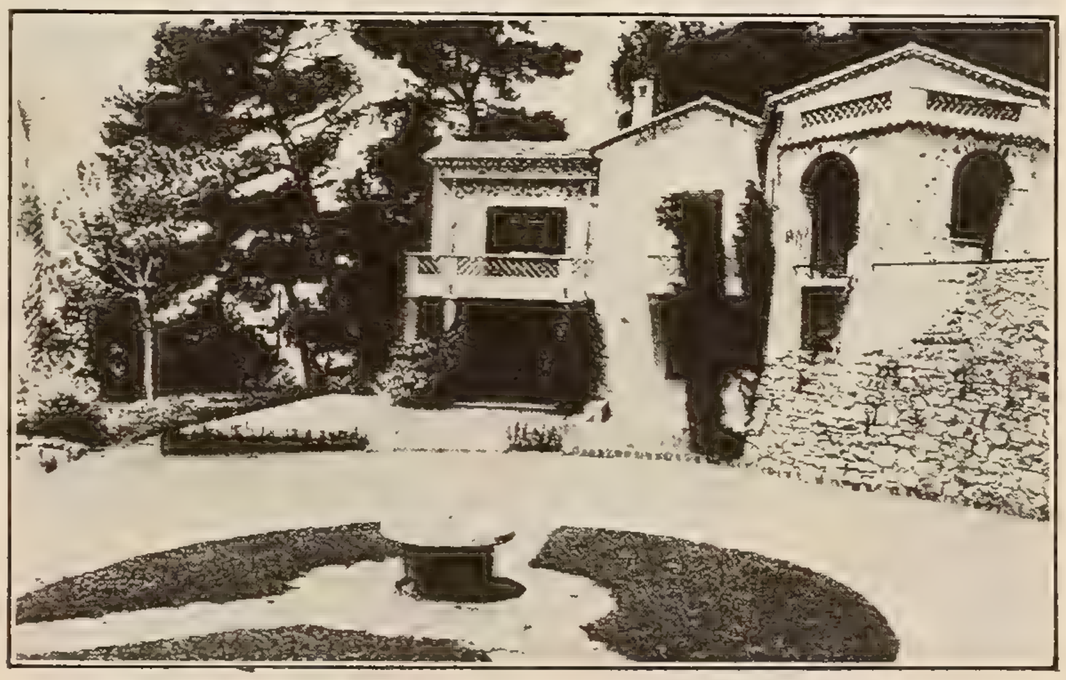
Every student should have a general understanding of music and its literature. It is a great asset for a singer to understand the piano and to know how to play her own songs. Harmony and theory are essential in order to read at sight, to transpose and to analyze. The lack of musicianship has often been a detriment to great voices, the absence of which makes it necessary for the artist to work twice as hard to acquire real classical beauty of singing.

So many young singers get into the hands of third-rate teachers—voice butchers, I call them. We have the most beautiful natural voices in the world, right here in America, but they want to learn to sing in a few lessons, and, I repeat, we are so famous for our impatience! How hard it has been for me to learn to be patient and to study thoroughly. All else will follow if the basic foundation is well laid.

The life of a singer is a contradiction, great freedom on one hand and a strange bondage on the other.

In line with this exquisite freedom is my philosophy of spending money. My creed is 'spend, spend, spend!' Except for a small amount to protect myself, I spend every penny I earn. I see no joy in looking at a bank book of figures showing me that I am worth thousands or millions of dollars, but I sense great pride and happiness buying books, music, statues and pictures. I have a lovely villa in the South of France, *Casa Lauretta,* I call it; and I also have a nice home in Paris. Three times every year I go to Monte Carlo to gamble—and if I am lucky enough to win, as I did last year, I buy some more land in Cannes. Last year I won enough money to buy four acres of land adjoining my property and now I have a fine tennis court there.

I like to give to those I love; each one of us has so many about us, no one needs to seek about to give help. I like to aid others to attain (*Continued on page 108*)





Above, Grace Moore's villa in Cannes, in southern France, Casa Lauretta, *where the prima donna spends part of the year.*

Left, the elaborate 'cottage' at Malibu Beach where Grace Moore week-ends while singing and acting in films in California.

A Taylor-Made Girl

How Estelle, born a beauty, carved out a new career on her own

By Helen Ludlam

"PEOPLE are very funny when they are growing," said Estelle Taylor, pensively nibbling a bit of toast Melba. "Especially women! They are like untrained athletes. All gestures are made consciously, obviously, because they have not had the training required to give them grace of movement."

We had been talking of mental rather than physical growth, and laughing over some of the things we declared, years ago, that we would never do. With larger understanding those childish barriers seemed ridiculously unimportant and immaterial to us now.



She could have been content to let her looks carry her to fame. But Estelle Taylor wanted to be a good actress—and her ambition is rewarded.

Although she is noted for keeness of wit and quick repartee in Hollywood, Estelle Taylor is a serious-minded girl, although she doesn't let many people suspect it. It isn't so much the books she reads as the fact that she thinks. Do you know many people who think, who delve beneath the surface of accepted facts to find out for themselves whether they are true or not, or whether they are true for them? Do many people think outside their established line of endeavor? Not so very many. So I was astounded to hear Estelle Taylor, with whom I have not had a real talk for years, disclose a richness of knowledge surprising in such a rich, lush beauty! She puts a wall of wise-cracking between the world and her real thoughts. I'm going to try to give you a glimpse of the Estelle Taylor I know, whose moral courage and realness I tremendously admire.

She was wearing a close-fitting blue serge costume and a little round felt hat something like the 'sailor' girls used to wear. In spite of her sophisticated reputation, the fact that she has successfully steered her matrimonial bark through years of turbulent waters as the wife of Jack Dempsey, and has, somehow, managed to maintain a definite, undefeated personality and career of her own, she looked like a kid. The day was warm and Estelle rolled up the brim of her 'sailor,' declaring that she might look daft but it was cooler that way. And Estelle never was one to sacrifice comfort in her personal life on the altar of vanity. In this case she won on both counts, for the upturned brim slew about ten years.

"I guess people grow because *(Continued on page 119)*



Right, a scene from "Liliom," in which Estelle Taylor plays a heady siren who causes hero Charles Farrell some deliciously anxious moments.



William Fraker, Columbia Pictures

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

RICHARD CROMWELL

in

"TOL'ABLE DAVID"



The BARRYMORES AND THEIR BABY

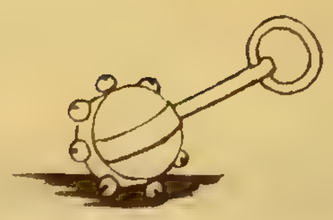
Presenting Dolores Ethel Mae Barrymore, the daughter of John and Dolores Costello Barrymore. The baby is named for her mother, for her aunt, the famous actress, and her grandmother, the late Mrs. Mae Costello.











The Barrymore home is one of the handsomest in Beverly Hills—and, especially since little Dolores Ethel Mae arrived, one of the very happiest. John Barrymore is the proudest of papas, as his smile in the picture to the right proves. Below, you get a glimpse of the Barrymores' family fireside, with a bust of John by Paul Manship; and the Barrymore crest, a crowned kingsnake carved into the lintel of the fireplace.





Photographs by Irving Lippman, exclusive to Screenland









"The Playboy of Paris" will secure Maurice Chevalier even more firmly in the affections of American audiences. He has returned to France for a visit but Papa Paramount won't let him stay too long.

Otto Dyar



Otto Dyar

AH, OUI? OUI!

Two Gallic gentlemen who give our films that French flavor

Adolphe Menjou returns to the American screen in "Morocco," playing one of the suavely humorous rôles for which he is famous. Then you'll see him in "New Moon," with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett.

RICHARD'S BEST RÔLE

Dix has a rôle after his own heart at last. He is Yancey Cravat, *the pioneer hero of Edna Ferber's "Cimarron," to the life. He covers a period of fifty years in this characterization, from* Yancey's *youth to his old age. Top, the young* Yancey; *center, the middle years*—Yancey *as a sergeant in the Spanish-American war; and below, the old* Cravat, *still retaining his heroic appeal.*



Ernest A. Bachrach





Portraits of Garbo by
Clarence Sinclair Bull



When Miss Greta Garbo poses for new pictures in the costumes of a new rôle, it's an occasion. But when Miss Greta Gustafsson sits for personal portraits, it's an event, with echoes heard around the world from Culver City to Canton! These are the first photographs for which Garbo has consented to pose in her own clothes for three years. Make the most of them!



Garbo is now working in a new talking picture called "Inspiration," under the direction of Clarence Brown, who guided her through "Anna Christie" and "Romance." And then, they tell us, she will be starred in a screen version of the life of Mata Hari, the seductive spy whose adventures in the World War made her somewhat of a legend.





Bert Longworth

Two big golfers—where's that other one, Bobby Jones? These two boys—Douglas Fairbanks is their name—dabble a bit in motion pictures on the side.

FAIRBANKS *and* COMPANY



Two Dougs. Heigh-ho, seems only yesterday that a smart young fellow named Fairbanks from the Broadway stage was debuting into movies in "The Lamb." And now another smart lad of the same name smashes into screen stardom.

Fryer

Wouldn't it be fun to see these two Fairbanks playing together in the same picture? All right—let's get up a round robin thing. There—how's that? Now you sign it. No, I won't sign it. You sign it. Oh, all right—let it go!





STYLES FOR THE SOUTH



Dorothy Jordan is wearing a white crepe frock with a novel and bewitching treatment of capelet, belt, skirt, carried out in two tones of blue.

Leila Hyams' black dance frock has a yellow printed pattern and a form-fitting black slip. Short sleeves, a velvet ribbon belt, and a cluster of yellow flowers add femininity and youth.



Harriet Lake's dress and matching hat may be put in the tub and washed! Of blue voile with white dots, the dress is ornamented with strips of white organdie.



For that winter vacation in Florida or California or other sun-splashed places, you'll want to be aware of what the picture girls choose to wear!



Mary Doran's gay little frock of white flannel is brightened by red, white, and blue bands, also carried out in the bandeau of the white felt hat.



A 'supper hour' frock worn by Lottice Howell is developed in black lace combined with bands of satin. An interesting neckline is achieved by transparent mousseline de soie.

Joan Crawford's favorite wash pique resort suit is in powder blue with white scalloped collar and cuffs. Her oxfords and bag are blue and white, too.



FLORIDA

Fashions



The classic costume for the tropic vacation is worn here by Kay Johnson, left. It's very simple, and oh, so smart! V-necked frock with pleated skirt, brimmed felt hat—both white; and the smartest resort shoes in the world—white and brown pumps.

Anita Page, below, wears a pale blue organdie frock decorated with ruffles and flower-petal trimmings.

Cotton lace in an attractive pattern has been adopted by Anita Page for her informal party frock. Powder blue lace and net combine with rose grosgrain ribbon.







Leila Hyams is nice and nautical in her white duck sailor suit laced with navy blue cord. The hip-length jacket has nautical emblems on the sailor collar and on the sleeve. Leila's beret is blue, too.



Boleros trim the pajama suits. Catherine Moylan wears a ruffle-edged pattern in a plain percale which is combined with the polka-dot pattern of her suit (below).

Bull



Bull

Above: Joan Crawford in her favorite beach pajamas, of gypsy-printed cotton, with wide-box pleated trousers and a short bolero jacket.

A smart version of the new beach attire is worn by Lois Moran. The shantung sailor trousers are of turquoise blue with a pullover sweater in a matching shade with white stripes. Comfortable!

Hurrell





Anita Page likes to wear these backless overalls on the beach—and the beach, of course, likes to see Anita wear them. Splashy red and blue flowers form the pattern. With her big floppy hat Anita salutes the sun.

Hurrell



Joan Crawford wears one of the world's largest sun hats with her beach pajamas. It's white—and you can just imagine the devastating effect of Joan's sun-tanned skin and dark eyes against such a background.

Hurrell

STARS IN THE SUN

Who wouldn't like to follow summer around the world? The screen stars who work in Hollywood have the next best arrangement; they can pretend it's summer all the year 'round. For beach fashions, consult your lucky stars!



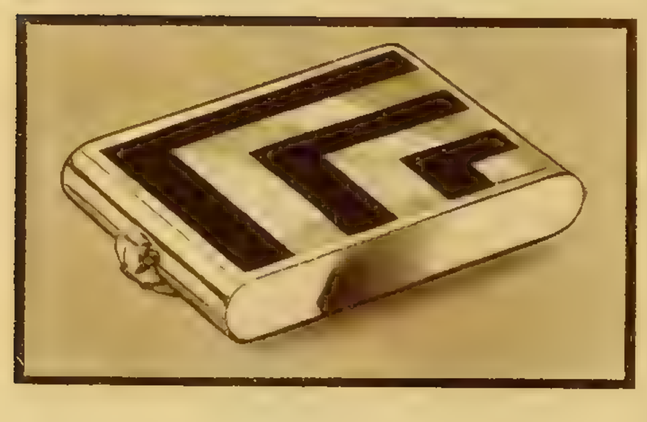
Below: Betty Boyd, a provocative newcomer, wears an interesting beach ensemble of black and white—black suit and white and black rubber cape.



A great big little Broadway star on vacation—Marilyn Miller. It's rather interesting to note that Marilyn, one of the most glamorous and lovely of all gilded girls, prefers a plain, one-piece jersey suit for her swimming. No trimmings—except the sea-weed!

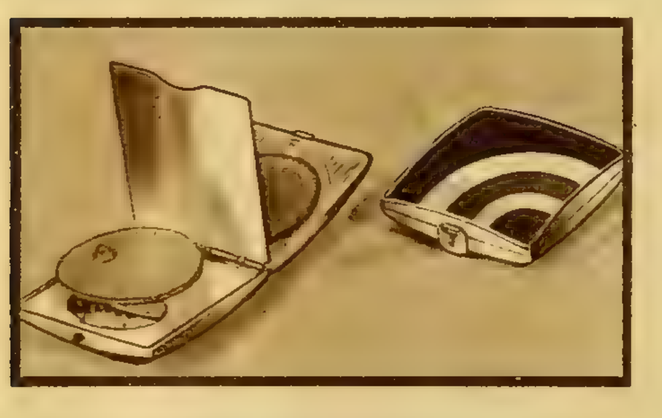
Dyar

Helena Rubinstein sets the fashion in Vanities for 1931...



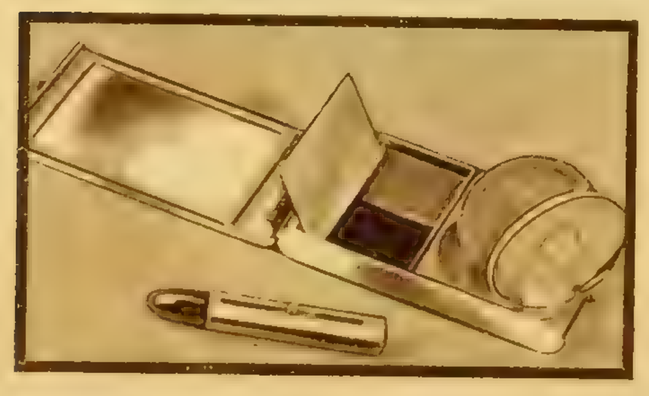
1931 Double Compact

Unusually chic is this square black and gold striped vanity, containing compact rouge and compact powder in the fashionable and inimitable Helena Rubinstein tones and quality. An accessory which adapts itself smartly to all costumes. 2.50



The New Enchanté Vanities

Striking examples of modern design, in black, silver and vermilion, containing loose powder and compact or cream rouge. The leak-proof powder compartment holds a generous quantity of powder in Natural and Rachel. Rouge in Red Geranium or Red Raspberry. 3.00



Magic Make-Up Vanity

Unquestionably the season's smartest and most original vanity. A complete overnight or week-end make-up case easily carried in your purse! Contains loose powder in a patented leak-proof compartment, cream rouge for cheeks and lips, eye shadow, and a cosmetic innovation—mascara in crayon form! All encased in an exquisite, full-mirrored vanity in 24 karat gold striped finish with delicate touches of black and vermilion. 5.00

Here is the newest, smartest Cosmetic Jewelry —created by the world's foremost beauty specialist. All that constitutes the perfect accessory and the ideal gift, are harmonized in these most exquisite masterpieces . . .
DISTINCTION . . . UTILITY . . . BEAUTY.

In these, her newest cosmetic creations, the genius of Helena Rubinstein attains new heights. She has perfected powders, rouges and lipsticks which mirror nature itself—their coloring becomes your very own. And she sends them forth in containers so smart that they are fashion prophecies!

Soon you will see these irresistible vanities flashing out at Palm Beach and on the Riviera . . . Indeed it is no exaggeration to predict that they will be as chic in 1933 as they are in 1931!

Choose these fascinating bijoux. As accessories they complement each costume. As gifts, they compliment both giver and recipient. Beauty deserves these creations of beauty!

❧ ❧ ❧

Valaze Nail Groom in Three New Tints

Chic, exotic Red Geranium and Red Raspberry; conservative Shell Pink. Three gleaming, lasting nail enamels. 1.00 each (with a remover 1.75)

Persian Eye Black

—the super-Mascara. It stays on! 1.00, 1.50

Modernistic Powder or Rouge Compact

This tiny square modernistic vanity holds a generous quantity of powder or rouge in the inimitable Helena Rubinstein quality and tones. 1.25



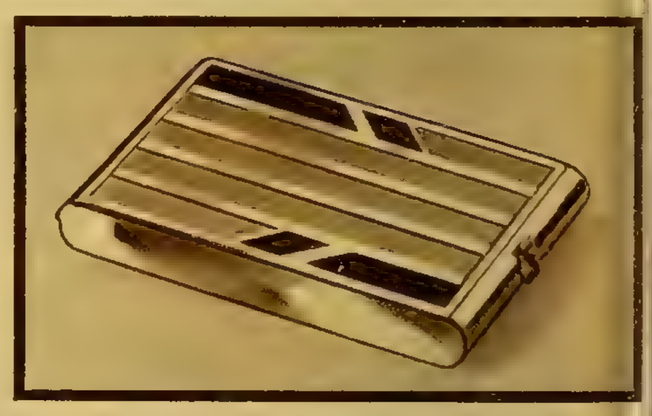
helena rubinstein

PARIS 8 East 57th Street, New York LONDON
PHILADELPHIA · CHICAGO · BOSTON · DETROIT · TORONTO



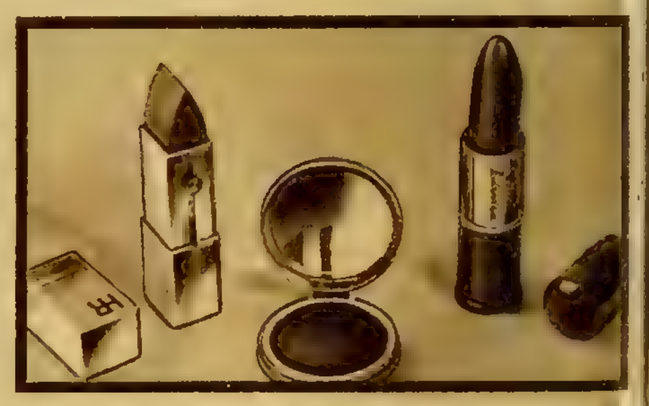
1931 Loose Powder—Lipstick Vanity

Elegance and originality mark this vanity in 24 karat gold finish. Contains loose powder (Natural and Rachel) in a patented leak-proof compartment, and a Red Geranium or Red Raspberry indelible lipstick. The ideal accessory for afternoon or evening. 3.50



1931 Triple Vanity

Compelling charm and astonishing value await you in this modish vanity in 24 karat striped gold finish with touches of vermilion and black. Holds compact powder and rouge. And there's a lipstick hidden in the hinge! An irresistible piece of cosmetic jewelry. 3.50



The New Red-Tangerine Lipstick

Brilliant in tone, soft in texture—the lipstick of youth. Indelible! 1.25, 3.50

The New Red-Tangerine Rouge

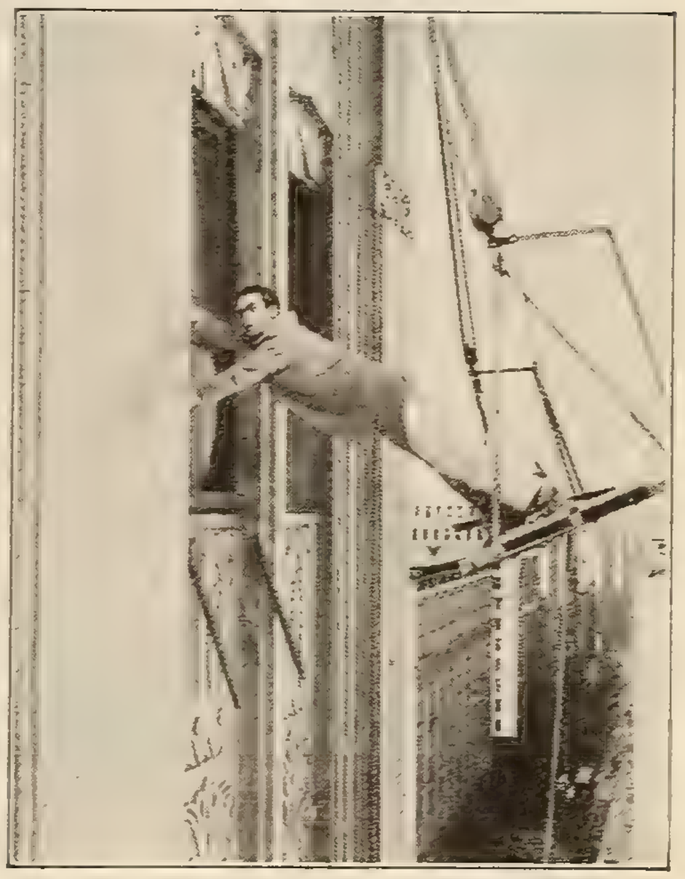
This clear, vivid tone enkindles the whole face. Creme only. 1.00 to 5.00

Helena Rubinstein's cosmetic creations are obtainable at the better shops. Qualified assistants will guide you in choosing resultful preparations for your home beauty care





The Harold Lloyd smile. He always wears it—in and out of character. Left and right are thrill scenes from "Feet First," his next.



BIG-TIME *Comedian*

Not an interview—an intimate glimpse of Harold Lloyd caught when he wasn't looking

By Ronnee Madison

THE Round Table.

That's what my crowd here in New York calls our favorite table at a popular cafeteria.

It's a rendezvous where the potential stars of tomorrow meet nightly. Stars of tomorrow, did I say? Optimistic? Why not? A chorus job today, a lead tomorrow. Suspense and the thought that around the corner "Lady Luck" might be lurking. Maybe!

The Round Table again. Cries for more coffee, gossip of this one's pet enemy and that one's new part (all of ten lines!). Warning the lucky one of a disease called 'swelled head.'

All of a sudden, yells of recognition, smiles of welcome, and a long-lost member of the gang rejoins the Round Table from a sojourn in Hollywood.

"Where've you been, Billy?"

"You look swell."

"Got a little thin."

"No, he got fat."

"What a nice tan."

"Look as if you're in the money, kid."

"Doing anything?"

"What's new? Spill it."

Yes, Billy will spill it. He had just returned from the Coast and was full of the news all of us wanted to hear. California sunshine? Eternal summer? A successful engagement?

"Hey, Billy, did you meet Greta Garbo?"

"What's Clara Bow like?"

Etc., etc.

"Wait a minute," said Billy, "and let me get organized before I start writing my book"—and with that ducks to the counters for coffee and doughnuts.

Back again and this time no escape. With all eager eyes turned in his direction, Billy grins.

And this is what we heard:

"No, kids, I didn't meet any of those stars nor do I know the personal details of their lives, but I did meet and know and work for one of the greatest comedians and best scouts who is or ever will be in the movies: Harold Lloyd!

"Gee, he's a peach! You know, there's a man who can't be beat. Why, he's beloved by all the natives of Hollywood itself and that's saying something 'cause the natives are a tough bunch and stars don't make much of an impression on those hard-boiled hombres. You know the saying, 'You never know 'til you live with a person, what his color is?' Well, that's the Hollywood natives. They have to live with the stars and they know. Yes sir, but as far as they are *(Continued on page 128)*



Ginger Rogers, mightily pleased with Colgate's holiday gift box. It contains the popular Seventeen perfume, double compact and face powder.

Bernice Claire likes the new Tangee theatrical lipstick for its dark rich coloring and indelible qualities.





Ginger Rogers uses Yardley's attractive new triple compact. An outstanding feature is the spare lipstick for evening used in vivid or cherry.

Gifts *for* Beauty

Perfumes and powders for pretty girls, vibrant charm for every woman—good looks for Christmas

By Anne Van Alstyne

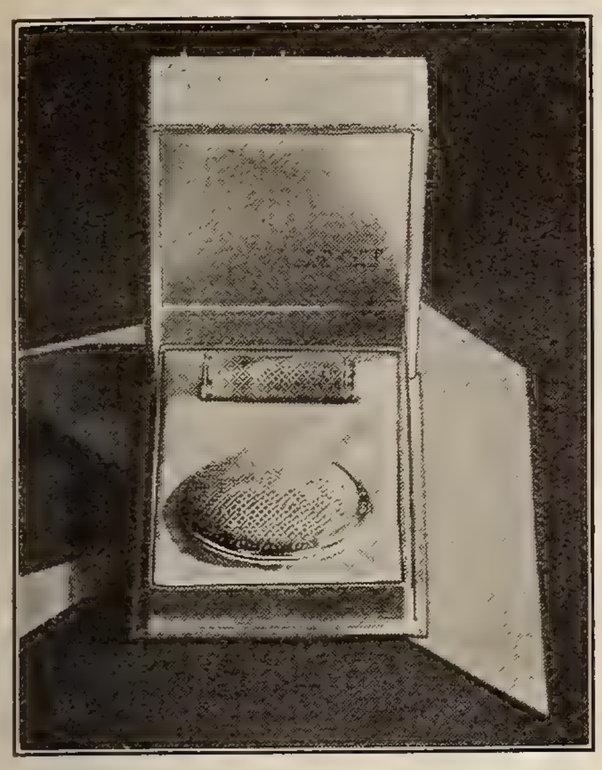
ONCE in so often, I've read, there comes a Christmas when the holly berries grow redder on the trees and when the Santa Claus myth and the holiday season seem more intimately near and dear than we thought they ever would again.

I don't know whether this is the year or not but I hope it is. Anyway, most of us expect to go right on believing in Christmas and, yes, in Santa Claus. Not the jolly, fur-robed, mythical person of our childhood who comes scrambling down the chimney bringing gifts for our stockings, but a Santa Claus of high hope, courage and vision, something to hold to, believe in and attain—even as three wise men thousands of years ago saw the Star in the East and, bearing gifts, went adventuring forth to meet it.

We scurry around at the last minute to finish our Christmas shopping but though our feet grow tired our spirits don't. We spend precious time hunting for pretty things and wonder if so-and-so will like them. We long to know the desires of those we love and satisfy them with our gifts—not just material things but desires of the spirit, too. In every hidden self there is something no material thing can satisfy and in every human heart there is a desire for beauty or for that which is beautiful to them. So, in planning our Christmas shopping, let's make way for beauty. Let's resolve that no matter how simple the gift we select or how costly, it will relate definitely to beauty. Beauty from the famous salons, from the perfume centers, from the colorful array of toiletries so beautifully displayed in the shops. Gifts of beauty to suit every need and every purse!

Perfumes alone are charming gifts, gloriously conceived, of wide range and skillful blending. But perfume is no longer limited to the beautiful containers that grace our dressing tables. So complex and varied are toilet needs today that we must consider also skin tonics, toilet water, sachet, soaps, dusting powders, bath salts, face powders, cold creams, hand and hair preparations, all of them scented subtly and charmingly.

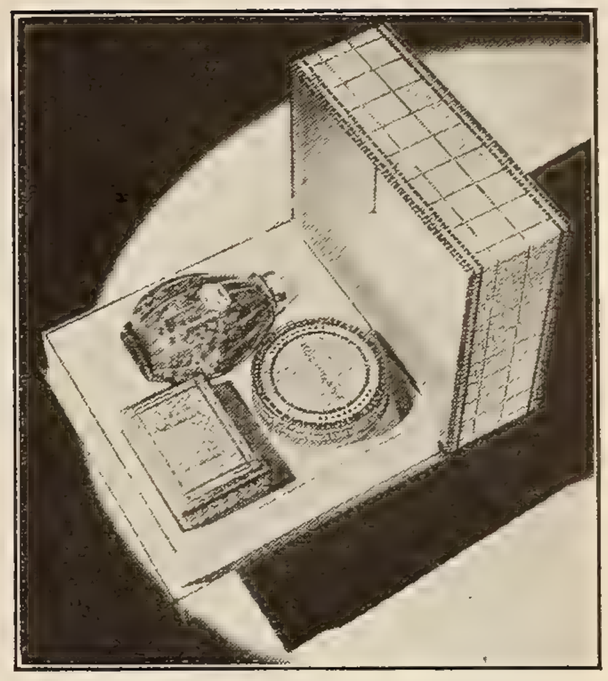
Never before have so many people been engaged in the service of beauty. Never before have women been so honestly served. Today if we ask for a well-advertised, reputable brand of toilet article we may be sure it is made of ingredients that conform to high standards of purity and utility; that it includes preparations not only pure but individually beneficial. As for cleanliness, sanitation, there are no more antiseptically clean and sweeter smelling places than those where modern beauty aids are manufactured. And one may walk into any department store or any corner drug store and procure these splen-



Smart Vanity ensemble from Richard Hudnut. It comes in snakeskin and lizard skin. The lizard in red, blue and green.



Mary Brian does some home work with this smart manicure ensemble. Right: Coty's new perfumed manicure set.



Houbigant bath set in mosaic tile effect, box containing bath salts, dusting powder and soap fragranced with Le Parfum Ideal.

did and helpful aids to beauty.

Looking about, you'll discover that dependable line of toilet aids, Colgate's. For years we've been using their soaps and dental cream and talcum. But they now include in their line a number of intriguing things, very 'gifty' looking and appropriate. You may choose a perfectly swell gift for five dollars and others equally appropriate all the way down to fifty cents.

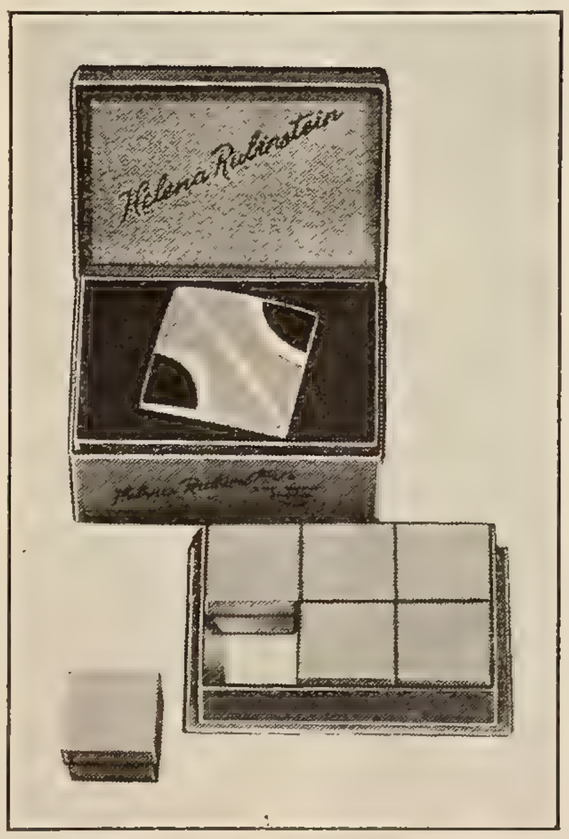
In the place of honor you will note the popular perfume, Seventeen, its rare fragrance capturing the very spirit of modern youth. Among the eight other toiletries all fragranced with the same odor there are gifts for every member of the family. Toilet water, brilliantine in a lovely green jar, Seventeen dusting powder, very gay and attractive in its metal container, a charming jar of sachet, compacts very slim and smart that carry out the blue and coral plaid of the Seventeen, and talc in glass jars for the babies on your Christmas list. All dainty and appropriate.

Helena Rubinstein is one of the world's greatest authorities on beauty. She is not interested merely in her Paris, London and Fifth Avenue clientele; she loves to cater to the 'average woman' and she is especially interested in serving young girls, in helping them to achieve charm with economy, in creating for them beauty aids to suit every need and every purse.

Particularly intriguing at this time are Madame's Christmas vanities, "1931" in original models made to her design in the *Rue de la Paix* and copied by skilled American craftsmen, There are five of these, each outstanding and nominal in cost. Among them is the Magic Make-up Vanity "1931." In its gold case splashed with red and black it is the epitome of chic, also of convenience, presenting a complete make-up box with large loose powder compartment, *creme* rouge for cheeks and lips, *creme* eye shadow, and eye crayon in a tiny gold case. Ideal for the evening bag or week-end visit.

Another skillful combination of beauty and economy is a smart red and gold lacquered box, very Christmasy, compactly fitted with the toilet aids most essential for daily use. This gift box, convenient for the suit case or dressing table, may be had in either of two assortments. One box containing preparations suitable for the dry skin only, the other for the oily skin. In choosing this gift for your friend, remember this important fact.

Coty's, aside from their incomparable perfumes, are showing attractive gift novelties. One of the most practical is the perfumed manicure set suitable for the dressing table. A clever feature is the removable Bakelite tray with sunken grooves arranged so that the bottles may lie down or stand up without danger of tipping. Fancy the pleasure of a home manicure in bed of a lazy morning or at the end of a wearing day with everything before you and no fear of tipping bottles.



Helena Rubinstein's loose powder double compact vanity with sifter. The box contains six small boxes of Enchanté powder.

Small but charming gifts for the Christmas stocking or for the friend who entertains at bridge and must always have appropriate gifts on hand are purse-size perfume containers, sachet in all Coty *odeurs, savonettes,* (six guest size cakes of soap, L'Origan, in lavender, cream and rose); the new French lipstick, Gitane, a triumph in chic in its chromium case with tiny jewel-like clasp—distinctive, yet moderate in price.

When Christmas time comes around and there are gifts to be chosen, Yardley's Old English toiletries straight from the heart of London's smart world offer more than adequate solution. Particularly fascinating are the gift boxes in every combination for as much or as *(Continued on page 104)*

Reviews of the

By Delight Evans





Leslie Howard and Beryl Mercer are superb in "Outward Bound," a beautiful and moving drama.



Ann Harding, as "The Girl of the Golden West," with Harry Bannister and James Rennie



"Whoopee" is the last word in screen musical comedy. Eddie Cantor cavorts as chief comedian.



Outward Bound

IF you are interested in really fine pictures, you should see this one. But don't be afraid—"Outward Bound" is never a bore. It is rarely beautiful and imaginative, that's all. With a theme seldom touched on in the movies—the hereafter—this picture has a peculiarly poignant appeal that, no matter what your beliefs, will touch you. Sutton Vane's stage play has been transferred to the screen with exceptional care by Robert Milton, and none of the original loveliness is lost. A group of people find themselves on a ship bound for the other world—two lovers; a clergyman; a rich and wicked old widow; a scrub-woman; a business man; a young drunkard. There's drama; and there's also good, stalwart character comedy. The acting is superlative. Leslie Howard from the stage is superb. I wish he'd stay. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Helen Chandler, Montagu Love, Alison Skipworth, Lyonel Watts, Dudley Digges—fine. As for Beryl Mercer, she will wring your heart as usual. Thanks, Warner Brothers, for a courageous screen achievement!



Girl of the Golden West

HERE is the classic of western pictures, David Belasco's famous old play talkie-ized without any of the usual 'improvements' which sometimes annoy those smarties who 'saw the original production,' and fear for the worst in celluloid mutilations. The Younger Set have probably never met The Girl, western flapper of the 1900's, who toted a gun, ran a barroom, and cheated at cards to save her lover from the sheriff. In her present rejuvenation you'll welcome her played by Ann Harding, roughing it in the Golden West after her "Holiday." Her romance with *Johnson,* played by James Rennie, was quite daring in the old days, they say—and it still packs a kick when she learns that he is *Ramirez,* the bandit, and sticks to her guns and holds off the sheriff and his men. The Girl's poker game with *Sheriff Jack Rance,* played by Harry Bannister, is the thrill of the picture, and I'm betting my pile of chips that it may cause some of you backgammon fiends to change your game.



Whoopee

THE best of Broadway and the best of Hollywood get together and make "Whoopee." (Well, *you* pull one, then.) Mr. Ziegfeld brought Mr. Samuel Goldwyn his snappiest show girls, his funniest comedy star, his best orchestra. Mr. Goldwyn returned the compliment by producing "Whoopee" in the most lavish film-coast fashion. The result is the last word—and music—in screen comedy. If I say I hope so, don't misunderstand. "Whoopee" is grand but it's all there is; there can't be any more. With one reservation—and that's of the Indian variety that provides scenic background for the show. That little Indian, Eddie Cantor, was never funnier. He works hard for Flo and then he works harder for Sam, until sometimes it seems almost more than these poor little ribs can bear. The girls—just to reassure you—are as gorgeous as may be expected, notably Muriel Finley. Paul Gregory—good-looking—sings those love songs to Eleanor Hunt.

Best Pictures

Screenland's Critic Selects The Six Most Important Films of the Month

Her Man

IN the words of the old song: "Frankie and Johnny were sweethearts." That's another time I fooled you—this *isn't* the old song; it's a 1931 movie okayed by Will Hays. True, the heroine's name is *Frankie,* and she works in a water-front café; and her boy friend's name happens to be *Johnny;* but that's nothing—as one of the characters remarks: "Frankie brings more business to the place than any other two dames—but she's straight, see?" Sure, we see; we've been to the movies before. But wait a minute—there's something about *Frankie* that makes you want to believe her; probably because Helen Twelvetrees plays her. Anyway, you do like *Frankie:* and when she tells Phillips Holmes, as a nice sailor lad, that she wants to 'leave it all' and even talks about green grass and a little cottage, you are still for her. But you're not such a softy that you don't enjoy most the café brawl the youngsters have to fight through to win their heart's desire. It's a grand brawl. In fact, "Her Man" and his woman put on a good show.



Helen Twelvetrees and Phillips Holmes are at their best in "Her Man," a good melodrama.

Liliom

ANOTHER one of those 'better things'—but never dull. After all, we can stand any amount of screen improvement if it is always entertaining. And "Liliom" is. For one thing, it's interesting to watch Charlie Farrell—that nice, gentle Charlie—in the rôle of a bold, bad barker who's mean to women. Farrell does good work, giving as creditable a performance as possible with his handicaps of charm and obviously good intentions. Strangely enough, Joseph Schildkraut, who has never been exactly a riot in pictures, was amazing in the rôle in the Theater Guild's stage production. Perhaps if Janet Gaynor had played the devoted *Julie* opposite *Liliom* it might have been a different story. Rose Hobart is interesting but she just isn't Janet. Frank Borzage's direction is imaginative, especially in the fantastic scenes in Hell, and makes "Liliom" well worth your while. Estelle Taylor as *Madame Muscat* is a magnificent menace.



Charles Farrell as "Liliom" with Rose Hobart as *Julie* and Estelle Taylor as *Madame Muscat.*

What a Widow

GLORIA SWANSON in farce! The star proves she hasn't forgotten her early Mack Sennett training in her second talker, which is a fast and furious affair not to be taken at all seriously, but good fun all the same. Gloria plays a giddy young widow with the whole world before her and five million dollars to spend. You've guessed it, you bright little things—she goes straight to Paris, and every woman in the audience goes on a vicarious clothes orgy. Shopping with Gloria Swanson isn't such a bad way to waste an afternoon. "What a Widow" will please the girls when it isn't turning them a nice, bright shade of green. There's no star on the screen who knows her clothes as Swanson does and can wear them with such grace. She knows her comedy touches, too—you'll find her completely charming. Her voice doesn't register as well as in "The Trespasser," however. Owen Moore is the man who wants to change what a widow to what a wife. Lew Cody is the complication.



Gloria Swanson harks back to her Sennett days in the farce comedy, "What a Widow," her newest.

Critical Comment



Africa Speaks

A thriller! You've never seen more breath-taking scenes. The lion-spearing will keep you on the edge of your seats. Pygmies, duck-bill women, and assorted strange sights. Some scenes look like Hollywood but most of this record of Hoefler's African expedition is real.



Three Faces East

The good old game of "I spy" in modern dress! The Anthony Paul Kelly play was hot stuff once, but it takes Constance Bennett and Erich von Stroheim to give it enough life and color to make it fairly engrossing screen fare. Excellent acting by Erich and appeal by Connie.



The Office Wife

One of our Most Modern Girls, Dorothy Mackaill, turns an old plot into a 1931 show. She makes it good, brisk entertainment, this Faith Baldwin yarn about a grand working girl who's so efficient her employer wants her to double as his private wife, too. Lewis Stone is the boss.



The Spoilers

The talker version of the Rex Beach novel is chiefly notable for that Big Fight Scene. It's the most realistic in years, with Gary Cooper and William Boyd (from the stage) mixing it in movie Nome of the Klondike days. Kay Johnson and Betty Compson are the decorations.



Follow Thru

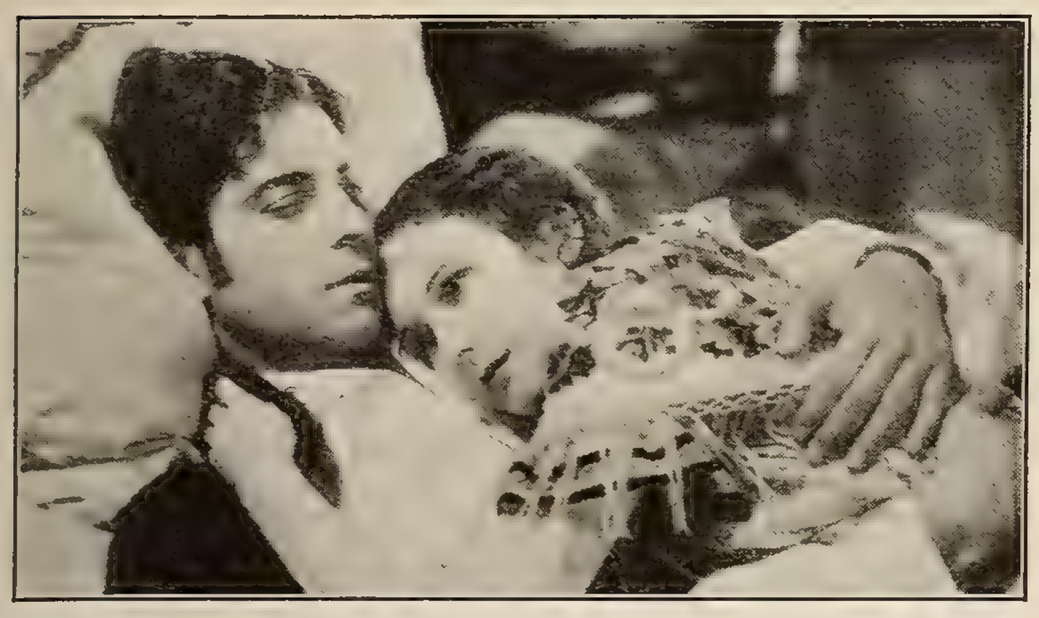
Lavish, all-Technicolor, crammed with stars, tunes, and pretty girls, this screen version of a musical smash is often just dull. Nancy and Buddy spoon and croon. Zelma O'Neal clowns—but it remains for Jack Haley, new to films, and Eugene Pallette to be genuinely amusing.



Sweet Kitty Bellairs

A thing of beauty all the way, but hardly a joy forever —blame the story. Charming music, picturesque settings, good actors, all defeated by a dreary, long-drawn-out plot. Meet Claudia Dell, exquisite blonde with good voice and a sense of humor. Walter Pidgeon plays and sings, too.

on Current Films



Call of the Flesh

This is Ramon Novarro's best talker to date. You'll like your Latin lover as the café singer who becomes an opera star. Sweet and touchingly tender love scenes with Dorothy Jordan, prettier than ever; comedy with Renée Adorée; and thrilling vocal performance by the star.



Let's Go Native

Completely fresh and cuckoo farce comedy, good fun all the way. The inimitable Jack Oakie, lovely Jeanette MacDonald, alluring Kay Francis, William Austin, not to mention James Hall, Skeet Gallagher and grand lyrics and captions by our old friend, George Marion, Jr.



The Sea Wolf

This film marks the last bow of Milton Sills to screen audiences. The splendid actor gave one of his finest performances in this rousing Jack London melodrama. His *Wolf Larson* is a virile, compelling character. Sills gave his best to this rôle. Jane Keith is new and pretty.



Dixiana

An elaborate disappointment. Even with Bebe Daniels as the beautiful heroine, and Bert Wheeler and Bobby Woolsy for fun, this is a far cry from "Rio Rita." Bebe and Everett Marshall sing, there's occasional color, and Bert and Bobby work hard—but no use. Too much plot?



The Squealer

Underworld melodrama that never lets you down. It's good stuff of its kind. Jack Holt, always convincing, is well cast, with stunning Dorothy Revier and nice Matt Moore assisting. But the treat of the picture is little Davey Lee—remember him?—as lovable as ever.



Leathernecking

You may not like the picture so much, but you're sure to like at least some of the players. Eddie Foy, Jr.; or Benny Rubin; or Ken Murray. How about Lilyan Tashman, even more gorgeous than usual? If they don't satisfy—then tell it to the marines!

Hollywood Crushes

Picture parties reveal the current romances

By Grace Kingsley

"IS the guest of honor here yet?" demanded Jack Oakie, comically, as he peered above the head of his host, Sam Coslow, the song writer, who was giving a party for Harry Green, it being Harry's birthday. As Jack was late, the comment was doubly funny.

"Well, at any rate," Patsy put in, "nobody deserves any credit for giving Harry a party, he is so amusing!"

Our host's home is one of those beautiful Spanish houses built under big live oak trees at Toluca Lake, near Hollywood, in the San Fernando Valley. These houses fit perfectly into their surroundings.

Mr. and Mrs. Coslow were delightfully cordial hosts, who at once gave you the freedom of their house and their gorgeous garden at the rear of the place, where lawn, great trees and flowers are enclosed in a high wall.

This garden gives on Toluca Lake. In fact, there's a sloping lawn leading down to it. There we found several of the guests already assembled. Some of them were trying, with crumbs of bread, to coax the graceful swans from the shadows, where they swam in the lake under the spreading limbs of the giant oak tree which shaded the whole garden and flung its shadows over the water.

Harry Green dashed over to greet us, and we met Norman Kerry, Ruth Roland and Ben Bard, Molly O'Day and a number of others.

The guest book was brought around, and Jack Oakie signed his address as "Paramount at present, thank Heaven!"

Jack had brought Frances Dee, and we hear that they are either engaged or on the eve of an engagement. Frances is a sweet little girl, and we all wish the two luck in their romance.

Lillian Roth and her sister Ann were there, arriving in their street clothes, as they had come straight from the studio. Lillian is a delightful little person, witty and utterly charming, and looking about fourteen years old with her chestnut curls around her face.

"Some of the stage people are unbearably ritzy," remarked Patsy, "but Lillian isn't one of them."

Lillian and Ann are great chums. Indeed, neither has any other chum, I hear, though both are immensely popular.

Naturally there was a goodly sprinkling of song writers and composers.

"What? Fifteen minutes and not a note of music?" demanded Ruth Roland, who was looking very nice in a red evening gown with a little red cloche atop her bronze hair.

But none of the song writers took the hint, so Alberta Vaughn, who confessed that she had taken just ten lessons on the piano, rushed into the breach, and played very nicely.

By the way, it was Alberta who furnished the romance that evening.

She was engaged to Charles Feldman, the broker, once upon a time, you remember, but the engagement was broken off about a year ago, and the two had not seen each other since.

Maybe it was Alberta's music, or maybe it was the generally happy spirit of the party, or maybe they'd been wanting to make up, anyhow; but at any rate, the fact remains that we caught Alberta with her head on Charlie's shoulder in a corner of the garden, where they sat on a rustic chair.

"And anybody who can make love on one of those uncompromising rustic seats must be in love really!" exclaimed Adamae Vaughn, Alberta's sister.

Adamae told us that she is engaged to marry the French writer, Val D'Auvray, and expects to be wed in September, and to go to France to live.

"Oh, isn't Molly O'Day slim!" exclaimed Patsy, as Molly dashed up, cute as paint. We hadn't seen her for a long time because she and her sister, Sally O'Neil, have been out on a vaudeville tour.

Sally was to have come, too, but had gone to a



Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., went to a house-warming given by Bess Meredyth and Michael Curtiz at their new Beverly Hills home.

theatrical opening with Clarence Brown, the director, with whom she is seen about a great deal these days.

Molly said she loved the stage, and we inquired what had made her so thin.

"Oh, work—my last resort!" exclaimed Molly. "You see, we did five shows a day in the eastern and middle-west heat."

Molly told us, amusingly, how she had been wearing false eyelashes, and how, in Altoona, Pennsylvania, she had perspired so much that they had come off on her cheeks as she was coyly taking a bow from the stage!

"But the kids must have liked us," Molly said. "They came backstage to my dressing room and began snipping off locks of my hair as souvenirs, with scissors which they carried with them. I decided then and there that if I went out again I'd wear a wig and let them snip!"

Mr. Grainger, author of *Moanin' Low,* was there, and Harry Green sang the song, off in a corner, to a group of us; and Ruth Roland said it was a good song even when Harry sang it!

Whereupon, Harry told Ruth that he had always been in love with her and that not even that unkind remark could kill his devotion!

Buddy Rogers breezed in for a few moments, very late, managed in that courteous, nice way of his, to say hello to everybody, but slipped away soon. He said that he had an early call at the studio.

"And, of course, Buddy, the Boy Friend of the films, just must get his beauty sleep," remarked Patsy.

Norman Kerry had brought Blythe Daly, daughter of the late Arnold Daly, who has just lately entered pictures.

Supper was served en buffet, and we carried our food to tête-à-tête tables.

We discovered Jack Oakie and some of the others kidding around the table, and making up funny sandwiches to send in to the guests who had already secured their food. For instance, they gathered some marigolds in the garden, took a piece out of a comic section of the newspaper, and putting mayonnaise over all, sent the sandwich in to Lillian Roth!

But Lillian retaliated. She got hold of some birdseed and ant powder and made Jack a cigarette which he innocently accepted and tried to smoke.

Most of us ate out on the wide veranda overlooking the lawn, and after supper Ben Bard or somebody started a spelling bee in the garden. I believe Ben won.

Going into the house, we found that Alice and Marceline Day had arrived with Alice's handsome husband, Jack Cohen, and we wrung from Alice the admission that she was awfully happy.

We bade our charming host and guest of honor good night, and as we drove away someone remarked:

"Well, that's a case of writers, writers, everywhere, and not a theme song for the party!"

"A garden party so late? Oh, well, thank Heaven it can be done, and thank Heaven still more that it is being done!"

Patsy and I had been in- *(Continued on page 108)*



Jack Oakie, the playboy, played a trick on Lillian Roth but she got even with him.



Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon add romance to any gathering — they're popular and in demand.



Harry Green was guest of honor at a party. Frances Dee must be telling him about her boy-friend, Jack Oakie. They're reported engaged, you know.

CHRISTMAS DINNER

Some famous men of the screen discuss their favorite holiday dishes



Charles Rogers seems to be mixing his mixing recipes. If he's preparing that sauce for the venison we hope he hasn't mislaid the boiled chestnuts.

MANY are the hearts to which Christmas brings a happy interlude. How many old recollections and how many half-forgotten memories does it awaken! Happy Christmas, that brings us back the delusion of our childish days, recalling their pleasures; transporting the traveler thousands of miles away, back to his fireside in his own quiet home.

How we love the season and everything about it. The fragrance of evergreens. The crispness of holly twigs, the red of its berries mirrored in the flame of gleaming candles. The brightness and color of the market places. The great round baskets of fruit; piles of ruddy vegetables. The poulterers' and grocers' shops wide open become a glorious pageant. Everything good to eat and in its Christmas dress!

This month, in place of a holiday menu from one of Hollywood's capable hostesses, we are offering an unusual Christmas dinner menu composed by a few of Hollywood's famous men stars. Men who have a hobby for food not merely because they like to eat but because they appreciate good cooking and have an artistic feeling for the nuances of the art; who bring to this gentle occupation imagination, sympathy and withal, technique; enthusiastic chefs for a day with the instincts of true food artists.

Now it's true to a certain extent that men are in a rut when it comes to eating. But accuse them of this and they will say they're not in a rut, they're just cautious. Women, men state, 'eat with their eyes.' If a dish is pink and green and fluffy they like it because it looks pretty. But not so with men. Lamb chops encased in paper frills don't mean a thing to a man; but roll a chop around a nice juicy kidney, fasten securely and broil to a turn and to him it's a work of art!

He refuses to take chances with food. He likes certain things he's sure of: ham and eggs; apple pie with cheese; spare-ribs and sauerkraut; thick steaks with onions—and oh, yes, gravy! You who know your Dickens will recall that worthy woman, *Mrs. Todgers,* boarding-house keeper, who spoke with fervor on the subject of gravy. "There is no such passion in human nature as the passion for gravy, my dears," she remarked to the two *Misses Pecksniff.* "A whole animal could not yield the amount of gravy that is expected each day at dinner."

Men have a passion for the familiar in food. They view with alarm strange dishes with strange names and they are even more wary of the made-over dishes with which the home cook strives to please. Yet they'll make a whole meal on beef stew with lots of dumplings if the stew is well-cooked and flavored.



The climax of Christmas day in the Clive Brook household is when the steaming plum pudding, wreathed in holly, is placed before the host for serving. Yum-yum!

in HOLLYWOOD

By Emily Kirk

CHRISTMAS DINNER

MENU

Tomato Juice Cocktail
By Richard Barthlemess

Celery Olives

Onion Soup
By Charles Bickford

Venison Steak with Chestnut Sauce
By Charles Rogers

Wild Duck with Currant Jelly
By Gary Cooper

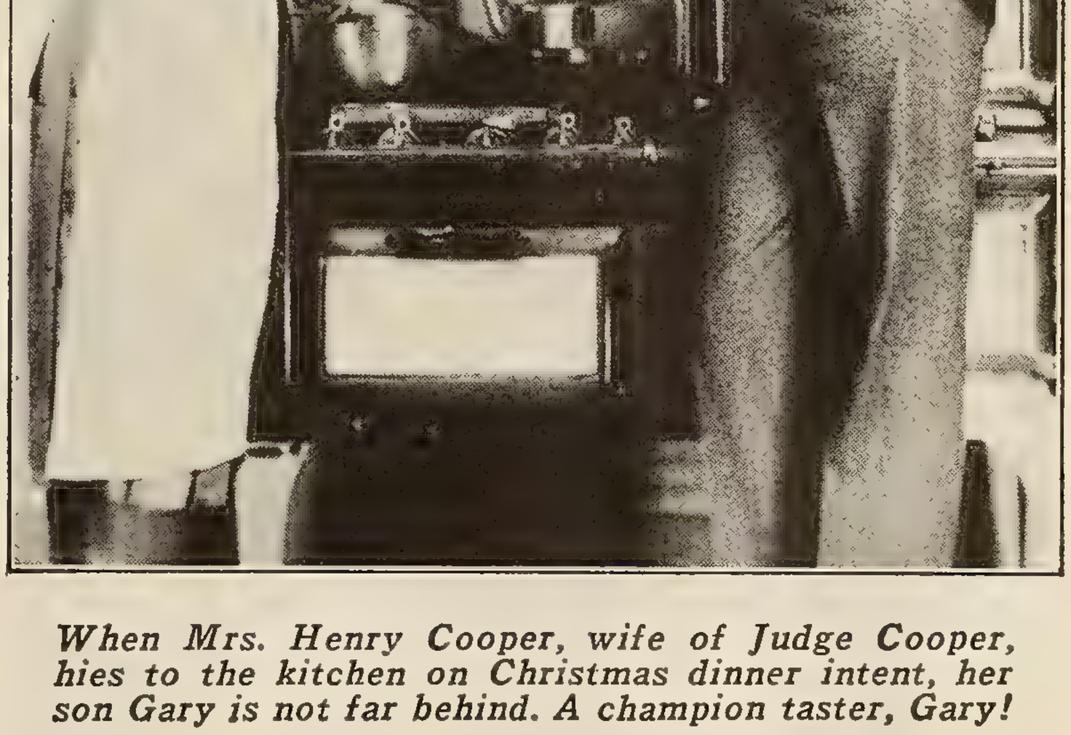
Escalloped Sweet Potatoes
By John Mack Brown

Artichokes Italienne
By William Boyd

Chevalier Salad
Named for Maurice Chevalier

English Plum Pudding
By Clive Brook

Raisins Nuts Coffee



When Mrs. Henry Cooper, wife of Judge Cooper, hies to the kitchen on Christmas dinner intent, her son Gary is not far behind. A champion taster, Gary!



"Try it," invites Mrs. Brook, "and you'll know why every Englishman thinks his plum pudding superior to all others."

Well-flavored! Now we have hit the proverbial nail on the head. Often you hear men say they like the food in Italian or Armenian or Spanish restaurants; meaning they like spaghetti, curry flavored dishes or chilli con carne not as the average home cook prepares them, but as they are cooked and served by Italian or Armenian or Spanish cooks. With the men, flavor's the thing.

And when it comes to cooking, there's no doubt that some men have a real flair for it. They don't pretend to cook by instinct as women do. They never compound a dish by throwing in a handful of this and a dash of that and expect it to turn out all right. They follow their recipes to the letter. They measure every ingredient accurately to the last eighth of a teaspoonful. And we must admit that the result is always good. When a man cooks, you can bank on his doing it well.

Note the appetizing menu offered for this Christmas dinner and its flavorsome recipes, from the piquant appetizer to the English plum pudding. Note that the *pièce de résistance* is not the proverbial turkey or goose, but wild duck, prepared as only Gary Cooper, assisted by his mother who is one of the best cooks in America, prepares it. Instead of the usual pea or tomato soup with its fluff of whipped cream we have thick onion soup with the added flavor of cheese; and instead of a fish entree, a venison steak with chestnut

(Continued on page 102)

The new stage season is in full swing. Read these reviews and keep up with Broadway!



"The Torch Song" is an entertaining show produced by Arthur Hopkins. Mayo Methot, as the song-and-dance girl who goes Salvation Army, gives a fine performance.

The STAGE *in* REVIEW

By
Benjamin De Casseres

"The Torch Song"

WHEN a woman gets religion, *Cherchez l'homme.* In a word, when *Ivy Stevens,* the sweet larynx-lark and hoofer, of Paradise Gardens, near Cincinnati, went Salvation Army it was because *Howard Palmer,* the high-balling traveling salesman, gave her the sentimental raspberry farewell for a Cleveland wife, and because, incidentally, she fell for *Carl Loomis,* a seven-foot, high, wide and handsome Salvation Army press-agent for the Lord, who also loved *Ivy* and came near choking *Palmer* to death. For *Palmer* and *Ivy* met up again a year after she had joined the Army in a small-town hotel, and in a big scene *Ivy* strips off her religious uniform and discovers that It is greater than the tambourine (curtain lowered for two minutes in honor of Eros).

The play, "The Torch Song," is by Kenyon Nicholson, put on perfectly by Arthur Hopkins. It's a kind of mixture of "Thais" and "Rain," worked out on a new angle.

The girl is convincing. Mayo Methot gives a fine performance of Saint Agnes gone cabaret. The *Howard Palmer* of Reed Brown, Jr. (who looks like Mayor Walker's double) is not so convincing either psychologically or actorially.

For two acts and a half the play is entertaining, mainly due to the fine acting of everybody concerned. It blows up horribly at the end in a ridiculous bit of mawkish sentimentality.

Guy Kibbee as *Cass Wheeler,* a cynical old drummer, was the laugh-maker of the show. He is a show in himself. Dennie Moore as *Edna Kinsey,* a small town lollypop flapper, was odd and mirth making. An old theme, an entertaining show, an anti-climax for conclusion.

The honors go to Arthur Hopkins.



Albert Hackett and Brian Donlevy in a scene from "Up Pops the Devil," a deftly constructed, splendidly acted play satirizing Greenwich Village Bohemians. Albert is the brother of Raymond Hackett of the films.

"That's Gratitude"

An uproariously funny comedy of middle-class life in Kansas bounced out of the skull of Frank Craven, under the auspices of John Golden, under the title of "That's Gratitude."

For a prologue and three acts I got more genuine laughs—and so did the house—than I have got out of any play since "It's a Wise Child."

It's all about the incursion of *Bob Grant,* a New York theatrical road showman, into the home of what *Mamma Maxwell* calls "the crazy Maxwell family" of Hutchinson, Kansas. *Bob* acted as the Good Samaritan to the head of the *Maxwell* family when the latter was taken with 'stomach trouble' (bottled) in a small hotel in another town. *Maxwell* invites *Bob* to stay at his house—and the riot begins.

It is all too detailed to relate what kept me merry—and it is never clubby to spill the insides of a good show. Go to see "That's Gratitude." You'll laugh your teeth out.

Besides, everybody in it is perfect. Frank Craven, George Barbier, Thelma Marsh, Maida Reade, Myrtle Clark and Gerald Kent are right out of life—people you know.

There isn't a weak spot in this play. A few dull moments are welcome to allow the audience to recover from its hysterical merriment. Will it be a picture? A wow! We'd like to see Frank Craven in it.

"Up Pops the Devil"

Deftly constructed, swift-moving, a keen-witted dialogue, every-day people, a new twist to an ancient story, splendid acting—these are some of the elements that contribute to make "Up Pops the Devil," by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich, one of the hits of the season.

The play deftly satirizes the whole bunch of Greenwich Village Bohemians—scribblers, dancers, literary agents, press agents and the other rollicking eggs of the Ginmillennium.

Steve and *Anne* are living happily in a state of gin and sin. She is a dancer at Roxy's and he writes ads. They are overrun with gin-swiggers, ice-box looters and long-distance 'phone tappers: you know this bunch—Open House Hurricanes.

Well, *Anne* (Sally Bates) gets it into her head that Steve must give up his work and be kept by her while he writes his Great Masterpiece. But Steve is a Clean Boy at bottom. They marry—and then up pops the devil. Great row in the second act. All oke at final curtain.

Albert Hackett as *Biney,* from Roxy's, cleans up on the laughs; this fellow is now made on Broadway. He is the brother of Raymond Hackett of the films. Roger Pryor was a good *Steve* and the others were all plucked out of life. Not the least among these actors was Spencer Barnes as a Negro laundryman; he's an artist.

"The Rhapsody"

George M. Cohan and Louis Anspacher got together somewhere and said, "Let's hook up."

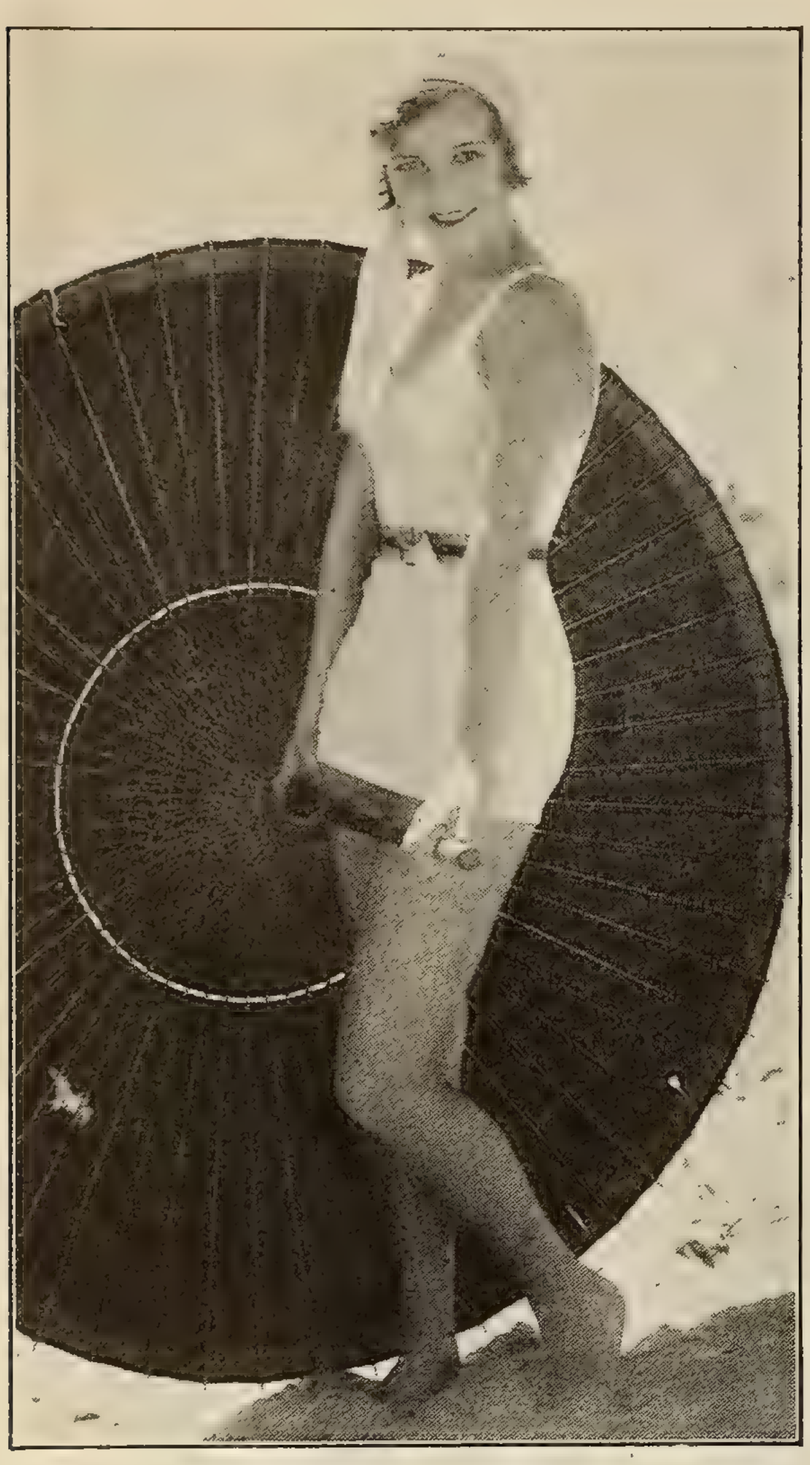
"The Rhapsody" was the result of this union of Yankee-doodleism and highbrow psycho-analytical psychiatry and what have you got?

Well, what *did* he have? Why, Mr. Bones, *Lodar Baron* had a murder-mole in his ego-craw—a fixed idea that he had to put on spot the man who, during the war, had done him much dirt. He finally—just when Percy Hammond was getting his beauty sleep—fires a blank cartridge at his enemy, and that cures him, Linda.

Louis Calhern was the hero—*(Continued on page 110)*



A scene from "That's Gratitude," an uproarious comedy of middle-class life by Frank Craven. Perfectly acted by Frank Craven, George W. Barbier, Thelma Marsh, Maida Reade, Myrtle Clark and Gerald Kent.



Dorothy 'Midge' Lee is engaged to be married. Perhaps she has the umbrella to protect herself from the miscellaneous showers that may come her way.

HOT from Hollywood

News and Gossip about Players and Pictures

AL JOLSON is responsible for this story of a producer who asked for opinions on a picture after a preview:

"Stupendous," said one assistant.

"Colossal," exclaimed a second.

"What do you think of it?" inquired the producer of the author.

On the author's face dawned a reckless expression. "I only think it's great," he replied, defiantly.

Dorothy Mackaill is fighting off stage offers. She has a new screen contract beginning in January; meanwhile she has been vacationing in Europe. She found the best food in Budapest, made a personal appearance at her home town of Hull, England, where, of course, she was mobbed; and later saw the sights in New York, where she found "Torch Song," by Kenyon Nicholson who wrote "The Barker." "Torch Song" is the play she wants to do on the screen.

Charles Rogers and Claire Windsor sat together in the front row to see "Once in a Lifetime," the play that pokes fun at Hollywood, just before Buddy sailed with his mother, Mrs. Bert Rogers, for a European trip. "Just like old times," sighed a Hollywooder who saw Charles and Claire together.

Can you imagine five former directors covering acting assignments in one picture? In "The Spoilers" are to be seen Lloyd Ingraham, James Kirkwood, Oscar Apfel, 'Slim' Summerville and George Irving, all once wielders of the megaphone.

Broadway has turned the tables on Hollywood.

A few months ago you saw stage stars on Hollywood



SCREENLAND *presents Regis Toomey, who wants to present Mrs. Regis Toomey to his public. Regis has just smiled his way to a new contract with Paramount, lucky boy.*



Ed Wynn, stage comedian converted to the talkers, as he appears in the scream production of "Manhattan Mary," successful Broadway play in which he starred. Welcome, Ed!

Boulevard. Now you're seeing Hollywood stars on Broadway.

There's Colleen Moore, who is working harder than she ever did in her life, stage-debuting in "On the Loose." Virginia Valli, who came east with Colleen,—had been reading plays, until she decided to go back to Hollywood to be Mrs. Charlie Farrell.

Rod La Rocque, the tallest actor on stage or screen who doesn't use stilts, may be seen on Fifth Avenue or Broadway almost any day. The beautiful Mrs. La Rocque—Vilma Banky, in case you need to be reminded—is joining her husband in a stage appearance in Manhattan some time this season. When I look at Vilma I marvel that some smart producer or director didn't devise some way to make her accent pay in pictures. The screen lost some luster when Vilma left.

Until I saw these actors dashing around New York and attracting crowds wherever they went, I was inclined to think with a lot of other people that the stage is a sort of last resort for screen players who couldn't make the grade in talkers. Now, I'm not so sure. I think Colleen and Rod and Vilma and Virginia are still capable of pulling a large portion of the picture-going populace into the box-offices of the land. If they can cause excitement on the streets of the Big City they're pretty good.

Al Jolson's last talkies may not have been "Sonny Boys" or "Jazz Singers" but you should see the line he is pulling to the Capitol Theater these days where he is making personal appearances. No, Jolson isn't 'through.' His next is "Sons 'o Guns" for United Artists.

There's one actor whose record was so clean and shining that even now those who knew him speak of him a little huskily, while their eyes look suspiciously moist.

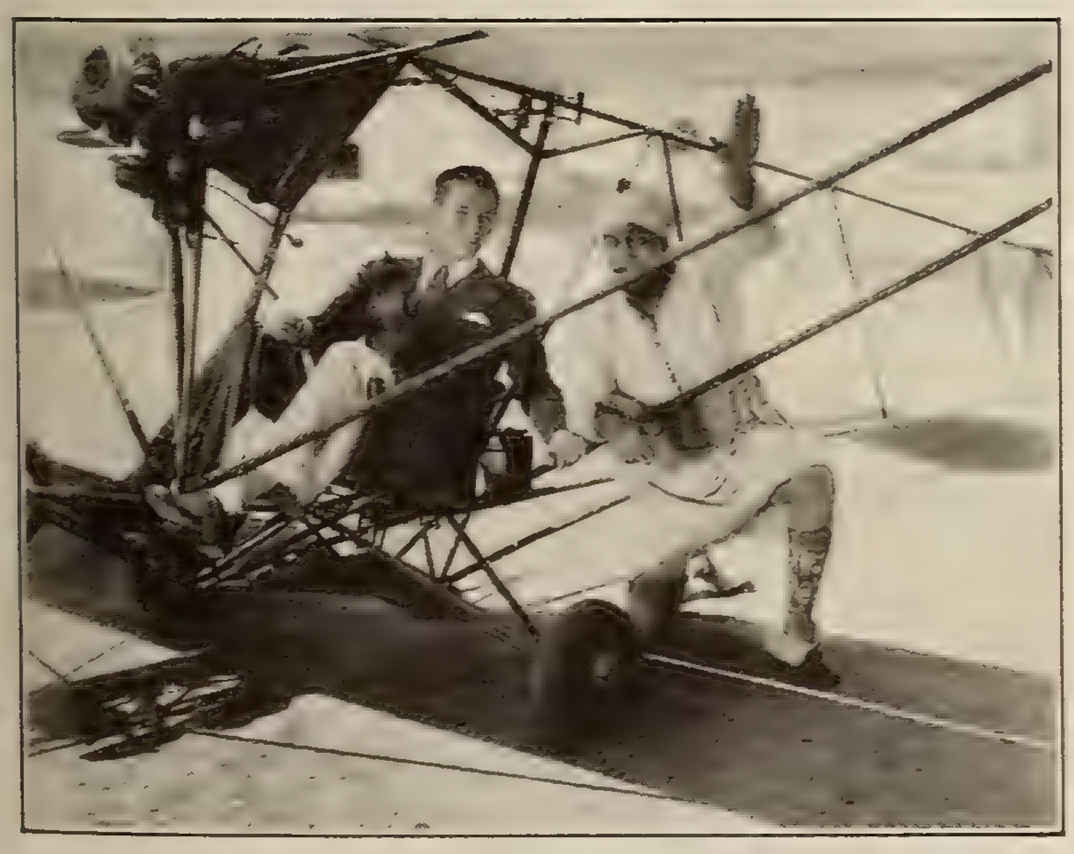
I mean Lon Chaney.

George Manker Watters, who wrote "Burlesque" (screened as "The Dance of Life") dropped in to see me and told me he used to work with Chaney in the old days in musical comedy. He told how Chaney, married to a chorus girl, had been left with his little son to take care of. And how Chaney was father and mother to that baby all through the ups and downs of a traveling trouper's crowded life. Chaney was a little gayer, a bit more humorous in those days—but in his later rise to fame and fortune in Hollywood he never really changed; he was always a thoroughbred. I know how all of you feel about Lon Chaney and I thought you would like to hear this.



Always the gentleman! Robert Montgomery obliges Fifi Dorsay by holding her make-up kit. Does Fifi appreciate it? Ooh, la la!

The King of Siam and the King of Abyssinia, it is reported, have gone talkie. The palace in Siam is being



Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Otis "Kismet" Skinner look over the new cycloplane—a ground machine for the novice, guaranteed against crack-ups.



A British reunion—Edmund Goulding greets Evelyn Laye at the United Artists studio, where he is directing and she is making her first talker, "Escapade."



The latest commuters from Hollywood. Ina Claire and Mary Brian arrive in New York to make "The Royal Family." Ina plays Mary's mother in the picture.

wired by Pathé so that its head man may be the first of his country to see and hear a talker. As for the royal guy of Abyssinia, he's going to be officially crowned at a ceremony of which a feature will be the showing of "King of Kings." Apparently he likes the title.

Under the influence of a seductive tropical moon almost anything may happen. What happened in this particular case was that after Duncan Renaldo's return to this country, after a year in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company, he sued for a divorce which was granted. And now, Mrs. Renaldo, wife of the actor, has entered suit against Edwina Booth, who was also in Africa with the "Trader Horn" company, complaining that the actress had alienated the affections of her actor-husband. Losing one's husband is no little matter, and to have him deliberately stolen is even worse—$50,000 worse, Mrs. Duncan insists. (Duncan is Renaldo's real name—no relation to Vivian and Rosetta.)

The death of Milton Sills saddened the film colony. Just when Doris Kenyon, his wife, felt secure in the certainty of his recovery from the illness that nearly proved fatal last winter, death took him in the midst of play. He and Doris, his daughter Dorothy, and another friend were playing a game of tennis when Milton was seized with a heart attack from which he died.

Don't know whether Jim Cruze ever said he'd never direct Betty Compson in another picture, but Betty said she'd never appear in another picture directed by Jim Cruze. But Betty said that when she was Jim's wife. Now she isn't and that makes a great difference. The following conversation, which took place at the studio one day, certainly points to the belief that they are still friendly though divorced!

Betty, you know, is playing the lead in "Discontent," the working title of Jim's new picture, taken from the play, "She Got What She Wanted."

Jim: "I've a new gardener, Betty."

Betty: "You needed one!"

Jim: "He's very swell, an Englishman. I pay him plenty, too!"

Betty: "How much?"

Jim: (*Quailing a bit as he remembered how Betty frowned on extravagance*) "Well—er—"

Betty: "How much, Jim?"

Jim: "Oh, a lot—two hundred dollars a month. But he's very swell, cultured, too. I put my coat on when I talk to him." (*It takes Betty almost a minute to take this in. In the old days Jim wouldn't put on his coat if the Queen of England had been expected for dinner.*)

Betty: (*Giggling and delighted*) "Jim!"

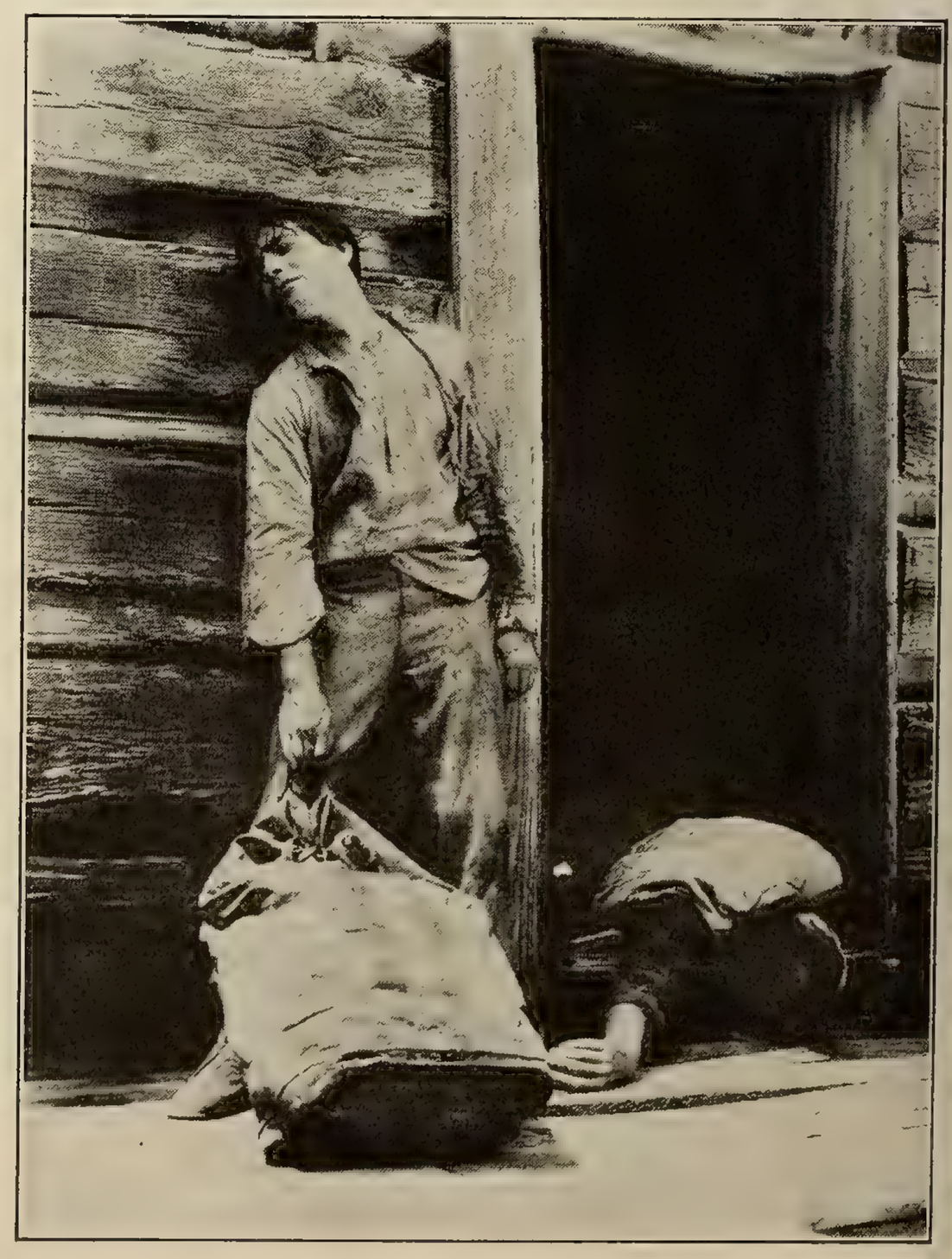
Jim: "Sure!"

Betty: "I have a butler and a maid. But I don't pay them nearly as much as you pay your gardener."

Jim: "No kidding!" (*He believes every word of it and is convinced that you have to hand it to Betty every time.*)

Betty: "They are very high class, too. I put on an evening gown when they serve me. Every night for dinner!"

And here's another thing. Jim's jacket that forms a part of his habitual costume, was hanging loose. "Why don't you have some elastic put in that?" asked Betty.



Richard Barthelmess as he appeared in "Tol'able David," the outstanding picture of the year 1921 and of Dick's silent picture career.

Jim declared he didn't know elastic was what it needed. "I've a lot of them hanging in my closet—they're all too long." With visions of Jim buying a new jacket every time one got too long, she offered: "Jim, if you'll bring them all on the set tomorrow, I'll cut them down and fix them for you."

I wonder why it is that so many people seem such better friends after they have been divorced?

Charles Bickford declares he's going to return to the whaling industry in 'a big way' not so very long hence—about a year or two. Moving pictures are all right, but whaling is much more exciting, he thinks. He used to be a real whaler, you know.

Recently Estelle Taylor gave a shower to one of her writer friends who expected a visit from the stork, who seems to have taken up his permanent residence in Hollywood. While the expectant mother was opening the gifts amidst the 'ohs' and 'ahs' of her feminine friends, the telephone rang. Estelle answered it. In a moment she began to laugh. "No, really. I was shopping for a friend," she finally explained.

"It was a reporter," she told the girls. "He said he heard that Estelle Taylor was buying baby clothes and he wanted to know if it was for my baby. He wouldn't believe me when I told him I was not shopping for myself. He said Olga Baclanova had put one over on him and he wasn't going to let me do the same thing!"

Seems that no one can go on the Amos 'n Andy set because they don't want their patter to get around. So we were surprised when, quite innocently, we wandered through the great doors that are lifted after every scene for air, thinking it was the Brenon set, to be





Maurice Chevalier has committed a faux pas; ***Emily Post says that a large dog should have a large leash and a small dog a small one. We know it's only a gag, Maurice.***

invited to remain! There were the two famous comedians holding up traffic in a busy intersection while they used 'persuasion' on their broken-down Tin Lizzy.

"Say, don't eat those olives till they're ripe," said Amos, flipping a bunch of artificial cherries on the shoulder of one of the girls.

"Reminds me of a corsage bouquet of orchids a woman was wearing at the theater," said Andy. "'Are those cherries?'" her husband asked. She withered him with a glance, "'No, they're gall stones!'"

The boys showed us their broadcasting room later. No one is permitted inside while they talk over the air. The room is not large and is lined with heavy felt padding. In the center is a table about five feet long, also covered with felt. A little lamp base with a red bulb is at one end of it and two microphones hang above it. Two cane-bottom chairs like the ones to be found in restaurants are placed before it. That is all the room contains.

Every afternoon they broadcast for the Eastern program and every evening at seven for the Western program. No matter what is going on, they are called in time to get from the stage to the broadcasting room in the next building by five minutes of three. They go on the air at three. A speaker announces them in Chicago. In their little broadcasting room in Hollywood they watch for the flash of the red light. That is their cue to begin their talk.

One day they were just on their way out the front door and going down the steps when they were called to the 'phone. "Don't let 'em split for less than seventy-five—twenty-five, our favor!" called Andy jokingly. The call proved to be from a man in Toronto, Canada, who had just listened to the talk and wanted to tie them up

Richard Cromwell, an unknown youth, has been selected for the vocal production of "Tol'able David." Keep your fingers crossed, Dick

in some kind of advertising scheme.

Although this sort of thing happens to the boys daily they never get used to it. "Just seems to be no time and no space any more. Think of what it would have meant for a man in Canada to get together with a man in California fifty years ago. Today you can pick up a telephone and in a few minutes talk with anyone in almost any part of the world."

"Some day we'll get absent-minded, forget about the telephone, and just talk!" we romanced.

Both boys grinned. "It wouldn't surprise *me!*" chuckled Andy.

Bill Boyd has one of those newfangled contraptions, a radio in his car. He was speeding a little coming down Sunset Boulevard and a cop stopped him with battle in his eye and a ticket in the offing. But the radio interested him. "What's that thing there?" he demanded. Bill showed off all the radio's good points. "Well, I've heard about these things but this here's the first one I've seen. Drive around the block, feller, and let me study this." Three times they went around the block, the cop in excellent spirits. So was Bill.

"Thanks, Bill. That'll sure hand the old lady a kick when I tell her about it tonight. Oh say, wait a minute. I near forgot to give you that ticket!"

"And I thought I'd worked myself out of that!" said Bill to himself as he drove on.



Bernice Claire all dressed up in a snakeskin coat with umbrella of the same material. "Rain or shine," says Bernice, "I'm ready."

They had been talking about actors 'walking through' parts. A friend of Lewis Stone's said, "By the way, Lew, how many parts have *you* played? Four, isn't it?" Lewis Stone's eyes flew open, then narrowed to the amused and quizzical slits the screen knows so well. Counting on his fingers, he at length smiled broadly, "You're a close observer, Ed. There are *just* four!"

Which for the uninitiated who know that Lewis Stone has played hundreds of parts, we will explain. When we have learned our stuff, we become casual about it. Technique carries us along, whether it is driving a car or playing a part. When our job becomes second nature to us our minds are not always on what we are doing unless we are intensely interested. Some parts are very uninteresting for an actor to play, but if he is under contract and they have nothing else for him at the moment, he must play what he is needed for. In the case of driving a car this mental wandering may result in a smash-up. In the case of an actor it sometimes ends in a broken contract, but not when the actor is as skilled a technician as Lewis Stone and not when he has a compelling personality such as Lewis Stone possesses.



P. G. Wodehouse, famous English author, looks on from the side-lines as Harry Beaumont directs "Those Three French Girls," for which Mr. Wodehouse wrote the dialogue.

Wandering into the Brown Derby for a cup of tea, we saw Bob Montgomery waving frantically to us from the only occupied booth.

"What on earth are you doing here at this time of day, miles away from your studio?" we asked, severely.

Bob grinned his boyish grin and invited us to join him. "The picture's finished. I'm going to be interviewed and I've been using the Brown Derby for an office every afternoon for the last week!" he declared.

"Don't let the boss see you chewing gum," one of the extras warned Doug Fairbanks, Jr., during a recent picture. "Why, doesn't he like it?" asked Doug grinning at the retiring back of the director. "No. He hates it. Says it's a sign of a vacant mind," said the round-eyed one. Doug's grin deepened. "Goodness! Suppose he should be right! But even it it's true, we mustn't let him suspect it." And after that Doug tucked the gum in his cheek when the director was looking and chewed hard when he wasn't, with a wise look at the little extra girl and her pals which delighted them beyond measure.

Jetta Goudal decided to go into the interior decorating business with Harold Grieve, one of the most sought-after decorators out here, as a partner. And with this gesture, Jetta consigned all the motion picture producers who had made it so difficult for her to get work, to the Elysian Fields, or wherever it is one consigns people one doesn't approve of. This news had barely got around Hollywood when another surprise was sprung by the mysterious and exotic Jetta. She and Mr. Grieve will be partners in the business of matrimony.

They will be married soon.

ASK ME!—*Continued from page 12*

born in Philadelphia, Pa. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 160 pounds. He has had several years of stage training and began his screen career with Mary Pickford in "The Love Light." Rex Bell's real name is George Beldam. He was born Oct. 16, 1905 in Chicago, Ill. He is 6 feet tall, weighs 170 pounds and has light brown hair and blue eyes. You can write to Rex at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. He's said to be Clara Bow's current boy-friend.

Blonde Spirit of St. Louis. It isn't any harder to speak to the stars in Hollywood than to any other group of people, but just try and get an answer. As far as I know, Huntley Gordon uses his own name in pictures. He was born in Montreal, Canada, has brown hair, blue eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. Don Alvarado was christened Jose Paige. He was born Nov. 4, 1904, in Albuquerque, N. M. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 160 pounds. Write him at United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Billy's Booster from Philadelphia. I'm your only hope when you can't find a picture of Billy Haines in SCREENLAND. That's a total eclipse for me but I'm sort of that way about the Virginia wise-cracker myself, so I'll overlook the compliment. He has two sisters, Ann and Lillian, but is not engaged to anyone that I know of. His latest picture is "Way Out West" with Leila Hyams and Polly Moran. His next will be "Remote Control" with Mary Doran and John Miljan.

Two Garietts from Baltimore. Where have you been and a couple of mean-whiles, not to see the nice things we say about Gary Cooper? Read the magazine from first to the last page. You'll learn about Gary from us. Gary's parents were born in England but he was born in Helena, Mont. He spent three and one-half years of his boyhood in a private school in London but attended high school at Helena; lived for two or three years on his father's ranch after being hurt in an automobile accident; attended Grinnell College in Iowa but went to California before he graduated. He worked as an extra cowboy for months before he was given his first big chance in "The Winning of Barbara Worth" with Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky. Gary's bronzed face, brown wavy hair, blue eyes, his 6 feet 2 inches and 180 pounds and erect carriage, make him a very distinctive figure in pictures.

Corrine, Miami.—So you've been on my trail for the last two years and read every word I write about your favorites. But have you ever caught up with me? You can write to Jean Hersholt at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. Lila Lee, First National Studios, Burbank, Cal. Leila Hyams, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal., and Nancy Drexel at Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal.

Gladys M. No, I can't tell you the name of the song the Foys sang in their personal appearance in Hollywood. I wasn't there. Clive Brook's given name is pronounced with a long I. One of his new pictures is, "Anybody's Woman," with Ruth Chatterton.

Movie Mad from Tarentum, Pa. Woof, woof! Run like anything. Is it as bad as all that? Buddy Rogers, the Boy of your Dreams. Excuse me while I turn a handspring. Yes, it's true that Charles Rogers has a younger brother who will appear on the screen. Paramount has changed his name from Bh to Bruce. Now girls, wipe off the smoked glasses and take a look at the handsome Bruce. Charles uses his own name on the screen. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. His next picture will be "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen, from the Broadway stage.

Neal B., Menlo Park, Cal. What course must you take in writing the screen stars? An extensive course is needed in some cases but my rule is, write from the heart, a sincere work of praise and a cheerio and trust to luck to get the result. Marion Davies' next picture will be "Rosalie." Address her, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Clara Bow Fan. Do the stars get 'snobby' after they reach the top? Why should they? Fame is a fickle thing at best. Here today and gone tomorrow. Don't take it all too seriously—*they* don't. Charles Rogers is 25 years old; Claire Windsor is 33. Clara Bow played with Stanley Smith, Stuart Erwin, Skeet Gallagher and little Mitzi Green in "Love Among the Millionaires." Rudy Vallee was born in 1903 in Westbrook, Maine. He is about 5 feet 9 inches tall, weighs 174 pounds and has dark brown hair and green eyes. His film appearances were in "Glorifying the American Girl" and "The Vagabond Lover," and several 'shorts.'

Dolly from Upper Darby, Pa. I'll admit I look the 'Ritzy baby' but don't let that get you all up-set. I'll give you a break about Joan Crawford. Joan was born March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas. She weighs 110 pounds, is 5 feet 4 inches tall, and has brown hair of reddish tinge and blue eyes. She made her screen debut in 1925 in "Pretty Ladies" as Lucille LeSeuer. She became Joan Crawford after a national contest was held to provide her with a screen name. She was married on June 3, 1929, to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

(*Continued on page 129*)



A new star—Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. He will soon start work on his first stellar film for First National, a sort of sequel by John Monk Saunders to the amazingly popular "Dawn Patrol," in which young Doug earned his stardom.

CHRISTMAS DINNER IN HOLLYWOOD—*Continued from page 93*

sauce, a favorite dish in the Rogers family.

Currant jelly accompanies the duck course and escalloped sweet potatoes.

Another vegetable may be substituted for the artichokes Italienne which, says William Boyd, constitute a real treat no matter what gustatory triumphs have delighted your palate prior to this! So if you and your men-folk and your guests like artichokes and garlic-flavored food, serve them by all means.

As for the Chevalier salad. I must tell you that the recipe was not created by the French singing star but was inspired by him. It was composed by Emile Roth, formerly assistant to Oscar at the Waldorf-Astoria, named for the enchanting Maurice, and is now a popular item on the daily menu of a leading chain of New York tea rooms.

Aside from the recipes for the Christmas dinner menu, the other recipes given are unusual in that they are all highly or 'differently' flavored.

Tomato Juice Cocktail

By Richard Barthelmess

Peel and chop six tomatoes, one cucumber and three stalks celery. Place on ice for several hours. Add juice of two lemons, salt and pepper to taste, a dash of Worcestershire sauce. Keep on ice until ready to serve. Strain, and serve in cocktail glasses.

Onion Soup

By Charles Bickford

Rub three onions through a purée strainer; add to one quart of hot milk. Beat the yolks of two eggs and slowly add the strained onion soup. Add salt, pepper and butter; pour into a glass oven casserole. Arrange over the top small French croutons, then sprinkle generously with Parmesan and Gruyere cheese. Place in oven until hot and surface shows a golden brown. Serve soup at table from casserole.

Venison Steak with Chestnut Sauce

By Charles 'Buddy' Rogers

Have venison steak of medium thickness, sprinkle well with salt and pepper, place on greased broiler and broil about eight minutes, turning often. Remove to hot platter, and pour over it the chestnut sauce prepared as follows: Cut six slices carrot and half an onion in small pieces. Sauté in two tablespoons butter five minutes or until tender; add three tablespoons flour and stir until well browned. Add one and one-half cups brown stock, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bay leaf, eight peppercorns. Let simmer twenty minutes, strain, add three tablespoons cooking Madeira wine, one cup boiled French chestnuts and one tablespoon butter.

Roast Wild Duck

By Gary Cooper

Dress and clean a wild duck and truss as goose. Place on rack in dripping pan, sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover breast with thin slices of salt pork. Bake fifteen minutes to a pound in a hot oven, basting frequently with the fat in pan. Cut string and remove skewers and place ducks on platter. Prepare brown gravy from drippings in pan.

The duck can be stuffed with apples pared and quartered or small onions may be put in the body of the duck to improve the flavor. Neither apples nor onions are to be served. If stuffing is to be eaten, cover pieces of bread with hot milk. Press out milk, add salt, pepper, melted butter and finely chopped onion.

Escalloped Sweet Potatoes

By John Mack Brown

Remove skin from boiled sweet potatoes, and slice. Place layer in baking pan, sprinkle with salt, sugar and nutmeg and dot generously with butter. Repeat until dish is three-fourths full. Pour cream over top, place in oven until well heated and blended.

Artichokes Italienne

By William Boyd

Soak artichokes in slightly salted water one hour. Cut off prickly spikes at top of each artichoke leaf with pair of shears. Stuff a clove of garlic between every third or fourth leaf. Pry the center apart a little and insert two small cloves. Stuff chopped seasoned parsley between leaves where garlic has not been placed. Put a little in the center of the artichoke. Place in shallow pan, pour olive oil over, enough to cover them about quarter way, add about half the quantity of water. Cover and cook slowly about forty-five minutes, adding a little water, if necessary. When the artichokes are done there should be a few spoonfuls of the liquid left which is to be served as a sauce.

Chevalier Salad

By Emile Roth

Peel one large Bartlett pear and let soak in lemon juice for five minutes. Remove core of pear and replenish with equal parts of cream and Roquefort cheese seasoned with a dash of paprika. Serve on lettuce leaves with Roquefort French dressing.

English Plum Pudding

By Clive Brook

Soak one-half pound stale bread crumbs in one cup scalded milk, let stand until cool. Add one-fourth pound sugar, the beaten yolks of four eggs, one-half pound raisins seeded, cut in pieces and floured, one-fourth each of currants and finely chopped figs, two ounces finely cut citron. Chop one-half pound suet and cream it by using the hand. Combine mixtures, add one-fourth cup wine, currant jelly, or grape juice, one-half grated nutmeg, three-fourths teaspoon cinnamon, one-third teaspoon cloves, one-third teaspoon mace and whites of four eggs beaten stiff. Turn into buttered mold, cover, and steam six hours.

Baked Oysters with Cheese

By Eddie Quillan

Butter a deep baking dish and fill almost to the top with alternate layers of oysters and grated cheese. Fresh American cheese, grated rather fine, is better than the cheese sold in grated form. Sprinkle each layer with a dash of salt, pepper, garlic salt and celery salt. Pour in a little of the oyster liquor and cover the top with thick slices of fresh peeled tomatoes. Smother the top with a thick layer of grated cheese and bake in moderate oven about one hour.

Sirloin Steak

By John Gilbert

Choose a tender cut of sirloin and broil in oven. Place on plank, edging same with mashed potatoes on outside and an alternating border of green peas, green beans, small skinned tomatoes and cauliflower. Place plank in oven for ten minutes with slow fire and take out, pouring melted butter over entire ingredients. Serve on plank with French bread and sweet butter.

Bachelor Omelet

By William Haines

Work to a cream half a teaspoonful of milk and one teaspoonful of flour. Beat the yolks of three eggs until creamy, adding the flour and milk. Add beaten whites of three eggs, mixing lightly. Melt three tablespoonfuls butter in pan and when hot turn in mixture. When it starts to set, sprinkle over top finely chopped boiled ham and parsley. Set in oven three minutes, fold and turn on hot platter. Garnish with parsley and slices of broiled ham.

Spaghetti with Mushrooms and Cheese

By Ramon Navarro

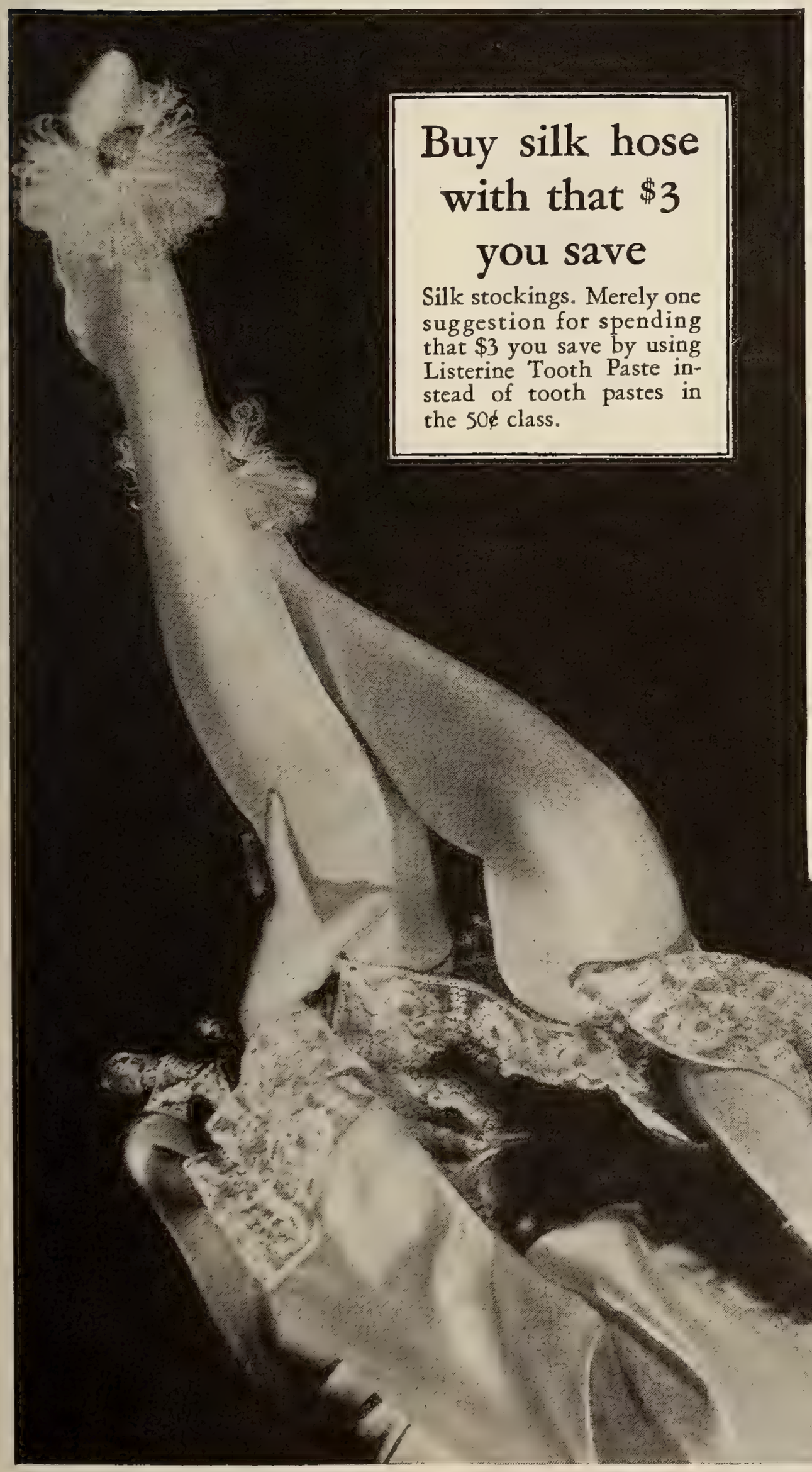
Cook one package spaghetti fifteen minutes. Cut four onions in small pieces and cook in butter until tender. Add one pound mushrooms cut in pieces to butter in pan after onions are removed and cook five minutes. Add two cans tomato soup, the cooked spaghetti, and when mixture is thoroughly heated add one-half pound cheese cut in bits. When cheese is melted, pour mixture in glass casserole, sprinkle cheese over top, and place in oven until brown.



Solid comfort, and why not? Joan Marsh has a good voice, good looks and a nice new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

CRANKY WOMEN

They are the principal users of this great 25¢ dentifrice. Two million acclaim the way it beautifies teeth— protects precious enamel



Buy silk hose with that $3 you save

Silk stockings. Merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class.

When it comes to the matter of teeth, and keeping them sound and beautiful, a woman's a crank—the worst kind of a crank, as any dentist will tell you.

It is a remarkable tribute to the quality and results of Listerine Tooth Paste that women—cranky women—are its principal users. More than 2 million of them have rejected other dentifrices in favor of this one made by the makers of Listerine.

They like its gentle but thorough action. They like the way it gets around and in between teeth and sweeps out decay. They like the way it erases tartar and discoloration. They say it protects precious enamel. The brilliance and luster it imparts to the teeth. The fresh feeling of exhilaration it leaves in the mouth—like Listerine itself.

Incidentally, that $3 they save by using it instead of tooth pastes in the 50¢ class, may be—and is—applied to buying a couple of pairs of silk hose.

We urge you to try Listerine Tooth Paste. Buy a tube today. Compare it with any paste at any price. Be guided by results alone. We'll wager that you will immediately be won to this up-to-date dentifrice, which has delighted more than 4,000,000 people. •Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri, U. S. A.

THE MAKERS OF LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE RECOMMEND

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC TOOTH BRUSHES

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE 25¢

GIFTS FOR BEAUTY—*Continued from page 85*

little as you wish to pay. One includes a lovely fresh English complexion right out of a little pot like old ivory with honey bees carved on the top—a complexion cream that is at once cleansing, nourishing and a foundation for powder. With it come soap, lavender lotion and face powder.

Bath luxuries include lavender crystals in lovely bottles or in tablets, fragrant toilet soaps, lavender toilet water and dusting powder. Small gifts, daintily pleasing, are lavender blossoms compressed into small bricks in boxes of six. The lavender sachet is equally delightful. Old English lavender comes in fancy stoppered bottles or in small wicker flasks with handles. If you are interested in gifts for your men friends, there are beautiful shaving sets in various sizes and prices, scented delicately with lavender, a clean fragrance that men really like.

In compacts and lipsticks there is infinite variety. The newest is a thin square of silver with a tiny square of green in the center. A clever feature is the spare lipstick. A small groove at the side holds the day-time lipstick, called natural. For evening, you slip this out and insert the Vivid or Cherry tint.

Everyone knows about Richard Hudnut's splendid Du Barry beauty creations and perfumes in bottles especially handsome. You'll find them on all the high-class toilet counters and with them gifts of unusual charm and smartness. For instance, for milady's evening bag what more enchanting than the Deauville Chatelaine, a round silver case with the Du Barry design in black and red, containing loose powder, rouge and mirror? The lipstick forms a handle and to it is attached a silver ring by which it may be carried.

Another compact, the Beauty Box, in black, rose and ivory, oblong in shape, silver-backed, is contained in a blue and silver case, rose-lined. It holds mirror, powder, rouge and creme lip rouge. Charmingly presented, too, is the Du Barry manicure. The bottles, jars and buffer all topped with Chinese red, with everything necessary to a perfect manicure, all delicately scented, are encased in a dainty rose and silver box.

You cannot possibly overlook, either, the Houbigant toiletries, Paris-born, of a sophistication and bewitching enchantment. The Bois Dormant is the latest, a fresh bouquet scent of lingering appeal that has been captured in the face powder and sachet as well.

Cheramy Eau de Cologne, in one of eleven enchanting odors, is a perfect gift for a very young girl or for anyone. It's particularly ideal for a friend or member of your family who loves luxurious toilet accessories and who will revel in this alluring fragrance as an after-the-bath spray some night when she's going out to a party and wants to make a particularly devastating toilette.

With the new fall hats, natural eye make-up is important The smart black and silver eyelash Cosmetique Box from Elizabeth Arden contains cosmetics in black, brown and dark-brown, also in blues and greens, to give an exotic accent to evening make-up, a small brush with which to apply it and the tiniest and most intriguing of combs to help train the eyebrows and lashes in the way they should grow.

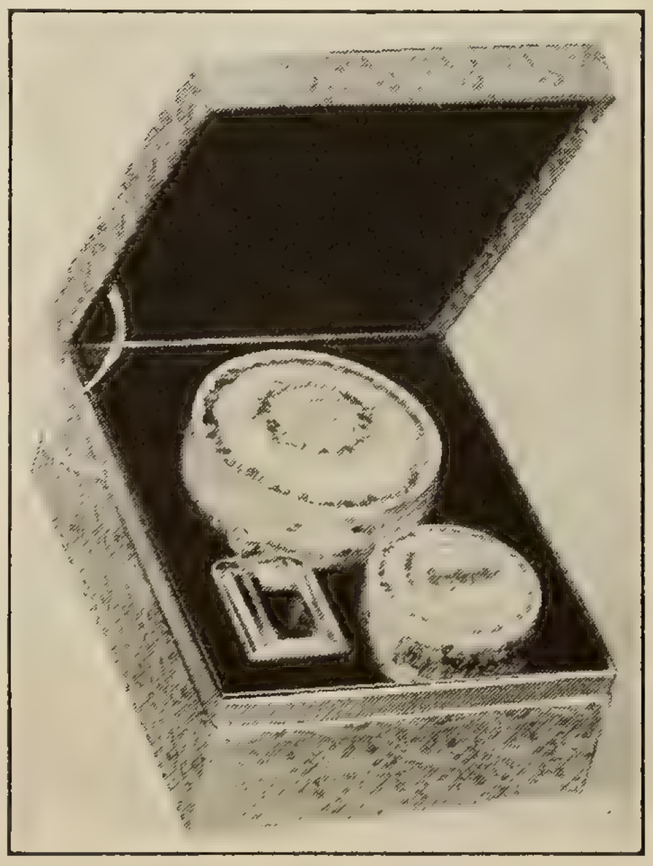
A holiday set which many women will be glad to know about and possess is



Joan Crawford proudly displays her Max Factor make-up box. Everything for beauty!

offered by Mme. Louise Hermance, distinguished European scientist and beauty expert, author of the famous Ortosan method. Mme. Hermance has practiced this method for many years at her institute, in conjunction with her own preparations. She has met with such success that she has now perfected a course of home treatment of which women everywhere may take advantage. The holiday set contains a jar of five-in-one skin food, one bottle of skin tonic, three egg-pack treatments and the first Ortosan instruction lesson with muscle training chart.

A charming gift for the girl or woman who likes a compact that will go with every costume is one of the smart triple vanity cases from Primrose House. Its beautifully slim case of black enamel with a line of silver and a simple motif in the corner contains mirror, powder, rouge and cream lip rouge.



Yardley's new perfume gift set including "Bond Street" extract, face and dusting powder.

Dorothy Gray's new gift box is a triple vanity holding powder, Miss Gray's popular mascara Lashlique and her convenient double lipstick. She is featuring, too, her new Eau de Cologne in the most bewitching of bottles. And she has a new and very compact week-end case quite moderately priced.

Of course, you know about Max Factor's society make-up, or the magic secret of color harmony as expressed by society women and famous picture stars, but wouldn't you like to try it? Then make yourself a Christmas present of the Max Factor make-up box and the make-up color harmony chart and create for yourself the gift of individual charm. The creams and lotions are delightful to use. The powders and rouges and eye make-up—there are nine preparations in all—are all calculated to blend harmoniously with the complexion coloring of each individual type.

And now, from the famous salons and smart perfume centers let's hie for a space to the corner drug store. This may seem like a big jump but it really isn't at all. As a matter of fact, all the well-known nationally advertised beauty products hold their place on the toilet counters of the smartest shops and department stores side by side with the preparations from the famous beauty shops. And the beauty shop products, many of them, have found their way to the corner drug store—but not to all. But the woman or girl far from the crowded mart has no cause for worry so far as beauty aids are concerned; for the modern drug store displays abundantly every accessory needful to dainty grooming and smart make-up.

Note the Tangee toiletries, particularly the famous Tangee lipstick. An interesting feature is that when this cosmetic comes in contact with the human skin it takes on a tone which harmonizes with its wearer's color, be it light or dark. This quality gives a natural look and it has the added gift of permanency, as it lasts surprisingly well. A charming small gift that the discriminating woman will welcome is the Tangee theatrical, a new dark lipstick created for the beautiful women of stage, screen and society.

Meet too, the well-known Jergen-Woodbury combination: Jergen perfumes and toilet aids in exquisite attire, including a delightful three-piece gift package containing the exotic Ben Hur perfume, toilet water, and face powder; a four-piece ensemble containing perfume, toilet water, face powder and talc in the same enchanting odor; Bateek, the subtle fragrance of Syrian flower gardens, is an exclusive odor of Jergen's.

In the other group, well-known and popular are the Woodbury preparations. They include a gift box for men, if you happen to be interested. And find the woman who will not appreciate their Lovely Lady Set of facial soap, cold cream and powder in all the smart shades.

Have you a busy friend who protests that she has no time to use a half dozen beauty preparations and no place to keep them, or that she is always on the 'go' and must travel light? Give her a large jar, or even a big tube of Pond's cold cream which is cleansing, nourishing, a tube of vanishing cream, of

(*Continued on page 106*)

"This Christmas worry is so silly... just give Seventeen to everyone"

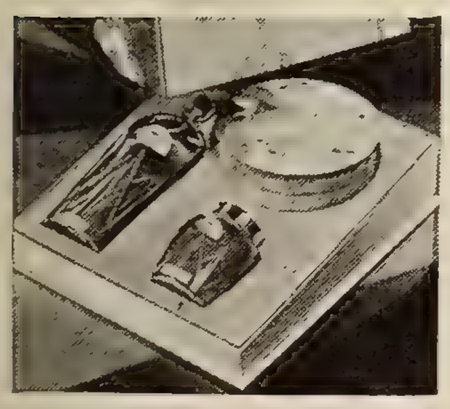
Sue Carol

"Honestly, can you think of any girl who wouldn't love Seventeen for Christmas? And when you fall in love with Seventeen—you simply can't be happy until you have it in Face Powder too . . . and even in your compact! In fact, I think those three would be a perfect Christmas gift."





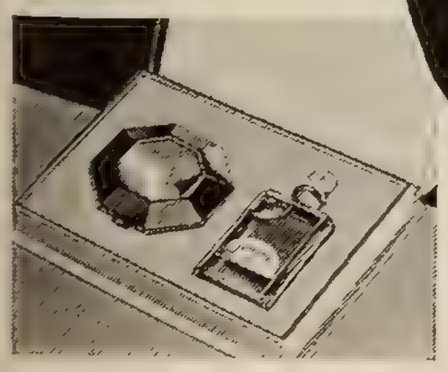




Alice White's Choice
An impressive gift for a nominal sum . . . Bath Powder in a beautiful metal container, Toilet Water and Brillantine. $3.00.



Sue Carol's Choice
A handsome Gift Package containing Seventeen Perfume in the French-cut flacon . . . the double Seventeen compact . . . and a box of face powder. $5.00.



June Collyer's Choice
A single Seventeen compact and petite bottle of Seventeen perfume, specially packaged. Convenient for mailing.. $2.00.

Seventeen

Christmas shoppers—here's help! Advice from Sue Carol—June Collyer—and Alice White.

These three know what girls like. They know the likes and dislikes of the nation. And what is even more important, they are typical normal girls themselves!

They tell you here that every girl adores Seventeen.

Seventeen is the latest perfume hit. It was named Seventeen because it breathes Youth. It is an odor that speaks to you of the dreams, the fancies, the April moods of Seventeen.

But perhaps you want to give a more costly gift. Sue Carol, June Collyer and Alice White tell you what to do. Select *several* Seventeen toilet articles.

Or if you want a little gift, you may select several Seventeen articles that cost but 50 cents each!

The packages are so gifty looking! They combine the smartness and colorful charm that go straight to every woman's heart. The same *motif* runs through all . . . Seventeen gives you an *ensemble* of toiletries—the latest, smartest note!

Study the gift selections of Miss Carol, Miss Collyer, and Miss White. Or make up your own groupings. Then take your list to your nearest toilet goods counter.



Toilet Water $1.25



Talcum Powder 50c



Compact $1 and $2



The Perfume $2.00



Dusting Powder $1.00



Sachet 75c



Brillantine 50c



Face Powder $1.00

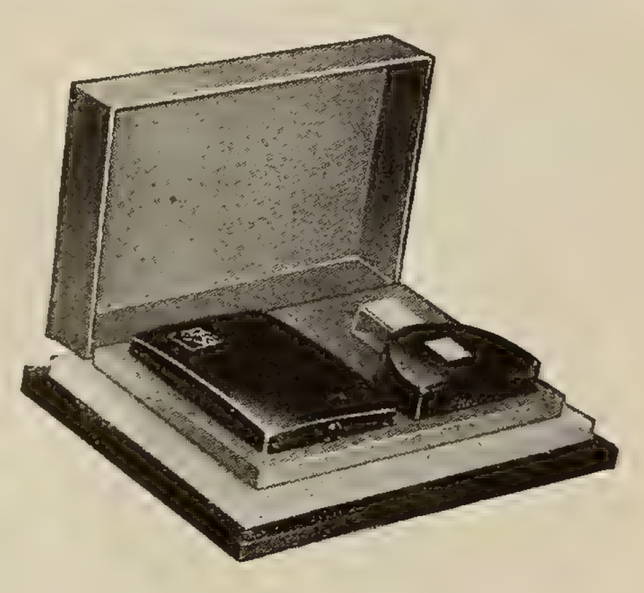
GIFTS FOR BEAUTY—*Continued from page 104*

Pond's Skin Freshener, and a package of cleansing tissue. With these few things she can care for her skin intelligently and be always immaculately dainty whether in a sleeping car, her office or home.

You will find the House of Tre Jur, too, attractively represented. Notice particularly their colorful array of compacts at a small price. Double compacts and single, oblong and square, in modernistic boxes and in the loveliest of colors. Some contain a small bottle of perfume with top matching the compact. Choose one to match your friend's ensemble or some note in her costume. Note also the adorable box holding two large cakes of bath soap and a jar of dusting powder with puff. The boxes, with contents, come in five different pastel colors and five different odors. A gift for the woman with a bathroom with a color scheme!

Outstanding, too, is the name of Pinaud, the French house whose prestige dates back a century and a half. A lovely gift and practical is Pinaud's face cream in its fascinating green jar, with a box of powder in its smart black box. And there's a new hand cream any girl would be delighted to find tucked in the toe of her Christmas stocking. It's cleansing and beautifying and comes in a new type of modern tube stepped on the shoulder like Pinaud's black powder box with a triple seal.

Have you a girl friend who complains bitterly about the harsh winds of winter and what it does to her skin? A jar



A double compact, smart and colorful, in a novel holiday box. By Tre-Jur.

of Armand's cleansing cream and box of cold cream powder is a perfect gift combination. Or perhaps your own skin needs this protection; in which case make yourself a Christmas gift! The cold cream powder is rich, mellow, protective, and in shades to become everybody. Another thing in its favor, it stays on.

While treating yourself to Christmas gifts, you'll like the Maybelline eye cosmetic. And if you want to give your girl friend a small gift she's sure to like, give her one of the eye pencils and dainty gold-finished eye-shadow vanity.

Another gift to which you may treat yourself with pleasure and profit is the beautifying treatment for eyebrows and eyelashes offered by Lucille Young. You'll appreciate results, I'm sure.

In powders, be sure not to overlook Mello-Glo, square gold boxes of loveliness in special shades blended by a new French process to suit every coloring. There's a cream, too, in this group, with rouge and lipstick of vivid beauty and the group is reasonably priced.

So many intriguing things I have seen the past few weeks I could go on indefinitely about them. If there's something you're interested in not mentioned here, or if you want to know more about the gifts for beauty here described, I'll be glad to help you if you'll write to me. Remember, too, that I'm always glad to advise you on any phase of beauty care, colors to wear, make-up, how to attain popularity and charm. Address Anne Van Alstyne, Screenland Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Please enclosed stamped, self-addressed envelope for reply.

FASHION NEWS FOR WINTER—*Continued from page 61*

seal bolero in a light, golden brown. Combined with a bright navy blue dress or coat and skirt, it is extremely picturesque.

And now we come to the most fascinating innovation of the season. In France they call it the Five O'clock, or cocktail dress. For cocktail parties, teas and bridges, it is ideal. It is created from velvet or lamé, is of ankle length, with a low draped bodice, elbow sleeves, and has a trimming of either a camellia or a little old-fashioned bouquet of flowers. Sometimes, however, fresh flowers are used. Both camellias and gardenias will be very smart this winter as personal adornment—worn on the bodice for afternoon, and placed in the hair with a be-jewelled clip for evening.

Patou has a marvelous collection of cocktail clothes, done in lovely pastel velvets, with circular skirts, about ankle length, and little sleeveless peplum jackets. His new shades are "Pink Lady," "Clover Club" and "Martini."

Another style of cocktail dress which I find very exciting is created of soft lamé, with a long shirt, low bodice, and no sleeves—its only decoration being a long line of beautiful large real jewelled buttons, reaching at intervals from the waist to the floor—in the back.

That is a trick of Lelong's—carrying the ornamentation towards the back. Just as scientists are working on the three dimensional films—that is, films which seem to show depth—just so does Lelong design his spiral flounces and peplums, ascending to meet the back decolleté. He considers that this accentuates the three dimensional or sculptural qualities of his gowns.

For evening proper, we have innumerable choices. Two very good colors will be "Delicatessima," or pale pink, and "Taj Mahal" white, a glistening, moonlight white which is made doubly effective by combining the glossy and the dull sides of the satin. With white evening gowns, pink satin pumps are being worn. Evening gloves, also, will be of satin, in pink, turquoise and black, a decided contrast to the gown. And either handkerchief, bag or gloves of contrasting color will be used to accent and dominate the *tout ensemble.*

Another exceedingly popular color for evening is "Love Pink," a true light pink. And an utterly romantic gown, created by Callot Soeurs, is of gray tulle. This is to be worn with long gray gloves. Really, this Callot gown belongs to the



Barbara Lee is one good reason for seeing "Whoopee." She's one of the most decorative girls in the Eddie Cantor screen show.

type know as 'wistful gowns.' Made of wilted tulles and bound around the high waist with delicate velvet girdles or kirtles of twisted chiffons at the top of the foamy, floating skirts, it makes of an ordinarily pretty modern girl a dream of old-world beauty.

In order that you may have variety, let us consider the black evening gown without which no wardrobe is complete. Worth is showing magnificent black satin gowns. With these he has designed a square-shaped, black velvet fan, and black satin leg-o'-mutton cuffs.

For the opera and great dinner occasions, naturally one needs an exceedingly formal evening gown with train. If the material used is chiffon or tulle, the bottoms must be stiffened with horse-hair to make them stand out in the proper grand manner.

Before we close there are two more points we should discuss. Everybody needs a travelling costume—for weekends or for country visits in general. One practical and beautiful ensemble consists of a fur coat, of whatever pelt preferred, lined with what is called a 'travel-print,' with a dress of the same print to match.

The second feature needed to complete our wardrobes are the 'At Home' costumes. These are of very exotic lamés or velvets with detachable skirts made over pajamas. Thus when the smart woman is lounging comfortably at home, in a second she can make herself ready for the formal dinner guest simply by adding the skirt.

Never before were imagination and discrimination so badly needed. We should all aim, just as Lucien Lelong says, "to reconcile the *fantaisie* and diversity of present-day modes with the more sober distinction of style without which no mode can endure nor any woman be perfectly groomed."

Any Girl Can Work a Miracle of Beauty with

Hollywood's MAKE-UP SECRET

Would You Like to Be More Beautiful than you Really Are?



EVELYN BRENT, says: "Congratulations! Straight from the shoulder . . . to Max Factor and his Society Make-Up."

Evelyn Brent

Max Factor, Hollywood's Make-Up King, Reveals the Secret, and Offers a Priceless Beauty Gift! See Coupon.



HOLLYWOOD holds a make-up secret . . . a new discovery in cosmetics which means new beauty, new charm and fascination to you and every women. This secret is a new kind of make-up, based on cosmetic color harmony, the discovery of Max Factor, Filmland's genius of make-up.

Powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials, of course . . but so different in the effect they produce that even the stars whose rare beauty is adored by millions have called this make-up by Max Factor, "beauty-magic."

"Cosmetics must be in color harmony, if beauty is to be emphasized naturally," says Max Factor. "Off-colors ruin the life-like effect and detract from beauty. The different types in blondes, brunettes and red-heads must have an individual color harmony in make-up to bring out personality as well as alluring beauty."

Scores and scores of feature pictures . . . millions of feet of film . . . have revealed to you the magic of make-up by Max Factor. Leading stars . . . Evelyn Brent, Lupe Velez, Joan Crawford, Renee Adoree and scores of others have given you a glimpse of the faultless beauty to be gained with make-up in correct color harmony.

And now Max Factor has produced a make-up for day and evening use, based on his famous discovery, cosmetic color harmony. Adopted almost universally by leading screen stars, Max Factor's Society Make-Up caused a sensation in Hollywood . . . and it will be a beauty revelation to you.

Learn Hollywood's make-up secret. Mail coupon now to Max Factor, who will analyze your complexion and chart your own make-up color harmony . . . FREE. You also receive his book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"—48 pages of valuable beauty and make-up hints.

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

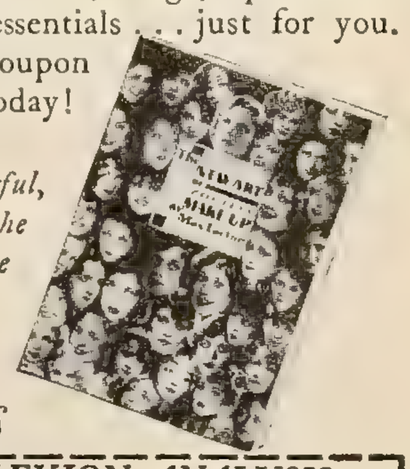
"Cosmetics of the Stars" . . . HOLLYWOOD

96% of all make-up including Technicolor used by Hollywood Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's.
(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)

© *1930 Max Factor*

This Amazing Book FREE . . . with your Make-Up Color Harmony Chart

Realize at last that you can be more beautiful than you really are if you know the art of make-up as practiced by the screen stars. Permit Max Factor to suggest an alluring color harmony in make-up . . . powder, rouge, lipstick and other essentials . . . just for you. Mail coupon now--today!



LUPE VELEZ, says: "Oh! It is wonderful, Mr. Max Factor. The color harmony in the Society Make-Up which you created for me is exquisite. It becomes my personality perfectly. I want to express my appreciation to you."

Lupe Velez

MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. 4-12-35
Dear Sir: Send me a complimentary copy of your 48-page book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*, personal complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) to cover cost of postage and handling.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____

COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

"EXPRESS YOURSELF IN SONG," SAYS GRACE MOORE

Continued from page 65

their goals, whom I know will in turn give to another struggling artist, when they come into their success.

Living in Paris, singing at the lovely Opera Comique to cheering throngs. The culture and the extensive travel, the new worlds that open up to one by the knowledge of different languages. Singing many rôles, actually living and breathing the personalities of these different characters. These are only a few of the reasons for that freedom of which I speak, that reason for spending one's money artistically.

Now the bondage is something which may be overcome to a great extent and yet it is ever there. One's voice is a demanding goddess; you must pay her homage, give up many of the things that some people seem to find so necessary to happiness these days. Smoking, drinking, over-eating or too-strenuous exercise. None of these things are good for the voice. Your voice must be the pinnacle of your life; to it all else must be subservient. This does not mean that you must be a pest to others and to yourself, thinking and talking about your voice, but you must remember it constantly. Practise and study daily, untiringly, joyously—your mental, spiritual and physical self are all reflected in your voice, hence all three must be in perfect condition for your voice to be at its best. Before an audience or before the 'mike,' you must give the best that you have to give and then a little more.

Madame Schumann-Heink, to my mind, is the most perfect example of a singer; she has given to her voice and to the public the best, always the very best that she had to give through all the years, and even now she is noble enough to admit that she is still learning how to sing. Yet with it all she has had all the other great things that go to make life beautiful. I look upon Schumann-Heink as more regal than any queen, richer than any heiress, an example to all women, and a saint among singers!

So far my experience in pictures has been very fascinating. I feel it is a great medium for the new school of the opera, as the public now demands it, with action, drama and reality. The old school of singing where a fat, stiff singer stood in the middle of the stage and emitted tones and nothing else, has passed forever. My great friend Mary Garden deserves a great debt of gratitude in the annals of musical history for her untiring efforts in behalf of this new school, which is going to make the American people really love and understand and eventually develop the American operas with great American singers, actors and actresses.

Playing the rôle of Jenny Lind has been a new experience to me. I have lived a new life; I felt surrounded by her personality the weeks the picture was in production. I have a ring that belonged to her, which I wore continually during the making of the picture.

I like the talking pictures. I would not want to do them all my life, for I miss the public and the warmth of an audience, but I think they have a great place in the field of music and the development of the school of the opera in America. I am proud to have been chosen to make this picture of Jenny Lind and now to be co-starring with Lawrence Tibbett in "New Moon."

Before I finish this article I want to give a word of praise to two of the greatest teachers in the world today. One, Dr. Marafioti, who is now connected with the M-G-M Studios in Culver City. It has been my privilege to study with the maestro before, and I consider it a wonderful thing to have him here on the lot during the making of so many musical pictures, for his help and guidance to singers is beyond human value. All singers need constant watching.

Of Albert Carre who teaches acting in Paris, I would like to sing a word of praise. His teaching or rather the sharing of his knowledge is a gift to any singer, for to be a great singer and a fine actress at the same time is a rare gift of the gods. Many people, though they have the ability within to do both things well, become so lost in the emotion of the part that they neglect the voice, or *vice versa*. Now what Monsieur Carre develops in a singer is not acting by any set form or principle; he merely helps you to unlock the door of your emotions and then shows you how to direct them with perfect control.

In conclusion I may say that I thank whatever gods there be that my destiny has been led on and on by a singing star!

Again I say, 'Express yourself in song' but remember, patience is a singer's greatest virtue.

HOLLYWOOD CRUSHES—*Continued from page 91*

vited to the garden party and house-warming which Bess Meredith and Michael Curtiz were giving at their new Beverly Hills home.

"You can get warm in the house and cool in the garden, which does seem a reasonable arrangement," Patsy went on.

The home of Bess and Michael is built in the Spanish town-house style, and is as picturesque as possible.

Bess was radiant in a new pink silk evening gown, and both she and her husband have a way of making their guests feel that they, the guests, own the place for the time being.

"Ramon Novarro seems to be going out more of late than he used to do," Patsy confided, as we caught sight of him talking to a group of guests. "I'm glad he isn't hiding his charms under a bushel any more."

Ramon, we found when we greeted him, was in a gay, charming mood, and we told him that he suited his surroundings exactly.

Joan Crawford and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., arrived just then, Joan looking lovely in a gray silk evening frock; and Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon were also among the guests, Bebe wearing a white evening dress as usual.

"Such an assemblage of brides and bridegrooms!" remarked Patsy. "And each couple so evidently in love with each other!"

Louise Fazenda and her husband, the producer, Hal Wallis, came later on.

"And still more romance!" exclaimed Patsy, as there arrived Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, who are engaged, and Mrs. Lubitsch and Hans Kraly, also reported as going to marry each other as soon as Mrs. Lubitsch's divorce is final.

Natalie declared that she was afraid that the lights in the studio were making her too thin, and Louise Fazenda said, "What do you want to make the rest of us jealous for?"

Maude Fulton was another guest, and there were Mr. and Mrs. Sigmund Romberg, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Straus and their gifted sons, Irvin and Walter, Alexander Korda, the director, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Vajda and others.

An orchestra was playing in the patio, and some of the guests, including Natalie Moorhead and Alan Crosland, who dance together beautifully, were stepping.

In the garden a number of games were in progress, including ping-pong, croquet and practice tennis.

Ping-pong seemed to be the most popular, and you dared not lay down your racket for a minute lest somebody seize it and play your game for you, which made a lot of merriment. Ramon Novarro and Hans Kraly played practice tennis; while Joan Crawford and Wells Root played croquet.

Dinner was served buffet, but some of the guests were in such a hurry to be back at the games that they carried their plates out to the garden, and took bites of food between plays.

The food was Hungarian, out of compliment to Michael Curtiz, our host, and very excellent it was.

Victor Varconi and his wife arrived late. It was the first time we had seen them since they returned from Europe, where Mr. Varconi made some pictures, and we found both of them looking exceedingly well.

We moved our plates over to their table, and had a chat with them, and both expressed delight to be back in this country, only, Victor said, he did get homesick once in a while, and just had to go back to Hungary and touch base. Mrs. Varconi had been a light opera star in Vienna and Budapest, and she declared that a lot of new writers of music are arising in her native land and are keeping up the tradition of bright, tuneful music.

Ben Lyon filled Bebe's plate twice, saying she hadn't eaten so much since they were married.

Later everybody gathered in the living room, and Ramon Novarro sang in his exquisite tenor voice, a number of Spanish and Mexican songs, while later he and Bebe sang some duets, their voices harmonizing nicely.

Young Irvin Straus played on the piano, and there was dancing later.

"But," exclaimed Patsy, "thank Heaven, no bridge!"

Very late we said "Adios" to our delightful host and hostess with whom we had had a most enjoyable evening.

"Will it take," inquired Patsy, "a double-barrelled alarm clock to get you out of bed around daybreak next Sunday?"

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, we're invited down—a whole string of invitations lasting all day—to Malibu Beach, and the first is to go swim-

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ming with Winifred Westover and her small son, Bill Hart, Jr."

Winifred's house is a seaside villa, perched on the rocks overlooking the sea, and is most charmingly furnished as to living room and den with great easy chairs and sofas and bright chintzes. And both the living room on the second floor and the den below have immense fire-places, which must be a source of cheerfulness in winter when the waves come up underneath the house, lapping at its stone foundations and dashing their spray over the verandas.

Little Bill was on hand. He is a big strapping boy of eight, and while he has his father's eyes, he has his mother's mouth and dimples. Just at this time in his career he is deeply interested in collecting all kinds of bugs and butterflies, and he really has them neatly tabulated and mounted. His most precious possession at the moment is a letter from a State Department of Entomology, which he has fairly worn out with holding to read and to show to visitors. He showed us the collection proudly.

The little fellow has no desire at all to be an actor. This bug collecting, he feels, is only a temporary thing, too, as his ambition is and has been since he can remember, to be president of the United States.

He has, in fact, already secured the promise of one vote in exchange with another little bug-collecting boy of a rare specimen of butterfly!

He is a quaint, courtly, old-fashioned little fellow, and he loves swimming, but otherwise doesn't seem to care about playing out-of-doors very much, loving the society of his mother and grandmother.

Then there was a surprise for us—Winifred sang to us in a voice which may develop grand opera quality!

Then we all went for a swim, after which Winifred went with us over to Mrs. Milton Cohen's house. She was giving a luncheon for some feminine friends of hers during her husband's absence in San Francisco. You know, he is attorney for all the movie folks. Little Bill stayed at home.

Mrs. Cohen is the nicest of hostesses, and we found a lot of our friends there, including Lillian Asher, Helen Ferguson, Mary Ford, Mrs. Victor Schertzinger, Mrs. Richard Wallace, Mrs. William K. Howard, Mrs. Ernst Lubitsch, Mrs. Oscar Straus, Mrs. William Thorner, Rosabelle Laemmle Bergerman, Mrs. Allan Dwan, Mrs. Harry Beaumont, Mrs. Charles Francis Coe, wife of the popular author of gangland stories, Mrs. Ona Brown, and others.

Mrs. Harry Carey, who is known professionally as Olive Golden, also was a guest. She had lately come from the hospital following an operation, but said that she was getting well fast, although she is still pale and interesting.

Mrs. Schertzinger was reminded that it was her wedding anniversary, and declared that she and Victor never had had a quarrel; but Mrs. Jack Ford contributed that she and Jack had quarrelled exactly on her wedding day, because Jack wanted her to stay in the crowded little town where they were married, and where they would have had to sleep in a tent, and that wasn't her idea of a honeymoon. She won.

We had luncheon at little tables on the veranda, after which there was bridge, and then we went over to Mrs. Schertzinger's for tennis, and there we found Lew Ayres, Charlie Farrell, Laura La Plante, William Seiter, Charlie Ruggles and a lot of others.

As the shadows lengthened we went with Mrs. Asher over to her beautiful cottage.

Mrs. Asher donned her best Sunday-go-to-meeting blue silk pajamas, and informed us that she had told her husband that she saved him lots of money by living down at Malibu Beach and wearing nothing but simple little pajama suits all the time.

"But he said," she laughed, "'Well, every time I see you, you have on a new pajama suit!' So I didn't get away with it after all!"

Presently the supper guests began to arrive. They included Genevieve Tobin, who, we hear, is bound to be a sensation in pictures, and who came, I believe, with Dudley Murphy, the scenario writer. Genevieve told us that it was quite likely that her clever sister, Vivian Tobin, would also come west for pictures.

Jackie Saunders, very smart in a blue sports suit—Jackie used to be a star, you remember, but is happily married now, with two children to her credit—was among the guests.

That cute Zelma O'Neal, who played on the stage and in the picture in "Follow Thru," came with her husband, Anthony Bushell, and was, of course, the life of the party. She has a straightforward, frank, natural manner that is most refreshing, and everybody in Hollywood is quite crazy about her.

Zelma, who came back from England and a visit to her husband's people, who are English, adores that country. And she likes the English audiences, too, though she said she was scared to death the first time they let loose to applaud her.

"I thought they didn't like me," she said, "they raised such a row, and I ducked off the stage as quick as a wink!"

She told us, too, how her husband, who played in the pictured "Disraeli," you know, received a letter from a little English girl, who apologized to him because she had "seen him only nine times in the picture!"

Looking out on the moonlit sea, we finally called it a day, and, bidding our friends good night, motored for miles along the curving, beautiful shore that made a goodly portion of our journey homeward.

THE STAGE IN REVIEW

Continued from page 95

a musical genius, a Gershwin sired by Bach—of this o'er labored, slowpoky story. Terrible news: both Cohan and Anspacher are now pre-Taft.

"THE UP AND UP"

Telephone bookmaking is the kernel of this new play of the underworld by Eva Kay Flint and Martha Madison.

It contains moments of surprise and heavy nerve-tickling. Its main sociological importance lies in the fact that it conveys to us the fact that these underworld people aren't much different from those of us who live legit. In fact, the Underworld is now so near the Upper Crust that some of my best friends are gentlemen gangsters and racketeers. We are all now cynical about such matters. So "The Up and Up" didn't get very far into me.

We have raids and politicians, bootleggers, gangsters, tipsters and the whole shootin' gallery. *Bee and Doggie* furnish the love interest. *Bee* loves *Doggie*—and when a woman loves, even a gangster may as well lay down his pill and pistol and listen.

Sylvia Field and Donald MacDonald played these parts. The other parts were howlingly well played.

"INSULT"

The Dutch East Indies. A half-caste Lieutenant in the Dutch Army. A swaggering Major who picks on half-castes. A daughter-in-law of the Major who loves the half-caste. Final clash between Major and Lieutenant. Lieutenant sentenced to death, defying, in his love, the Major. Woman sticks to the end—t'hell with her hubby and her father-in-law.

"Insult" is from the Dutch of Jan Fabricius and is probably a great play in Mother Holland. It is not a bad melodrama as done here. It is tense, it holds. But it is, to me, mere surface stuff with some old wheezes retold.

The players were good—D. A. Clarke-Smith, Leslie Perrins and Lydia Sherwood. And it is going to make a swell talkie.

"THAT'S THE WOMAN"

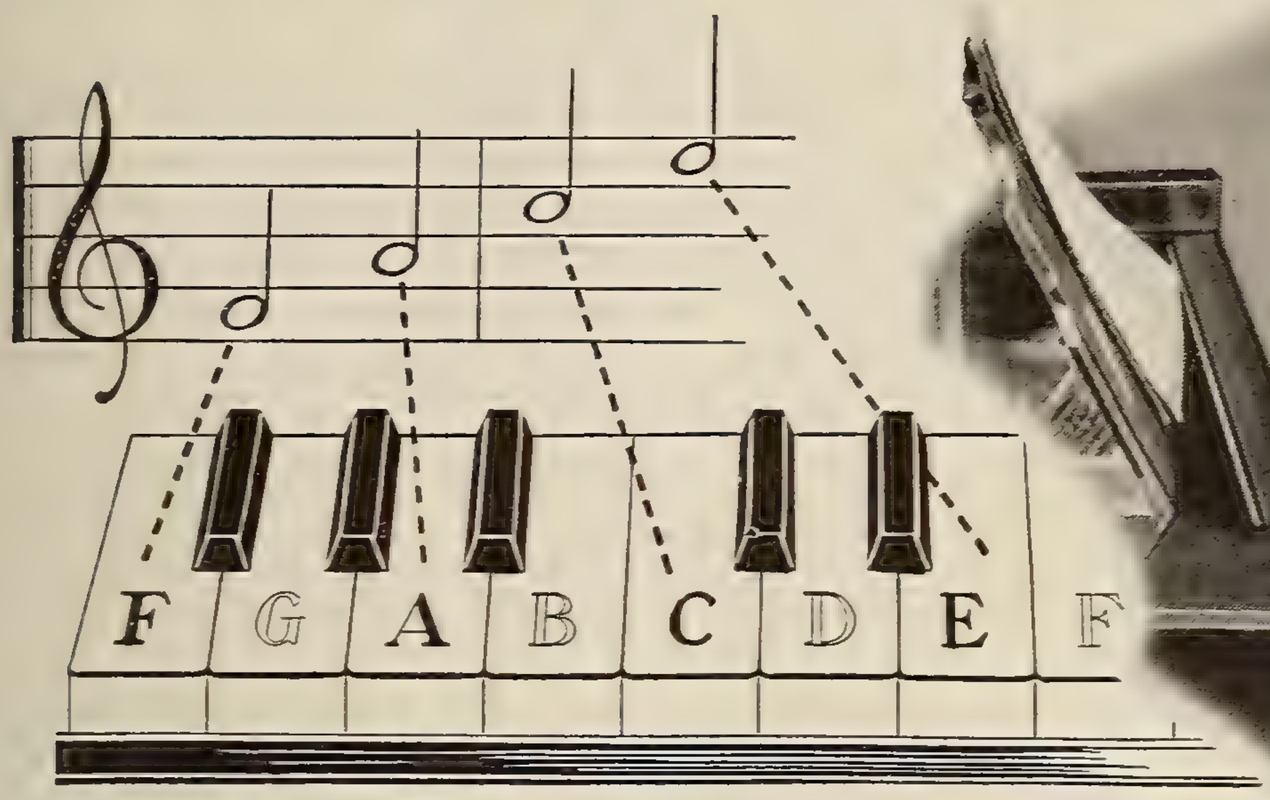
I liked "That's the Woman" even better than Bayard Veiller's "Mary Dugan." "Mary Dugan" was all show-window, but, I will admit, a well-set one. "That's the Woman," while it has two short courtroom scenes, is a play that takes us into the more dramatic world of the human interior—a woman's mind.

Margaret Erskine has got to decide whether she will remain quiet and see her lover go to the chair or save him from the chair by confessing she spent the night of the murder with him in his apartment, and thus lose her husband, her reputation and her friends. We are kept delightfully and breathlessly guessing until the last ten minutes, when *Margaret* (played splendidly by Phoebe Foster) decides in the court room for the lover. She spills the beans, clasps her freed lover, and the husband crashes out of the courtroom.

Margaret was, however, going to keep quiet (Park avenue ethics), but—and this is the kernel of the play—she is worn to a frazzle by the tricks and subtleties of *Mercer Trask*, a lawyer, a Sherlock Holmes of woman psychology, played as he never played before by A. E. Anson.

I have not been entertained so well by this kind of play since "Interference." Effie Shannon and Lucille Watson added to the strength of the drama, especially Miss Watson.

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WHAT TREND PICTURES IN 1931?

Continued from page 25

in pictures in the next year will come through color and its use. So far it is only practical for outdoor pictures with scenic backgrounds or for musical revues and spectacles, but advances along this line will undoubtedly be made in the new year.

"The star system will gain momentum this next year, I am sure. Individual stars who have kept pace with screen progress are greater box-office attractions than ever. We have lost many old favorites, but we have gained many new ones!

"We must give the public real entertainment of a superior sort this year and I believe we will be able to do so taking advantage of our combined experiences and mistakes of the last year. Also, writers, directors, players and all the various units it takes to make a picture are becoming accustomed to the new medium and are feeling more at home in it, which will make for better results all along the line. It should be a great year of progress!" summed up the optimistic Joe Schenck.

Louis B. Mayer of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, always calm, efficient, and boosting his own product, met my question with a smile.

"What trend pictures?" he asked, repeating my question. "That is an almost impossible question for anyone to answer, let alone a poor harrassed producer! However, I will say we must have story and showmanlike presentation this next year. Type of story will not matter one whit.

"Take our own pictures as proof that the public does not give a continental about the type of picture. 'Caught Short,' that rollicking 'low comedy' fun fest, 'The Divorcée,' an ultra-sophisticated drama, and 'The Big House,' thrilling, gripping, sheer melodrama, came before the public within a few weeks of each other. They were all instantaneous hits, yet you would find it hard to find three pictures more widely divided in type. The same public enthused over them all!

"I do not believe that talking pictures will ever fall into a definite type. Good pictures, well handled, will attract the public any time, anywhere! The requirements of the talking screen are greater and more exacting than those of the stage and, of course, than the silent screen, and they have developed a more critical and exacting audience.

"In my estimation, with study and careful application to the new medium most of the silent screen stars can be made bigger and better in talking pictures. We have proved this with Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and many more.

"We are constantly going to great lengths to develop new talent for the talking screen. The days of the pretty face and empty head are gone forever, as well as sex appeal-minus, if you know what I mean!" he smiled.

"An imaginative, untrained mind cannot write dialogue. They may still write screen stories and let dialogue writers adapt their ideas, but scripts must have a new development which takes more than imagination.

"A producer must be six jumps ahead of the public mind and try to read it for them. He must be able to guess what they are going to like this and that personality in, whether they are going to approve of color here and music there. We cannot always hope to do this but we have our ways of gaining the trend of the public mind.

"There must always be a keen sense of showmanship based on a fundamental knowledge of human nature in every production. We do the best we can to please that fickle and never definite thing, the public, and if you think that is easy, come and sit in my chair and try it—just for a day!" he laughed.

I quietly folded my notebook and as silently stole away!

Winfield Sheehan, that dynamic Irish vice-president in charge of production at Fox Film Studios, expects that during 1931 emphasis will be put on outdoor recording and wide film. Mr. Sheehan said:

"With regard to the two innovations which have followed the advent of talking pictures—color and wide screen—Fox is applying tested principles of wise showmanship.

"We are convinced that haphazard and indiscriminate use of color is no more becoming to the screen than it is to a beautiful woman. On the other hand, its employment under the direction of a master leads to magnificent effects. That is why we have secured the supreme colorist of the day, Joseph Urban, to supervise that phase of Fox production. Mr. Urban's artistry will be revealed in 'Luxury,' 'The Man Who Came Back,' and 'A Connecticut Yankee,' pictures whose exotic or bizarre backgrounds will be greatly enriched by color treatment.

"Forthcoming outdoor pictures will be notable for their dramatic pace. For a time after the advent of dialogue pictures, the handicaps of sound-proof recording slowed up this type of entertainment, but the movietone camera has now been perfected to a point where it is as mobile and flexible as its silent ancestor."

I wandered over to the RKO studio where I talked to that much beloved and brilliant mind which controls the vital production factors of Radio Pictures, William Le Baron.

Mr. Le Baron is positive and sure of his ground before he makes a statement. Yet, if you disagree with him he is gravely interested and weighs your words in the balance and if he finds them—not wanting—he dismisses his idea and accepts yours! That's one of the most poignant reasons for the startling strides which RKO has made in the past year. He has that rare quality of greatness, the ability to believe in the other fellow and his opinions.

"Now that sound recording can be done easily and naturally outdoors as well as on the stages, we will undoubtedly have a great many strong outdoor dramas this next year. Pictures in the early days clung timidly to the stage technique of treatment and indoor sets. Now they have found this is not necessary and we will have many pictures like 'The Silver Horde' we are making now, 'Cimarron,' and so forth," he said.

"I believe this next year, now that the most pressing problems brought up by talking pictures have been solved, much time will be spent in smoothing out the rough spots in story and screen treatment. Dialogue will take a natural course and will not be forced. People will be made to speak only when absolutely necessary to the story. The story will be told more in the old screen fashion, speaking only very necessary lines, the rest of the story being told in action and pantomime. The greatest strides will be made in the way dialogue and screen story-telling is handled on the screen—and that is one of the weakest points in talking pictures today.

"Though wide film will be constantly perfected in this next year I do not believe the public will see much of it because of the radical changes which have to be made in the theater projection of these pictures.

"Television is fast on its way. We must be ready to deal with it when it really arrives. But so many novelties in picture presentation have taken place in the last year and will continue this next year, it is very possible the public will be so busy absorbing and getting used to these changes that television will be held back until it will properly take its place in the natural course of events. Home projection of pictures is a certainty but not in the next year, I believe.

"New wonders, discoveries and inventions are crowding so fast upon the public today that it would be well to hold back some of them for a time. The human mind can accept just so many wonders at a time before it becomes bewildered—that is, in the mass conception. It is better to release these innovations and discoveries one by one and wait for the novelty and excitement of one to work off before offering another."

Jesse Lasky, in charge of production at Paramount, said: "This next year will be a year of comedies. It has been a hard and trying year for every one, financially and otherwise. The public are going to want to be made to laugh, and they are going to go where they are surest to find laughs. Therefore, even in drama and straight heavy melodrama we are going to have to insert comedy characters and scenes.

"Wide film is the next great development of the screen." He went on. "It will not become a general success, however, until the film industry has passed through a period of precarious and interesting experimentation. It takes a different form of story presentation, for the close-up in the wide film is almost an impossibility. This development, however, should come as a natural course of events. It must not be rushed as we rushed talking pictures through.

"Color will probably be universally used by the end of next year or certainly within the next two years.

"There will always be screen stars, at least as long as the world worships its Lindberghs, Babe Ruths and elects Presidents. The public demands their idols!

"At the present time, Paramount has three men to every woman under contract. Most of life's dramatic problems center about men and their activities. Men seem to be able to impress the public with their personalities more than women on the talking screen. Why, I do not know, but this has been proved true!

"The entire technique of love making and romantic development of stories is changing with the demands of dialogue. It will be reflected in the love making of our impressionable young folks, just as the passionate silent screen love making reflected itself. Talking pictures may help to bring back a period of chivalry, and poetic romance, because of the ne-



"...But I Thought That Book Was Suppressed!" *Gasped Bess!*

"...How On Earth Did You Ever Get It?"

IF Gloria Swanson, Gene Tunney and the Prince of Wales had suddenly walked into the room, arm in arm, it couldn't have created any more of a sensation! Tom sat up with a whistle of astonishment—while Bess and Jane looked as though they could hardly believe their eyes!

"Decameron Tales!" cried Bess with a gasp as she read the title. "Why, that's the book that has been tabooed so long, isn't it? Where in the world did you get it?"

"Let me see it," begged Tom as he laughingly tried to take the book out of my hands. I've heard that it was so hot they had to put asbestos covers on it to keep people from getting their fingers burned!"

Jane pretended to look prudish but I knew she was dying to get a peek at the book just as all the others were. Suddenly an idea struck her.

"Nonsense," she said, "Helen's only fooling us. That couldn't be 'Decameron Tales.' She's only found a paper jacket from a real copy somewhere and put it on another book to get our curiosity aroused. I've heard of it for years—but it's practically impossible to get hold of a copy!"

"That's where you're all wrong," I cried triumphantly. "This is really Decameron Tales and it *isn't* suppressed, although I had never been able to get it in stores. Listen to this announcement I clipped out of a magazine the other day and you'll see how I got this copy. It says:

"'Perhaps no other book has ever had a more amazing background than the Tales from the Decameron by Boccaccio! Written with such utter frankness as to be absolutely *startling*, these tales have long been a storm center of controversy and persecution. Critics have acclaimed them with unstinted praise for their sparkling vividness—while puritanical reformers, aghast at the way Boccaccio has exposed human life and love in the raw, have resorted to every possible means to keep this masterpiece from general circulation.

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cessity of speaking love scenes instead of putting them over in broad pantomime.

"This next year will bring about some interesting reactions from the public, for as pictures change, so will life and people change—the public reflects the screen rather than *vice versa* as is so often claimed! Don't you think so?" he asked with a smile.

Jack Warner, the production chief of the Warner Brothers, has a pleasing personality and ability to sell his ideas. He was my next victim.

Fronted with my question he smiled as he said, "Well, next year, according to our plans, is to be a year of variety. A carefully selected combination of comedy, drama, mystery, farce and pictures with music.

"I say pictures with music, with a reservation! I mean music used in pictures with a natural cause and a reason, used to carry on the story and develop the plot, not just thrust in because it is a pretty tune and because it is about time for it, as has been the practice up to now. Everyone acknowledges *that* sort of musical is *out!* There must be a reason, and a logical one, for music or dancing from now on.

"It will be a year of strong stories. 'Type' will mean nothing.

"There will be many new faces on the screen. We are all frantically looking for new personalities to develop, new names to build. We have to start almost from the beginning for the requirements of the talking screen are very different from the old days of the silent. Then a girl could *look* her emotions, now she must say them as well. It takes understanding, new depth and mentality to put over any idea, or emotion in words as well as in actions!" he smiled.

"We intend to sign many young people and develop them. The screen needs youth, the fresh optimism of youth and its viewpoint, new blood both on the screen and behind it! It will be an interesting year to watch developments.

"The wide screen and television are looming large on the horizon right now and with the speed of development at present, they may be perfected by the end of the year. However, who knows?" he shrugged. "The future of pictures is an unknown quantity. We ourselves are never quite sure what is going to pop up next!"

Harry Cohn, in charge of production at Columbia, has just returned from a quick survey of exhibitors over the country. He said:

"The exhibitors universally say musical extravaganzas and revues and even operettas are not wanted!

"The wide screen will not make great progress this year. It has been found after the first surprised gasp which an audience gives at their first glimpse of the wide screen, they settle back and completely forget it *is* a wide screen. The effect is the same, the results are the same—it is just bigger—and infinitely more expensive to produce and to project. The exhibitor has just been up against expensive sound installations and he is not anxious to go into more expense for the wide screen now. It will come some day but I believe it will be held back until depth is perfected on the screen.

"Color is not yet perfected to a practical point and while someday it will undoubtedly be universally adopted, it will probably not be until the end of next year.

"The exhibitor is howling for pictures which entertain regardless of story, type, star or studio. The public are getting very picky and choosey in what they will support in the way of picture entertainment! You can't fool 'em!" and the energetic and wise Harry Cohn should know, for he and his brother started making pictures with practically nothing—and today are acknowledged among the successful producers.

Carl Laemmle, Jr., that boy who runs a whole studio, (Universal), and its product with a grin, sat in his ornate offices and looked at me in frank dismay when I put my question to him.

"Who knows the trend of pictures at any time?" he smiled with a shrug. "We are going to make half the pictures we have been making and they are all going to be specials. In other words, we are putting the same amount of money, and more, into half the product we did last year. It is the only solution!

"You cannot make talking pictures rapidly nor cheaply. You must have talent all along the line. Writers, directors and players must be of the best obtainable. Stories this next year will have to have more—pardon the expression—'guts,' they must have thought punch, drama, strength, down-to-earth realities.

"Sex stories as the screen has formerly known them can be no more. Music, except in use as we find it in every-day life, is out! Comedy is going to be strong, this next year, but it will be of the slapstick, uproarious sort, rather than sophisticated. In other words, pictures are going to be better than we have ever made them before, for the public now is sure of what it wants.

"However, we have a mere handful of talent to pick from. We will have to begin to train our own writers, directors, and so on down the line, so there will be constant fodder to feed the camera guns and to satisfy the insatiable demand of the theaters everywhere in the world with pictures!"

And there you have it, folks—first hand, hot from the producing griddle in Hollywood!

A NEW HOLLYWOOD WIVES' TALE

Continued from page 53

day a week, short of an earthquake or sudden death."

They have all been like that—through all the heat of the summer months when you would think the discomfort of being a waitress, carrying trays, bustling in and out of a hot kitchen would weigh lightly against a comfortable beach house or a yachting party.

Mrs. Lehr's real success, aside from the talent she has as a manager, is the example she herself sets. "You can't ask people, whether for charity, or anything else, to do things with you and then you be the slacker! It is one hundred percent cooperation that builds things. When I made up my mind to take this thing over I knew it would mean giving all my time. But my dear, if you knew what a joy it is to me to have this to look forward to every day instead of the luncheons and bridge parties! I'm having more fun out of this than I've had since my children were little things and required my attention. All of us look toward this Tea Room as a great relief. And we know we are doing something that really helps people. It isn't only the day nursery; it is also the shop downstairs and the fact that it supports so many people."

The history of the shop is this. The idea was to have attractive things there so the diners in the restaurant above would be tempted to buy on their way in or out. But when the Tea Room was a flop so was the shop, because the League is on a very quiet residential street where there are no casual passers-by. Now, with four or five hundred people swarming about every day it is a different story. The shop is run by a society woman, Mrs. Arthur Bumiller. She buys all materials and tells her workers what she wants them to make. The workers then leave the finished product on consignment. The proceeds of the shop, after the consignors have been paid their percentage, go to the Day Nursery. So flourishing has business become that sixty women consignors earn a livelihood in this way. And how lovely the things are! Everything from handkerchiefs to lounging ensembles, from laquered ash trays to hammered silver candlesticks.

In the Tea Room there are about eighteen paid workers. Mrs. Lehr believes in having plenty of help in the kitchen. It insures quick and efficient service. There are cook and her helpers, salad makers, sandwich makers, dishwashers and men to run errands and

(*Continued on page 119*)



Lilian Harvey, beautiful Ufa star, as she appears in an operetta titled "Waltz of Love."



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Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

A NEW HOLLYWOOD WIVES' TALE—*Continued from page 114*

do the heavy cleaning. Some of these jobs are held by people who, suffering from hard times in their own line of work, have been willing to pitch in at anything. But the cook is a good old Southern Mammy, and she knows her stuff!

While the Tea Room was struggling under debt and until it got well on its feet financially, Mrs. Lehr had as few people on the pay roll as she could manage with. That meant that during a rush she herself hove to and did a little of everything. She washed dishes, made salads and sandwiches, and waited on table, which she still does, besides her regular managerial duties.

There are about eight or ten volunteer workers who serve as waitresses each day. On Tuesday, which is always a big day with about three hundred people to serve, there are more. The names of interest to motion picture goers on that day are Mesdames John Ford, Jack Warner, Sammy Lee, Hunt Stromberg, Tod Browning, Ivan Kahn, Fred Niblo, Harry Beaumont, Sam Wood; and Misses Catherine Bennett, Flora Bramley and Mary McLaren.

Tips are put in a box on the cashier's desk and during the six months they have exceeded the sum of two thousand dollars. The money is used to purchase up-to-date kitchen equipment and china for the dining room. Knowing this, some of the patrons tip generously. Erich Von Stroheim left one penny at his plate and put five dollars in the tip box on one occasion when he lunched there with Jean Hersholt!

Kitchen work was somewhat hampered at first. Five electric coffee pots, sufficient for former needs, had to be kept on the job all the time—now a very swell hotel percolator doees the honors. Two hotel-style gas ranges have been installed and the old stove is also employed. A place in a cool wing of the airy kitchen is provided for a two-ring burner for toasted sandwiches. There is also a little sink there and a long narrow table for sandwich making. The ice box problem got to be terrible and reluctantly Mrs. Lehr forked out of the tip box three hundred dollars for a giant one, not electric because one that size would have cost about a thousand dollars. Jerome Kern, the famous composer, heard about the new ice box and sent his check as a donation for the full amount.

The china is not the thick, clumsy stuff usually found, but dainty and attractive, such as one finds in the better tea rooms.

Although the place has grown so terrifically the waitresses still supply the delicious desserts for the day, all of which are home-made. Mrs. Tod Browning brings chocolate rolls with whipped cream; Mrs. Gardner Sullivan brings berry pies; Mrs. Owen Moore, chocolate cake. Mrs. Hunt Stromberg brings cheese cake that melts in your mouth; Mrs. Henry King, Boston-cream pies, and Carmen Pantages, who is working in the Day Nursery as well as the tea room, brings perfectly marvellous kiss pies. These pies are made by Carmen's grandmother and no one else knows how to make them. The recipe was given her by her mother when she died and will probably be passed on to Carmen. The old lady rises at dawn to get them ready on the day her granddaughter serves the League.

Sally Blane's mother makes her special recipe for baked beans on Sally's day and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice brings the famous Fitzmaurice hash every Friday. I don't know who supplies the egg-nog pies, but they put joy in your soul even if they do add pounds to your flesh.

I have only given a partial list of names and donations. I haven't touched on the list of society girls in Beverly Hills, Los Angeles, Hollywood and Pasadena who loyally do their bit. But because of the spirit of the place I know there won't be any hurt feelings. Publicity isn't what they are there for. They have proved that.

Tea Room prices are reasonable. Dinners are a dollar and a quarter, luncheons are à la carte. If you have a toasted sandwich and one of the delicious desserts you are only set back forty cents, for tea and coffee are free. A plate lunch or a choice of anything on the menu with a salad, dessert and coffee will be all you can stagger out under and the bill will be between sixty and seventy-five cents.

Mrs. Tod Browning played a joke on her husband, Fred Niblo, Harry Rapf and several others from Metro who came in a party. She charged everything as a special order and even tabulated the tea and coffee. The bill finally worked itself up to twelve dollars. Mrs. Lehr was scandalized, Mrs. Browning triumphant, but the boys were good sports and left handsome tips.

One day when Mrs. Niblo was serving her husband watched her critically. She was just so earnest and conscientious it amused him. "Enid, look at these other girls. *They* are all smiling, while you look as if you were going through a terrible ordeal." Mrs. Niblo burst out laughing. "I am so afraid I'll forget something," she said. But after that the charming Enid Bennett smile got on the job.

I don't suppose there is a place in the world except Hollywood in which Mrs. Lehr could do quite what she has done. She herself feels that the whole success of the thing has hung upon the loyalty of her supporters and the fact that the volunteer workers have public interest. Tourists are beginning to know about the place and come in by the hundreds. Yet I am sure that without Mrs. Lehr's efficient handling the place would not be the great success it is.

Interest in the League proves that some very real things and some very real people are to be found in giddy, glamorous Hollywood.

A TAYLOR-MADE GIRL—*Continued from page 66*

they can't help it," she was saying. "It must be some cosmic force that makes them do things even though, at the time, they wonder why they do it. I suppose it is the same force that makes the sea pound never-endingly on the shores. I know it has always been so with me. There is something inside of me that says, 'You *must* do this. You *must* do this!' And I do it because I can't help myself, although I have often thought doing something else would be so much easier. But it seems to give me a means of expression that I need to find out what *me* really is like, what kind of stuff Estelle Taylor really is made of and what she can be moulded into.

"I remember a time just after my marriage to Jack. He wanted me to leave the screen. He paced up and down the room like a caged lion—as many a husband has done before and will again for the same reason—elaborating upon all the reasons why I *should* leave the screen, and wondering why I wanted to go on with a career. 'I'll settle two hundred thousand dollars on you, for you to use anyway you like. That's more than you will make in ten years on the screen.' Neither Jack nor I thought I was a good actress but I surprised us both, for I've made almost that much in less than ten years, and I haven't worked steadily, either.

"That night, however, I wondered passionately and resentfully why it was I *couldn't* give up acting and be Mrs. Jack Dempsey if it meant so much to him. I tried to. Oh, I tried very hard, but I couldn't do it. I felt like a swimmer beyond his depth, fighting, fighting, for life. I saw Estelle Taylor sinking into a shadow, a ghost. It was an inferiority complex, a terrible one, and I felt I just would have to conquer it by obeying the thing that kept pounding at my brain. *Act, act, act,* it said.

"I didn't feel that I was born to be an actress or that acting was the ideal and ultimate means of expression for me, but it seemed to be the only means, at that time, that the world offered me. And so I determined to set my teeth into it and conquer it.

"Talking pictures brought me the thing that has given me greater happiness than anything I have ever known—singing. I adore it. When a person sings, so much can be expressed quite unconsciously. One sings if one is sad, and relief comes. One sings if one is happy—and becomes happier. There is a feeling of freedom and power and joy that comes to me when I sing that is the most marvelous thing I have ever experienced. Everyone should sing. It is the greatest safety valve in the world."

Estelle is handling this new branch of her career very well. She studied for months and then went out on a vaudeville tour to contact audiences and overcome nervousness. Also, to get a reaction as to whether she was good or bad. The result was encouraging as an artist but by the time she got home she didn't care about that. She had found the thing that carried her out of herself. She didn't care, really, if she ever used it professionally. She continued working and her teacher fired her ambition. Her voice sank to an awed whisper when she told me that her ambition was the concert stage. "I haven't enough experience yet and my voice is not under the control it must be, but I'm going to work hard and I feel I'll get there eventually."

She refuses to sing in pictures until her voice is seasoned. She has been offered several parts that must have been hard to turn down but on most of them she wouldn't even make a test. Speaking of

one of them she said, laughing in the delightfully candid way she has, "I probably wouldn't have landed it, anyway. I haven't had enough experience in singing to play that part. I knew that before I started, so why should I waste my time and their money? I'm not going to sing in pictures until my voice is ripe. Building it up in a mixer's booth takes all the music out of the voice."

Speaking of how a closed mind hampers growth we laughed over the time William Fox wanted her to play "The Queen of Sheba" during the first year of her contract with him.

"Why, I couldn't think of such a thing. Why, my grandmother would never stand for it!" she gasped.

Bill Fox's fist pounded his massive desk until everything on it rattled as he shouted, "We're not making moving pictures for your grandmother!"

Estelle stared at him, startled but defiant, as he outlined all the things he could and would do to her in the picture business if she didn't play "The Queen of Sheba." She heard him out and then spoke her line. "All right. That's what you can do. But I can do something, too. I can get out of the picture business. I can sell ribbons in Macy's basement and I'll do it, too, before I'll be photographed practically naked!"

And whether, in spite of his rage, Bill Fox admired her spirit, or whether he was showman enough to bide his time, thinking that a few years and contact with life would change the mind of a girl who looked like good box-office to him, is a thing neither Estelle nor I know; but although he didn't speak to her for a year, he didn't break her contract. It ran its full length and it must have burned him up to see her branch out a few months afterwards practically nude in "The Ten Commandments." The Fox contract stopped just short of Estelle's emancipation, her conquering of false modesty.

She laughed when she told me about that. "Even to this day I'm clothes conscious on the set." A complex dating back to the training of that beloved grandmother who had impressed her with the fact that little girls shouldn't show their limbs. "When I decided to do 'The Ten Commandments' I had a net suit made that was skin tight and completely covered me. You couldn't see through it but it didn't pick up in the camera, so cleverly was it made. I always thought Mr. DeMille was a good sport to humor me in that. After all, it must have seemed stupid to him. As for me, I have learned to over-ride inconsistencies. If it is all right to show one's body on the beach why must the world come to an end if one's work requires it in the studio? There is impersonality in work. I know of many things more damaging to character than dressing à la Sheba. Malice, for instance, and deceit and jealousy and things like that."

She loves to play all kinds and types of parts. She likes to play good women and bad women. She is always interested to find that many of the bad women are rather better than the good women, and she tries to play them that way. Tries to make them human.

Just now she is starring on one of the most interesting parts she has ever played, *Dixie Lee,* the delightful but naughty lady in "Cimarron," starring Richard Dix. She shivers a bit at the task before her—hopes she will be all right. She still has an inferiority complex.

A few years ago one heard, "Estelle Taylor is the best sport and one of the most popular girls in pictures, but she's a terrible actress." That was because she was floundering, not sure of herself. Singing released that fear. She didn't care at first whether she was good or not. She just loved to sing. Happiness in her work has given her poise. The best work of her career began after she started this new medium of expression about two years ago.

Reports of people who have watched her rehearse in "Cimarron" are enthusiastic. One of the most brilliant men in the studio told me it looked as though Estelle Taylor would give an outstanding performance. She is fulfilling her belief in herself. She has become a fine actress.

After all, belief in one's self is half the battle. Add brains, courage and ambition, and there you are!

LOCATION WIDOWS

Continued from page 27

said the kids would die. And I said to the studio, 'If the kids die, is it your fault or mine?' So finally they said the kids could come along; and Ollie said that if I took the kids she'd have to come, too, and take care of 'em. So I said all right; although I'm darned if I wanted any dames around."

"That's not the truth, Harry, and you know it!" And even though Mrs. Carey was convalescing from an appendicitis operation she nearly leaped from the couch. "The fact is, I followed Harry down to Africa to keep the ticks off of him. I should let some other woman pick African ticks off *my* husband! Can you imagine me pacing Falcon Lair with Valentino's ghost, mumbling over and over to myself, 'Well, I wonder who's picking the ticks off Harry tonight'?"

"Yeah," Harry admitted with a reminiscent grunt. "An' they was ticks, too. I don't suppose," he remarked disparagingly, "that you ever had any elephant ticks—well, these elephant ticks are as big as my fist." And even though his wife talked him down to the end of his thumb I couldn't help but reflect that a tick the size of Harry Carey's thumb was, briefly, a tick. "Yeah," he finally conceded, "I guess it's just as well I had a dame down there at that. And as I look back at it I guess most of our evenings was spent pickin' ticks. First Ollie'd pick some off me, and then I'd pick some off her. That's the way it went all right."

Whatever the reason, the fact remains that Olive Carey revolted and joined her husband in Africa; and if stalking elephant ticks and being chased by African buffalo, Thomson gazelles and the wiry dick-dicks constitutes good clean fun, she may have had a pretty neat time of it; but, personally, I think she would have done much better had she remained at home and joined the Domino Club of Hollywood.

The great majority, however, have not revolted. They remain at home according to custom. Jobyna Ralston, for example, when Dick Arlen goes on location manages to use some of her time with meetings of the Regulars Club; and she also finds herself pretty well occupied with family affairs, and by tennis games or a splash of swimming with Walter Huston and Lloyd Brownfield who live nearby and drop into the Arlen's often, even when Dick's at home. Then, too, Charlie Farrell and his mother live but a block away. "I knew Charlie long before I did my husband," Miss Ralston admits. "In fact, he introduced me to Dick." (Come on home, Arlen, *come on home!*—before Maureen O'Sullivan does away with your wife!) "And, of course, my evenings are fairly well filled with bridge."

"As for me," Mrs. Charlie Bickford avers, "I don't mind these locations so much." (And if her husband's the wild man he's reputed to be, I can't say that I actually blame her!) "My children, aged eleven and five, naturally take up their share of time, and, of course, I always have my bridge."

"And that's an idea," Mrs. John Miljan chuckled. "When my husband's been away I usually redecorated the house; but this time I rather fancy that I shall get in some bridge."

"I, too, get in considerable bridge," Mrs. John Boles remarked. "But part of my time is spent in an orgy of house-cleaning—you know how sensitive John is! He dislikes the very sight of a broom and vacuum cleaner and things like that—and as I said, there's my bridge at which I ofttimes win!"

Mrs. Glenn Tryon takes advantage of her husband's absence by going in for a a little shopping. (And apparently this is the only location widow to whom it occurred that a husband's absence makes a capital time for such a pursuit.) "But I never actually buy anything. For when Glenn's not at home, I'm too restless to make up my mind—and it's not a bit exciting! So instead of spending a lot of money, I win it at bridge!"

And while Joan Crawford finds life without Doug Jr. strangely uninteresting, she holds no objection to bridge when it's played right well

Whereupon, I began to suspect that my investigation would benefit no one so much as the United States Playing Card Company. And my suspicions were strengthened when Mrs. Richard Barthelmess admitted that while part of her lonely hours was spent checking up on her children, most of her time was occupied with good, snappy contract bridge; as were the hours of Mrs. Conrad Nagel, aided and abetted by Mrs. Johnny Mack Brown. And what does Theda Bara do when director-husband Brabin's away? She plays bridge, just like ninety percent of the others! Preposterous, indeed, but as for this condition constituting an actual menace, even a child could tell you that four location widows around a bridge table were comparatively harmless; at least to anyone save themselves. Obviously their husbands have nothing to worry about, and June Collyer and the rest of the cinema debutantes may sleep the sleep of the succored.

But here's some advice, June, if you'd care to accept it: see that you keep those widows well supplied with playing cards! And the first time your boy friend breaks a date with "Awful sorry, Junie bugs, but I gotta have a little bridge lesson tonight," just take a tip from me and begin to exert that hidden power—and wire the husband, too!

It doesn't pay to take too much for granted whether one is a husband, wife or location widow. We're all funny that way.

GEORGE ARLISS—BRAIN-STAR

Continued from page 55

Fair," and then in Molnar's "The Devil."

This latter—the satanic Nietzscheanism of which made a special appeal to me—is an unforgettable Arliss part. With it a *new kind* of actor and stage character had come on the English-speaking stage: an incarnation of cold pagan intellect, a spiritual Machiavelli, and enchanting immoralist, a man with the enigmatical smile of Mona Lisa and the super-morality of Napoleon.

Arliss, in all his parts, is always this beneficent and eye-twinkling Satan. This up-to-date gentlemanly Superman of Molnar's "The Devil" is the protagonistic rôle of all that is Arliss. Its most artistic characteristic is restraint. And in that word *restraint* I touch the very nub and kernel of the art of Arliss. He knows what to leave out, he knows what not to say, when not to raise the voice, when not to walk.

His attitude is thus nearly always a negative one—in all his rôles—but negation charged with dynamite, like the philosophies of Buddha and Schopenhauer. When his face says No as *Zakkuri, Steyne, Disraeli, the Devil* or *Heythorp* it may mean a ruthless Yes, back of which the hidden intentions in his mind are laid bare to the most obtuse mind in the audience as plainly as if it were printed on the screen—for no human face of which I have any knowledge is more completely the slave of mind than the face of George Arliss. It is a veritable palimpsest of the human soul: it is a book written in invisible inks.

Another secret quite Arlissian: how does this half-sleepy-looking spider with the fly-trap mouth and maliciously-benevolent smile always hold the sympathy of his audience no matter what he does?

Humor is the answer. A rough, grim, irritable humor, a continued laugh swallowed up in the folds of a discreet bitter-sweet smile is the road to holding his audience. His is a cynicism of which we all recognize the truth. He flatters us and holds us by taking us into the secrets of his intelligence. A look out of the corner of his eye with a twist of the mouth contain fifty old-style printed titles and a whole chapter of talkie twaddle.

What is subtlety in acting—one of the rarest of actorial gifts? Subtlety is the art of conveying the shadowy so that it penetrates the observer like a velvet-covered poinard. It is nuance, an overtone, the very whisper of the unspoken thought, the unexpressed feeling. Subtlety is craft, cunning: the art of muted irony, of cutting your throat with a feather, of cursing you with a blessing, of double-crossing you with the droop of an eyelid.

Arliss is the master of all subtleties. Watch him closely—breathlessly as almost everybody does in "Disraeli," as *the Rajah* in "The Green Goddess," and in "Old English" and you have seen what I believe to be the final word in human cunning, finely nuanced subtlety played to the quick of egoistic *diablerie*.

Restraint, subtlety—and imagination! Arliss knows the fine art of exaggeration, caricature and re-creating the commonplace and banal in the green-room of his imagination. All his portrayals are not only characters but types, also. Disraeli is not just Disraeli, but he is also the type of the cynical statesman. It is so with ali his portrayals. He always lifts his character-portrayal to the image of a Pattern.

In "Old English" Arliss adds another to his list of perfect portrayals. It is one of the most superb things ever done on or off the screen.

Here is a picture of a typical Englishman of the old school who gives us his complete life-story—his soul-story—without a fade-back. The fade-backs of his devil-may-care youth, of his one love, of his sweet sexual transgressions, of his love of wine and meats are in his facial expressions.

Who can forget the slight nod, the sudden tenseness of the withered face, the sense of the irreparable in the lowering of the eyes which are the answer to his grandchild's question as to whether he had loved her grandmother, whose illegitimate son was her father? There is the history of a heart contained in two seconds on the screen. His face is a double-exposed film.

And who can ever forget in "Old English" those last fifteen minutes of Arliss on the screen when he plans and executes his suicide by over-eating and drinking to forestall the humiliation that faces him the following day before his business associates? And the exquisite 'business' of that last supper!

Not to be enthusiastic over such a perfect triumph of the actor's art is to stamp one's self empty, stupid and ashamed of feeling, an emotional eunuch.

But George Arliss has no sex appeal! There is never any hot love story in his plays! He hasn't It!—I hear the Old Guard yelp.

Well, the Old Guard, I'm happy to say, is passing away. George Arliss' great success on the talking screen shows what can be done in this medium, as Lubitsch has shown us in the directorial field of the silents: give men of brains and imagination and courage a free foot and they will revolutionize the most banal of the arts and drag the Golden Calf into the box-office besides.

I await, not too patiently, the next creation of Arliss. To me, he is always an event, from that first night I saw him in 1901 to his supremely great performance in "Old English."

In the whole of the picture world since its inception to the present time there have been only three Artists—used in the sense of creative actorial genius—Jannings, Chaplin and Arliss.

And the greatest of these is Arliss!

The winner of the Ramon Novarro guitar contest which appeared in the September issue of SCREENLAND is:

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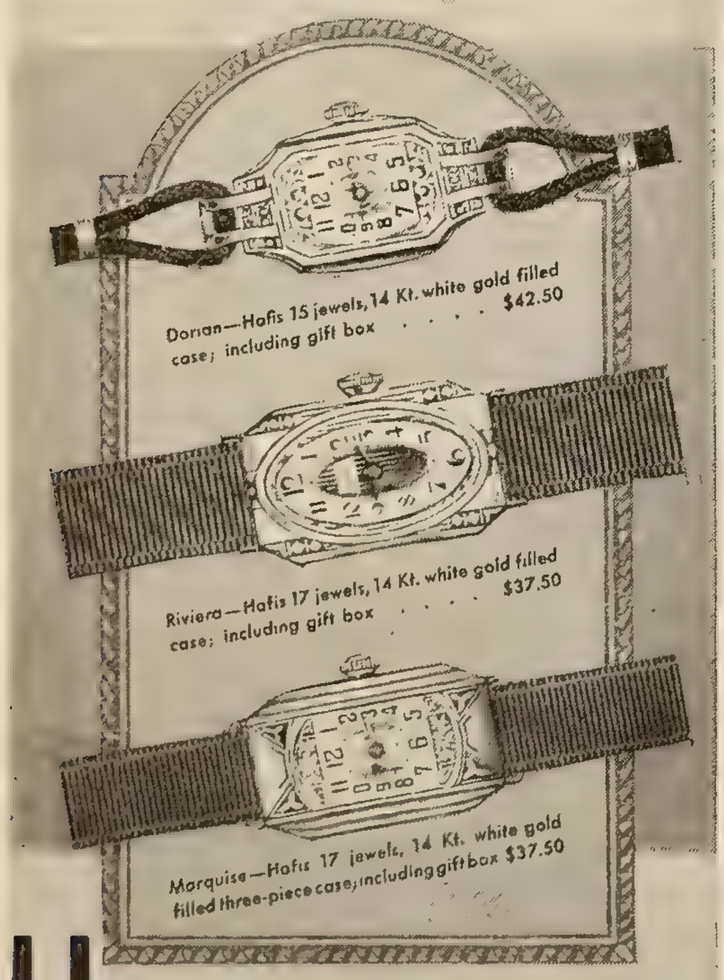
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HOLLYWOOD GOES TO THE BOW-WOWS

Continued from page 29

Stop that sniffling, Zep. You see! Oscar *is* a movie star!

Here comes someone with a tray full of toy surprises. They're trying out new expressions on Oscar. See that snake-like whistle with the feather at the end? That helps him register fear, intense surprise. A loved rubber ball means alertness. A toy pistol—how Oscar loves it—just to hold it in his mouth is reward for doing a scene well—means happiness, contentment, and other joyful expressions. Just hold them up for Oscar to see and he registers! Oscar says he is always getting fan letters thinking he is a girl. He gets quite a bark out of it!

Oscar has to go back to work now. He's selling hats in a department store. This is to be "The Big Dog House," and Buster, the leading man, and Jiggs quarrel over the love of Oscar (*Nellie, the beautiful cloak model*). Jiggs is the villain and burgles the safe in the office and kills a policeman but blames it on Buster and they are both sent to the rock pile in "The Big Dog House!"

But you must meet Jiggs. Jiggs really has a movie reputation. Why, he's been in pictures for years. Played with Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." He's mighty proud of that, though he wouldn't let you know it. Jiggs is one of those aloof, high-brow personalities—remember him as *Phido Vance* in "Who Killed Rover?"—he's a Ronald Colman or a William Powell, sort of—or even maybe like Greta Garbo, you might say. Silent. Mysterious. Aloof.

Let's watch Jiggs burgle the safe. What a natty frock coat and derby hat he wears, with a flash light attached to his paw—pardon, wrist. See how straight he stands—Jiggs can walk, you know. He's quite an expert really. It's quite a trick to walk on your hind legs. You have to be trained from puppyhood until your muscles harden and your equilibrium is settled. Jiggs often doubles in the long shots for the less talented dogs who cannot walk. But see him look into the safe. As the door to the little room opens (the sets are built on small dog size scale, of course), and the light comes through and touches the safe, Jiggs is to look around and show astonishment, even fear. That's what Director White says.

Ready. Camera. Lights. His trainer (and owner) stands over by the door. He speaks to Jiggs. "Look into the safe, Jiggs. Don't turn. That's the boy. Now!" snapping his fingers. Jiggs turns, registers interest, the light from the door reaches him. What is that in his trainer's hand? A live white mouse in a cage! The right shade of astonishment, fear! Jiggs has a psychosis about mice. Has almost a cat-like tendency. Likes to chase them. Well, that's over. Third take, but *that* scene is in the can!

Zep, let's interview Jiggs.

Jiggs likes the movies. He'll tell you so. But he lives very quietly outside. Never goes out socially. Cares very little for the ladies. Oh, he's had his amours, who hasn't. But he's not like Buster. Now Buster is a regular Don Juan. Lusty little rumors are wagging about town that he makes love to all of his leading ladies and it is even whispered (though don't tell Will Hays), that the ladies can only break into the pictures through his patronage—well, ahem!

Jigg's favorite food is hamburger. He'd do almost anything for hamburger. He's quite a wit, too. Can say two words actually in absurd human language. One is, of course, 'hamburger,' and the other is 'mama.' He is now learning 'hot' and feels he can go anywhere with this vocabulary.

But you must meet Buster—handsome, dark-brown Buster. He's resting in his dressing room. Every star and near star has his dressing room. Over there is the run for the extra and 'bit' dogs.

Buster was out all night, I'm afraid. He looks pretty weary. Has to go on soon, too, so let's not disturb him. Remember him as the husband in "Who Killed Rover?" No wonder all of the girls are wild about him. Buster has been in the movies for six years and has quite a reputation—as an actor, that is.

Most of the dogs have been featured in other pictures. Pepper came from vaudeville, famous in the two-a-day. Then there is Brownie, lots of talent, but being brought up by an Italian monkey man, he undertands only Italian, but is rapidly learning English.

Then there's Billy. Billy is the comedian. He's quite a card. Always getting into trouble. The whole troupe remembers the day he swallowed the rubber weinies that were smeared with real sausage! The vet was called in a hurry!

All of these dogs have been trained with patience since they were puppies and so disciplined that a firm command is enough. Most of them can understand every word of their trainers. Every trainer must be on the set to cue his own dog. In some scenes hundreds of dogs appear. Usually they go off without a hitch. The dogs know it is serious business.

When they first saw each other dressed in strange clothes they didn't recognize their pals, and a near riot was barely averted—but now they are quite blasé. There is one dresser for every ten dogs or so, and it is his duty to see that each of his charges is dressed and in his proper place when the scene begins. If any of his row misbehave it is up to him to straighten them out.

The stories are the joint collaborations of Jules White and Zion Myers and are, as a rule, parodies on well-known feature films. They prepare most of the dialogue and do the directing which takes infinite care and patience.

They will tell you they are besieged by fond mamas who want their pets in the movies, but they never listen to such pleas as a rule; for such pets are usually spoiled; and a picture dog must be intelligent, well-trained, and disciplined. No wonder more than one poor canine heart is breaking.

Here, Zep! Come back. No, you *can't* go into the movies.

Well, now you see what all the barking is about. Wait for "The Dog Parade." Then you'll know how they really put on the dog in Hollywood.

HOW THE STARS WOULD LIKE TO SPEND CHRISTMAS

Continued from page 57

In the morning they fish for their dinner, Hal cleans it, Louise cooks it, and they both eat it! And there you are! No turkey, no trimmings—just fish.

The Gleasons, James and Lucile, adore their new home and thoroughly enjoy the bountiful festivities staged within it. But they admit that "just once more" they'd like to have a Christmas with a traveling road show, an impromptu party with small gifts distributed from a scrawny tree trimmed with loops of popcorn.

"Just a sentimental whim," adds Lucile, "probably the zest of the old days wouldn't come back, and we'd miss our mid-day swim in our pool."

"But I'm going to have my first ideal Christmas this year!" glowed Ann Harding. "I'm afraid it will be conventional, but all my life I've longed for it. As a child, daughter of an army officer, I moved from post to post. As an actress, I wandered from city to city. The first Christmas after Harry Bannister and I were married, I was sent to Detroit two days before the holiday. Harry was in a Broadway show, and I spent the day locked in my hotel room, lonesome and miserable.

"This will be my first Christmas in my own home, the first Christmas Jane, my baby, will enjoy. Well, we can hardly wait!"

Fred Scott is another happy soul who has enjoyed his ideal day. "Music is the loveliest thing about Christmas. I sang in 'The Messiah' last year and the whole week was overlaid with its inspiration. Church services—two of them—one at midnight and the other in the morning, take away commerce from the most beautiful of all days."

A frost-bitten Santa is longed for by Richard Dix, Eddie Quillan, Helen Twelvetrees, Irene Rich and Anita Page, all condemned to sunny California. Other homesick denizens of the film city yearn for Southern Yuletides, among them Claudia Dell, who would be in Texas; John Mack Brown, who sighs for Alabama; Mary Nolan, who longs for Kentucky and little pigs baked with apples in their mouths; to which Irene Dunne, also from Kentucky, adds a 'wishing well' rigged up in which friends dive for presents; and Amos, of Amos and Andy, who speaks wistfully of Richmond, Virginia.

Estelle Taylor thinks it would be fun to take a whole orphan asylum full of small California children who had never seen snow, up to a great lodge at Big Bear, some four hours from Hollywood, and treat them to a real eastern Christmas. There would be the fun of buying toys beforehand, of helping them trim a tree, and hang up outsize stockings, then creeping down to fill said stockings, and best of all, see the children when they opened their gifts.

Kay Francis, too, thinks the day is a day for lonely children and would like to invite a quartet of abandoned mites to share her happy day.

Other countries have the lure of far-distant things.

Marie Dressler would be in Rome, because there is something so inspiring in the sound of chimes and mellow bells.

Ramon Novarro, in Mexico observing a festival in which the Christ Child, instead of Santa Claus, brings gifts. Alma Real, opera star now in pictures, and also from Mexico, mentions her father's annual tree for newsboys as the high spot of Yuletide.

Hugh Trevor insists that he would choose Japan, because nobody over there would be yelling "Merry Christmas" at him and he'd play tennis over there.

Jeanette Loff says she'd go to Denmark where her father was born, feast on Christmas Eve, and watch for elves at midnight as the peasants do.

Jose Crespo dreams of the colorful holidays in Murcia, Spain. Lotti Loder, of Nurembourg, the little town where she was born.

And Lowell Sherman doesn't care where it is, so long as the spot is far removed from Hollywood and people who talk about pictures!

Those waving flags for jolly old England as the ideal place for a real old-fashioned holiday include: Doris Lloyd, who chooses the North of England, because it's her home. Claude Allister, who talks of Essex, where he grew to manhood. George Fawcett, who declares there is a psychology about different seasons and California doesn't lend itself to Christmas. The veteran player would have a 'Dicken's Christmas,' with burning yule logs, green, dancing, feasting and good cheer.

Charles Rogers says that there's no place like Hollywood and he wouldn't spend a Christmas anywhere else.

Bob Armstrong recently visited Montana on location, and was so delighted with the hospitality accorded him that he took his young wife back for a visit. That's the place for a Christmas to be remembered, says Bob!

Grant Withers and Loretta Young think that a grand wind-up to Christmas Day would be to give a masquerade ball to families and friends.

Marilyn Miller declares she doesn't understand why people don't like Christmas shopping. She has always been so busy she has had to delegate the task to someone else, but if she could have her ideal day, it would be prefaced by a buying orgy conducted by herself!

"Conventional Christmases don't interest me," says Dorothy Mackaill. "I think I'd choose to go to San Francisco for the day. That is essentially a festival town. I'd dine at a big hotel with a crowd of gay people, and afterward we'd dance a while, and perhaps go for a drive and visit the intriguing 'different' places that are only found in the city at the Golden Gate."

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BAD ACTOR—*Continued from page 34*

"The Big Boss finally agreed that she was just a simple, old-fashioned mother. Of course, he never told her that her presence was going to save Tommy's picture for the company and that that meant saving a cool million from the ash can. And let me tell you, the Big Boss can get pretty warm over a cool million.

"Along about this time Tommy's mother insisted on meeting Dolly, his ex-fiancée. Tommy pleaded with Dolly to pretend that they were still sweethearts and Dolly agreed to play her part along with the rest of the gang just for the old lady's sake. When she met the old lady she was glad she had obliged. She and the old lady had a heart-to-heart talk that made Dolly take Tommy back with open arms.

"Finally, Tommy's picture was finished. When they pre-viewed it in the screening room, the Big Boss forgot to play the gloom rôle he usually played because otherwise it might mean more in somebody's contract. He yelled right out: 'Why, this picture's a wow!' and the old lady who was sitting right beside him became pretty indignant. 'Didn't you know all along it would be a great picture?' she demanded. The Big Boss was almost purple in the face assuring her that he never had had the slightest doubt about it. Everything that Tommy did was just right. The Big Boss began acting all over the place. Most of us had to go outside because we couldn't hold in any longer.

"Well, to make a long story short, as they say in the cutting room, plans were on for the premiere of Tommy's picture at which his mother was to be Hollywood's guest of honor. Dolly was going to be present, too, for she was now wearing Tommy's ring seriously. She figured that any guy that was smart enough to fool his own mother was smart enough to make his way in the world.

"But the old lady wouldn't stay for the premiere. She reminded the gang that there were other children back home that needed her. After all, she explained, her business was to be a mother.

"Honest, the gang felt terrible to think that their acting had deceived the old lady as much as it had. They decided to make amends by giving her a grand send-off down at the depot, with a special band and flowers and the rest of the trimmings.

"When the Big Boss told her that he had signed Tommy on a new three-year contract, the old lady was so pleased that she kissed him right in front of everybody. As the east-bound Southern Pacific pulled out, there she was on the observation platform, waving good-bye to the gang, two big tears sliding down her wrinkled cheeks all mixed up with a smile. When the gang cheered, she started crying for fair and opened up her pocketbook to get out her handkerchief. Then she made her first mistake.

"I tell you, Lew, it was the only mistake she'd made since her arrival in Hollywood. Instead of taking out her handkerchief, she had pulled out a telegram, and was waving good-bye with that."

"How did you know it was a telegram? Where were you?" demanded Lew.

"Well, to be truthful, and please don't breathe this to a single soul, Lew, I was on the observation platform right beside her. I was going back East on the same train. You see, it was the telegram which had brought her to Hollywood in the first place. That telegram told her the truth about Tommy Gray, the whole black truth and how much depended on her coming to Hollywood before it was too late. You see, she was a pretty old lady, and it was a pretty long way to come, but she got there just in time. She knew all along just what a bad actor her boy was and she decided that if she played her part well, she might save him. And what a part she played, while all Hollywood thought that it was playing parts for her!"

"I'd like to know who sent her the telegram that brought her out to Hollywood. That certainly was a smart idea. Was it yours, Hy?"

"What's the difference?" drawled Hy.

"I'd like to know another thing. Was the old lady really his mother?" persisted Lew.

"You're too smart to live," conceded Hy. "But now, since you've guessed it, I'll let you in on the secret. She wasn't his mother at all. She used to play stock with Tommy and he remembered how clever she was, so he got me to go on over to the Old Actors' Home where she'd retired and plead with her to play a big part for the last time. She'd always liked Tommy, so she agreed to go. Great idea, wasn't it, Lew? It was all Tommy's idea. And he played his part as well as she did. Not a bad actor after all, is he?"

WHAT PRICE TELEVISION?—*Continued from page 63*

cryin' for the Carolines and set out to bring it succor. Today, he is well on the way to the four-car garage and the Pompeian swimming pool.

Radio draws most of its stars from the outposts of America, but its best-known soprano, Jessica Dragonette, can and does claim Calcutta as her birthplace . . . There is no longer a place on the air for the wisecracking announcer. Announcers are as dignified today as a cinema cathedral usher . . . The cinema cathedral has become a training school for the Metropolitan Opera House. Beatrice Belkin, one of Rothafel's choir, heard often on the loud-speakers, is the latest to enter the green pastures of Gatti-Cazazza. Once aspirants for opera went to Rome, now they go to Roxy.

The rarest radio voice in political circles is—why, of course, of course—that of the Vice-President.

The broadcasters seldom interpret popular songs in the styles of the masters. Wonder how *Thank Your Father* would sound in the manner of Wagner and Rimsky-Korsakoff? Boy, page Mr. Lopez, and if he's not in, try Dr. Whiteman!

Were I summoned by a Senate investigating committee to state what, if anything, was the matter with America, with the old-time American spirit, I would answer without hesitation that *Turkey in the Straw* was not heard enough in the land.

Is Hoover as regular an ear-cupper as he was said to be before he ascended the throne? The answer is probably no. There have been too many Senators massed before the microphone, too many snipers at tariff. Poor old tariff! Still the first and best remedy for insomnia with the ear-cuppers.

Sax appeal has taken up so much space on the microphones that there is no room for sex appeal. What price television?

TIME OUT FOR MOTHERHOOD

Continued from page 19

same class with two famous stage stars—Helen Hayes and Ann Harding—the latter, of course, a screen star as well. Helen Hayes, the enchanting star of the stage play "Coquette," (Mrs. Charles MacArthur in private life), left the cast in order to have her baby. Her producer declared her absence to be caused by "an act of God," and, therefore, stated he was not responsible for the salaries due other members of the cast for the term of their contracts. Ann Harding, happily married to Harry Bannister, also a well-known actor, is one of the most charming mothers in Hollywood and New York. All three of these women, if you study their faces carefully, have two common qualities—a deep, still sort of beauty, and an intellectual awareness of the vital forces of life.

Florence Vidor belongs to this group of women except that she has given up her screen career for motherhood. Florence was at one time married to King Vidor, the director, and they had a daughter, Susanne. They were divorced and Vidor married Eleanor Boardman. Later, Florence left the screen and married Jascha Heifetz, the noted violinist, and she just recently became the mother of a little girl. Her retirement seems to be permanent but she has not been forgotten.

All these women have, apparently, found out what Schopenhauer, that gloomy old philosopher who hated women so bitterly, discovered many years ago. He said there was only one real test of real love. If you wanted to know if you really loved a man or if that man really loved you, ask but one question: Do you desire to reproduce yourself with that man as the father of your children? Does he desire to reproduce himself with you as the mother of his children? If the answer is an unequivocable 'yes'—then that is this thing called love, which Norma and Thalberg, Ann and Bannister, and Helen and Charley MacArthur seem to have found.

The fact that all of these women cinema artists are undergoing the great experience, points a lesson. The same lesson which Bernhardt, Schumann-Heink, Madame Homer, Sarah Siddons, and other great artists learned. The fact that until a woman has experienced motherhood, she is apt to be an instrument whose true depth has never been sounded.

When Sarah Bernhardt made her first appearance on the French stage, one of the then most famous Parisian critics could find nothing to say of her except that she was prepossessing. But after her son, Maurice, was born, and she had eaten of all the bitter corners of life's black loaf, she became perhaps the most famous actress that has ever lived.

Sarah Siddons is the perfect exhibit of an actress becoming great only after motherhood. Mrs. Siddons, the most talented tragedienne that England has ever produced, was a flat failure when she made her London debut. Callow, colorless, was the critics' verdict. But she left the London stage, and with her husband toured the provinces, giving birth to child after child. Until to-day, no player is so universally revered in dear old Britain as Sarah Siddons, even though she left this earthly theater many years ago. Still Britain remembers. Statues of her abound in many of their cities, and even in the private gardens of the vast estates throughout England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales. She wove her dramatic spell around the hearts of those Britishers who are not lightly touched, perhaps because in addition to her great gifts she had the human understanding which comes only when one has nursed little illnesses, tied up small wounds, brushed away the most tragic tears of all—the tears of youth—which flow so bitterly and unendingly before one has learned that there are compensations, and that even this grief too will pass.

Madame Homer is another exponent of a scientific fact which few people realize. Most of us think the fewer children a woman has, the longer she will remain young. But according to physical science, that is untrue. The more children a woman has had, the more apt she is to retain her youth and vitality. Madame Homer, with her son and five daughters, and three or four grandchildren, at much over fifty, presents a vitality, a freshness, a spontaneous beauty which makes her the most amazing woman in America, in my opinion.

But it is in no effort to prolong their own youth of which they have so many years left, that has prompted Norma, Dolores, Eleanor, Ann, Helen, Irene, Florence, Leatrice, Alice, and others to become mothers. It is rather in answer to the primal impulse of motherhood which surges through the heart, mind, and body of every normal woman. Other screen stars have felt it and are feeling it. Little Loretta Young is one of those who wishes for motherhood. Joan Crawford is another. And how many more wish for it—too late. Perhaps the film stars most to be pitied are those who are passing slowly out of popularity after having sacrificed everything to their careers. Now that their careers are at an end and they find the relentless tide of time sweeping them nearer and nearer toward the rocky peak of forty years, they find no solace anywhere.

It was perhaps to help women avoid such a fate as this that Shakespeare wrote his second sonnet over three hundred years ago:

"When forty winters shall besiege thy brow
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held:
Then being asked where all thy beauty lies
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days;
To say, within thine own deep sunken eyes
Were an all-eating shame and thriftless praise.
How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's use,
If thou could'st answer—'This fair child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse—'
Proving his beauty by succession thine!
This were to be new-made when thou art old,
And see thy blood warm when thou feel'st it cold."

Can it be that movie stars are taking Shakespeare's advice to heart—daring to be women first and movie stars second? Daring to take time out for motherhood at a time in the world's progress when economic competition was never before so keen—when a year lost may mean oblivion?



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THE MOST POPULAR GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 59

Helen Langdon, a charming woman.

Mabel Normand and Ella were great friends. On seeing her at a party, Mabel would assume an expression of mock exasperation and say "There is that bum again!" Then, seating herself next to Ella, they would exchange confidences and soon Ella would be holding her sides with laughter. During Mabel's long illness, Ella's cheery notes, telegrams and telephone calls brightened the weary hours with current news from the Hollywood front.

Sunday often finds Ella at Jimmie Cruze's home at Flintridge. She knows and loves every inch of Jimmie's seventeen-acre garden which is separated from the house by a high and forbidding wall, but Ella, wheel chair and all, goes blithly over to revel among the flowers that grow under the huge oak trees.

I have seen Mary Pickford stand by Ella's wheel chair for an hour, telling her of Lottie's little girl, of her school days in Switzerland, and discussing many of Mary's pet charities, for little Ella is a member of the Film Welfare League, one of the many splendid charities of the motion picture colony, and Mary Pickford is a very staunch admirer of this league.

Many who do not know Jim Tully intimately, think of him as 'that caustic exprize fighting hobo,' but Ella knows his big amiable Irish heart and is a great admirer of his literary achievements. One would never expect to see him at a modest little party given by some of the Studio Club girls, but Ella had asked him and he had left an important conference to attend. Turning to her he said, "If it had been one of those affairs given by the big bugs out here, I'd have stuck to my job, but when little Ella asks me to do something, I do it for love of her—she's regular, and so is her gang!"

No story about Ella and Bill would be complete without some reference to 'Essie,' for she is also quite a Hollywood character; and rarely does one see Ella or Bill without asking, usually with humorous apprehension, "And how is Essie?" And if you should chance to pass a picture star's house and see the long line of cars in front that invariably indicates a party within, and if among the Rolls-Royces and Cords you should see an Essex coach of the remote year of 1922, you may know that Ella and Bill are among those present, and appreciate the apprehensive query, "And how is Essie?" A total collapse has often been predicted for Essie, and great is the mystery that surrounds her longevity, but in spite of her occasional systems of minor ills that all ladies seem heir to, Essie continues, giving her all, and proudly transporting her precious charge anywhere from Palm Springs to Agua Caliente. Perhaps even Essie, a mechanical robot of cold steel and iron, has been infused with the genial fortitude of her owners.

In these days of pictures with sound and musical scores, almost every event suggests incidental music, and for a trip down the Boulevard with Ella and Bill, I would indicate Puccini's *One Fine Day.* That gay bit of "La Boheme" is apropos of the little jaunt with its occasional pauses to exchange greetings and bits of Hollywood news. Invariably there is some shopping to be done, for Ella delights in making her own clothes. When they cross the Boulevard, Bill nonchalantly rolling Ella's chair in front of the non-stop drivers of filmland, traffic ceases. Those who know them shout a greetng and the others wonder who this beautiful girl can be.

The other day, I was in a car and traffic came to a standstill and there was Jeanette MacDonald wheeling Ella across Vine Street, both of them juggling ice cream cones. I screamed at them, and they waved their ice cream cones gaily. Later Ella told me that "Jeanette knows the technique of ice cream cones better than anyone I've ever met!"

Ella's many hours in bed are not idle ones. Within reach is a cabinet that contains everything from her sewing material to all the data of Bill's publicity business. The telephone rings incessantly. Often it is a friend who wants to visit via the telephone. Another time it is a magazine writer approaching a dead line and seeking further gossip for her article or wanting to know what Norma Shearer wore at the last Mayfair. Then it is a society editor asking for an account of a party and the guest list, or one of Bill's clients calling to tell Ella about a new contract that has just been signed.

The Duncan sisters adore Ella and her gay laughter has often played an obligato to their rollicking artistry. Before the news boys were shouting the headlines that so blatantly announced to the world that Rex Lease's admiration had passed out of bounds, Ella had heard about it and was on her way to the hospital, her sparkling brown eyes shadowed with grave apprehension.

And thus it goes: unable to walk, but nevertheless going everywhere. Her indomitable courage and avid desire for life brought her through a siege of terrific surgical experiences (for Ella had been a dancer, an expert horse-back rider, and an all-round athlete.) When the doctors said she might never walk again, her alert mind cast about for something to compensate her for her great loss. In Hollywood she had found it, and Hollywood, in turn, has found her.

In a letter to me she wrote:

"From what has been said and written about Hollywood, one would think that all motion pictures people were psychopathic. But if delusions of grandeur cause them to be graciously elegant; if emotional instability makes them delightfully entertaining, and if their quick compassion is born of infantilism, then I think it folly to be sane."

Ella's comments on Hollywood are profound and her little blonde head is filled with delightful anecdotes about its playboys and girls. Perhaps someday she will write her version of it as she has seen it from her wheel chair.

And be it said to the credit of heartless Hollywood that Ella and Bill Wickersham are held close to that heart which may be hard to find, but when one finds it, that heart is warm, thrilling and loyal.

MONTGOMERY SCORED!

Continued from page 51

"Why—er—" They would all explore their pockets. Sometimes a pocket would contain ten or twenty dollars. Sometimes only twenty-five cents. Whatever it was it was corralled by the proprietor and the deal was called square for the month. That collection paid his rent and his bills, all he demanded from life. He and his wife fed his people well and made them happy. And while the youngsters thought their hosts were swell and all that, it probably took years for them to appreciate what a really fine gesture this was. Youth takes everything for granted.

Sometimes the crowd would wind up in a cellar they knew where, sitting on broken-down wheelbarrows, they'd drink cider or beer and munch chestnuts and pretzels while they listened to their Italian host recount tales of adventure. All this was good for the young aspirant to histrionic fame. It doesn't matter whether one has a cultured background or not if one wants to be an actor, but it matters a lot if he knows nothing about people and life.

In this quarter, an argument between two people became a free-for-all with all hands to the pump. As if by magic, cellar doors would open simultaneously and a stream of people would pour out from the narrow enclosures. "It was a miracle I never understood, where they all came from! In a second the practically deserted street would be swarming with screaming, kicking humanity. All having the time of their lives," reminisced Bob.

There was a colored doorman at one of the swanky Village clubs Bob and a friend of his joined as soon as they could afford three square meals a day. He was always genial and Bob liked him. One night he was nursing a perfectly vile cigar. "George! Do you mean to tell me that the men in this club give you cigars like that?" Bob asked, just to see what he would say.

"Yes suh, yes," sighed George, suddenly feeling very sorry for himself and bitter with realization, "dis is all what dey gives me, Mistah Bob."

"Terrible," said Bob. "George, when I'm a star I'm going to give you a whole box of Corona Coronas!"

"Law-*dee*, Mistah Bob! You *is?*" chuckled George, not believing a word of it.

"And every time he saw me he would call out, 'Doan you forget those Corona Coronas, Mistah Bob!' And the first time I go back to New York I'm going to look up George and make good my promise. I'm not a star, but I can afford that bet!"

On the screen or stage there are two ways of getting on: wait for breaks or keep working with your eyes open. The last being Bob's motto, he can't remember any breaks he ever got. His first chance, or at least the thing that led him into the big money, came through Edgar Selwyn, who cast him in "Possession." His work in this Broadway play brought him to the atention of Hollywood and eventually a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract.

But there's a string to pictures. Popularity on the screen is just the beginning of one darn thing after another, Bob has discovered. He loves it but he wishes the strings weren't so many and that they wouldn't get so tangled up. Without his knowledge a magazine ran a yarn to the effect that Robert Montgomery would reply to all letters sent to him in care of this magazine. One day Bob was surprised to have handed to him a large photograph envelope filled with letters requiring his signature. And what letters! "I was persuaded by our publicity department to sign them thinking that would be the end of the matter. But yesterday I was handed *six* of those envelopes, all of them stuffed full. And now I don't know what to do. It seems incredible that the public would demand and be offended if it didn't receive the attention a player would have to give things like that." On the other hand, Bob does his fans the courtesy of reading every letter himself.

It isn't that he is high-hat or snobbish or selfish or any of those unpleasant things, but just that he is young and wants a little time after hours for fun, as we all do. How can he have it when he must be in the studio more than twelve hours a day, and then have to sit down and sign letters and photographs the rest of his waking hours?

Newcomers think picture people are snooty because their names aren't in the telephone book. If they spent one evening in the home of a popular film player whose name is in the 'phone book they'd know why picture people have private wires. Not only does it ring eternally but strangers pretending to be personal friends say, "Oh Bob, this is Joan Crawford speaking. Doug and I want you over for a game of bridge. Can you come?" Bob was fooled the first few times; now he says, "I'd love to Joan, but I'll have to let you know. Call you back in ten minutes." Of course, when he does call back he finds out that Joan or whoever it was supposed to be hadn't called at all. And now Bob has a private wire.

Would you like it if *your* free time were constantly filled by someone you didn't know at all trying to date you up or engage you in a perfectly meaningless conversation? It might be amusing at first but as a steady diet it is nauseating. Do you think players should humor people like that?

Not that we blame those girls who are crazy about him. Bob is one of the most engaging young men in Hollywood. He is full of fun and has charming manners. He is as enthusiastic as a puppy, but he is nobody's fool. He is in this business to get along but not at the expense of somebody else. He doesn't have to. He began at the bottom and worked his way up, so he is well grounded. There is a place for everyone who does that. It's the greatest mistake in the world, Bob thinks, to begin at the top and try to keep floating.

There are rumors out that Bob is to be starred. He tells me that if it is true Metro executives have not let him in on the secret. Yet it is bound to be true soon. Bob Montgomery is beginning to be a heavy box-office seller, and eventually that means stardom.



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BIG-TIME COMEDIAN

Continued from page 83

concerned, he's just Harold to them, never 'Mr. Lloyd.'

"I worked on sets with him and from the errand boy to the big shot directors, they all loved him. He employs most of his help by the year and whether they work, or not, they get paid each week, regularly. Sometimes, they have months off because he only makes about one picture a year nowadays, but they get their salaries just the same and can do as they please during the vacation months between pictures.

"And other things he does that people love him for: In his picture, 'Speedy,' he used a great many extras, whole families with lots of kids, and in order to keep the kids out of mischief when they weren't wanted on the set, he had a complete playground built for them on an old set that wasn't being used. He had everything in there you could think of for the amusement of the kids. And most likely could be found in there himself, playing with the kids when directors were frantically searching high and low for him.

"If a child accidentally wandered across a set that was being filmed and the director started yelling at the kid to get off, Harold, looking as guilty and scared as the child itself, would quietly call the youngster over to his side and give him a quarter to run and buy popcorn or peanuts from the vendors around the studio.

"No sir, he's never the boss around his own studio. Whatever his directors tell him to do he does and if he has any suggestions or differences of opinion they are never discussed openly before the cast or extras. He gathers his executive heads together at an isolated spot and there differences of opinions are amiably ironed out.

"He works harder on a picture than anyone else, and not being the slightest bit money-mad he spends enormous amounts to have each detail perfect. He'd rather have a big bunch of extras come back the next day for additional work than to rush them through in one day to save overhead. But then, everybody in his pictures works like the devil. They love it! No clock punching for them. Everybody's happy all the time and you never see or hear any arguments or petty jealousies among the crowd. They'd all go to Hades and back for Harold.

"And it's funny when the lunch whistle blows to see Harold running like mad to get in line with the rest of the mob at the milk window for his bottle of milk. And don't think he doesn't try to get there first, either, like everyone else does! Why, he's even done what some of the more venturesome fellows do, get in line twice and try to promote an extra bottle of milk. He receives the identical same kind of lunch box that the entire company gets and lots of times has a fight 'cause his pie is smaller than some other fellow's pie.

"When the work is done for the night and everybody starts to go home, Harold slings his coat over his shoulder, whistles for his constant companion, a Great Dane, and wiggles through crowds going in all directions, yelling good night to everybody whether they're extra people or leads.

"No posing or bored yawns for him as his car drives up to meet him. No sir, he walks all the way to where his car is parked, either at the end of the set or outside the studio gates.

"Talking about his constant companion, the Great Dane: Does that man love dogs? He has the greatest collection of pedigreed dogs in the country; loves dogs like he does children and has a pet name for every dog he owns. The dogs flock around him like homing pigeons whenever he appears at the kennels; he will give away pet dogs of his to friends and employees and then keep them in his own kennels for the new owners until they have made friends with the dogs and can arrange to take them away to their own homes. Boy, what a man he is with dogs!

"And at home: Harold doesn't go out much socially and anytime you want to find him outside of working hours, just go anywhere around the grounds of his house and you're sure to locate him fussing with the shrubbery, fixing this and fooling with that or digging in his favorite spot, the garden. He's a real home man and is plumb crazy about his little daughter; would absolutely spoil her if his wife didn't watch him.

There isn't an insincere bone in his body; doesn't bother much with public charity work but the hundreds and hundreds of individuals he has helped out personally, and the lifts he has given to heartsick people, can't begin to be told. He never turns down a needy person and gives aid with such a wonderful spirit that people never feel in his debt, only a great and sincere loyalty for him.

"His name is always free from scandal, petty lies or malicious gossip and he's the sort of a man people would composedly serve corn beef and cabbage to (if that was the dish for the night) should he appear unexpected for dinner.

"Believe me, kids, I'm glad I've been lucky enough to have worked with Harold Lloyd and to have known him well enough to tell the world what I think of him. He's a brick, and here's one guy who'll always root for him. He's just one of the crowd, that's all, even though he could buy and sell the Woolworth building legitimately."

LOST IN THE HOLLYWOOD MAZE

Continued from page 21

This screen version presents the self-same drama in half the time, and with much pictorial elaboration which the stage could never show.

I enjoyed Hollywood. I enjoyed making a 'modernized' version of my dear old "Kismet." I enjoyed the association with technical experts, stars, and with players at the First National Studio.

But, by Allah, may my life be forfeit if I could ever take to my friendly heart that disc of doom, the 'mike.' True, it was my prophet—but I was its slave!

ASK ME—*Continued from page 101*

E. L. G., Indianapolis. Richard Arlen is 31 years old and the husband of Jobyna Ralston. Richard has medium brown hair, gray eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 161 pounds. His latest releases are "Dangerous Paradise" with Nancy Carroll, "Burning Up" and "The Light of Western Stars" with Mary Brian, and "The Border Legion" and "The Sea God" with Fay Wray.

E. Jane, New Rochelle. It's a pleasure to give you the information you want about "King of Kings." H. B. Warner was *Jesus of Nazareth,* Dorothy Cumming was *Mary* (His Mother), Victor Varconi was *Pontius Pilate,* Joseph Schildkraut was *Judas Iscariot,* William Boyd was *Simon of Cyrene,* Ernest Torrence was *Peter* and Jacqueline Logan was *Mary Magdalene.*

Dot. With lots of dash, I hope? Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. He has dark brown hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 158 pounds. He has been married but is separated from his wife. His first American picture was "The White Sister" with Lillian Gish, in 1922. He was on the stage in England before coming to America.

Brown-Eyed Jo. Nils Asther was born Jan. 17, 1902, in Malmo, Sweden. He has black hair, dark eyes, is 6 feet tall and weighs 175 pounds. "The Sea Bat" with Charles Bickford was his first talking picture. He is under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Nils married Vivian Duncan. Dolores Del Rio was married Aug. 8, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director.

Mary B., South Bend. If Clara Bow had brown hair before she broke into the movies, you'll just die, you will! If the truth prevails, what does it make me? Gary Cooper played opposite Esther Ralston in "Half a Bride." Buddy Rogers was 26 years old on Aug. 13 of the present year. His next picture is "Heads Up" with Margaret Breen from the stage and Helen Kane, who was recently starred in "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

Kathryn C. Charles Farrell is a clean-cut - you'd - let - your - sister - meet type of American. He was born in Walpole, Mass., on Aug. 9, 1905. He is not married. Dolores (Lolita) Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. She is 5 feet 3½ inches tall, weighs 115 pounds and has jet-black hair and beautiful brown eyes. Her first talking picture was "The Bad One" with Edmund Lowe. She will soon be co-starred with Walter Huston in "The Dove" for United Artists.



Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Freeland. Director Freeland turned down June Clyde for the lead in "Whoopee" but selected her for his leading lady in real life.

Andy of Amherst, N. H. You are a toe dancer and want to get in the movies and will I tell you how to do it? If I knew the road to a successful Hollywood career, I'd be glad to show you the way, but my advice to all budding screen talent is, get stage or studio experience and if you're lucky, some one will discover you. Doesn't that sound simple? It certainly does.

Clare B., Cleveland. You're right, this is America's Smart Screen Magazine. You can reach Al Jolson at Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. Norma Shearer, Marion Davies, William Haines and John Gilbert are all at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma became the mother of Irving Thalberg, Jr., in August.

A Little Friend from Chicago. I know you're a nice little kiddie and love your movies, too—what would the movies be without the kiddies with their crinkly bags of sweet-meats, cracker-jack and what else have you? Don't take offense; anything else will do as well, but Auntie Vee Dee just must have her little joke, ever and anon. Jackie Coogan will be 16 years old on Oct. 26. He is making *"Tom Sawyer"* for Paramount. You can address him, 673 South Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

E. H. S. Your letter was like a voice from the well-known past, asking for addresses of players who have not been heard of in years. Two of the great unforgettable war pictures of the year are "Journey's End" with Colin Clive from the English stage, Ian MacLaren, David Manners and Billy Bevan; and "All Quiet on the Western Front" with a cast of equal merit. Among the players you'll see Ben Alexander, in a great come-back to the screen; Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim.

Another Clara Bow Fan. The film theaters are full of you. Clara was one of the featured players in "The Ancient Mariner." John Boles played opposite Gloria Swanson in "The Loves of Sunya" and Raoul Walsh in "Sadie Thompson." They tell me (but don't breathe a word of it to anyone) that John Boles is very much interested in his fan mail. Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. is his address, in case you wanted to drop him a line. Miss Bow is not married.

Elizabeth H. Write to the players and ask for a photograph, would be my suggestion if you want to feast the eye and gladden the heart. But you don't want it to be too expensive—how about enclosing a two-cent stamp? Just a little American custom. Don Alvarado is married to a non-professional. He played with Lily Damita in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Ethel, Muncie, Ind. Why don't I drop down on you on one of my flying trips? Don't be that way; you can always find me at your nearest news-dealer, looking at you from the "Ask Me" department of SCREENLAND. Ralph Forbes is not on con-



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tract with any one studio but his picture, "Inside the Lines," with Betty Compson, was made at the Radio Pictures Studios, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. He appears with his wife, Ruth Chatterton, in "The Lady of Sandal," produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios.

Bee. You'd like to have my Question Box enlarged, you want Gary Cooper to play with Colleen Moore and you'd like to know why I'm not in pictures. In reply, I would say, give us time, we're still young. Colleen's last picture was "Footlights and Fools." She has not announced her future picture plans since leaving First National, but is rehearsing in a stage play in New York.

Memosa, Liverpool, England. What's an ocean wave or two between fan friends? With all your kind wishes for my department, your lovely way of telling me you like my nonsense and funny American phrases, I thank you and all that jolly sort of thing. Billie Dove is one of the beautiful women of the screen and is as sweet and friendly as she is beautiful. Her latest releases are "The Other Tomorrow," "One Night at Susie's" and "The Lady Who Dared." You can reach her at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal.

Pat. G. of Norwich, N. Y. Your favorite, Lon Chaney, passed away on Sept. 15, 1930. The whole picture world will feel his loss. He was born April 1, 1883, in Colorado Springs, Colo. His parents were deaf and dumb. Though he was famous for his cripple rôles, he was an athlete, an excellent dancer, a football fan, a gifted musician and an intensely human person. He was happily married and had one son.

Marjorie T. Bone up on the home-towns of the stars! Make a hit with your friends! Bebe Daniels and James Hall were born in Dallas, Texas. Charles Rogers, Olathe, Kansas. Louise Brooks, Wichita, Kansas. Colleen Moore, Port Huron, Mich. Anita Page, Flushing, L. I. Billie Dove, New York City. Alice White, Paterson, N. J. Joan Crawford, San Antonio, Texas. Ruth Taylor, Grand Rapids, Mich. Molly O'Day, Bayonne, N. J. Gary Cooper, Helena, Mont. John Mack Brown, Dothan, Ala. Phyllis Haver, Douglas, Kansas. Conrad Nagel, Keokuk, Iowa. Richard Arlen, Charlottsville, Va.

Evor B., Freeport. If Tom Tyler knew how many months you have been looking for him, he'd be tickled no end. He has been working at the RKO Studios, 789

(*Continued on page 132*)



Maureen O'Sullivan, that petite and popular young actress from old Ireland, sees herself as others see her, in the forecourt of Grauman's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. Maureen sings and dances in her next picture, "Just Imagine."

THE GIRL WHO CAME BACK

Continued from page 23

And for a little creature like Janet, who loves peace and serenity above all things, to engage in a battle with a Big Corporation was about the wildest thing that any one could expect her to do.

I was informed by one who is in the know that "High Society Blues" made good in the box office. If it did, it must have been because of the abstract pulling power of Gaynor and Farrell.

When the end of this picture came Janet was near a breakdown and her mother whisked her off to Honolulu regardless of everything but Janet's health.

Many people have said, "But why, oh, why, did she give up the part in 'Liliom' —Molnar's play—if she wanted better stories?"

When she was enroute to Honolulu she received a radiogram saying the part in "Liliom" would be given to someone else if she did not return at once on a given date. It was literally impossible for her to do this, and the papers printed everywhere that she had refused to take the part. At this time the Fox studio was



Our party reporter, Grace Kingsley, was entertained by Mrs. Asher and her two children at their Malibu Beach home.

in the throes of a greater dissension and no consideration could be given to a smaller one. Mr. Sheehan was in New York for several months or things might not have come to the desperate pass that they did.

It was during this time that, back and forth like a shuttle, gossip wove in and out around Janet's name. It was an opportunity for all the hyenas in the motion picture arena to come out and howl. And, by the way, there are more of these unwholesome creatures than any on the outside could ever guess. At the first sign of trouble they come out from their burrows and pitch their tumblebug ball. This, too, has become a racket and the star must pay and pay and pay. Mere mention of her name or a photograph printed without her knowledge or solicitation is a demand for shekels and more shekels. Janet lives so far away from this maelstrom in pictures. She has never sought publicity and does not understand any of its mechanics.

Some months ago when the news of Janet's marriage was published a very amusing and touching incident gave me the psychological key to the persistent rumor that she and Charlie Farrell were in love in spite of the fact that she was wedding another. A little girl of nine years old, on reading the announcement of Janet's marriage to Lydell Peck, suddenly broke into tears. When questioned as to the cause of her emotion she answered with this outburst:

"I can't bear it. I just can't bear that she should marry any one but Charlie Farrell. I don't see how she could do it. It makes me so unhappy!"

She had seen Janet and Charlie in "Seventh Heaven" and in her heart they were the ideal lovers. And this marriage announcement had broken this ideal—maybe the first big one of her young life —and it had made her suffer.

The public, the great mass of motion picture fans, are like this little girl of nine. They have their ideals of love and romance bound tightly around Janet and Charlie, and they resent having these bonds broken. In their hearts they will always believe that these two secretly love each other. Which, by the way, is one of the strongest testimonials as to their sincere work on the screen.

When Janet was here some time ago she said laughingly to me:

"Oh, how hard Charlie and I have tried to fall in love with each other! We knew everybody expected it, that it was the thing to do. We have spent hours alone in the moonlight, hoping the divine spark would touch us, but it hasn't. In spite of our prayers we just simply couldn't fall in love."

And her voice rippled musically when she spoke of the many times they had sallied forth together to waylay Cupid, but he had proved to be too wary.

Now that Janet has made a stand for better stories—and I hope she has won—we may be sure that she will give us the best that is in her, for she is made that way. She is too much of an artist to do anything in a slipshod way. She wants a written story; she wants the book or manuscript in her hands so that she can study the character she is to portray, and in this way be able to put her heart into her work. She has made this simple request—she has not stood out for whimsical, impossible things. She is the same sweet, unspoiled child she has always been.

Like another girl of long ago, named Joan, she has believed in herself and fought her fight!

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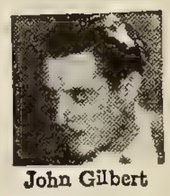


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ASK ME—*Continued from page 130*

Gower St., Hollywood, Cal., where he made "Idaho Red" with Frankie Darro and Patricia Caron. His other pictures of 1929 are "Lone Horseman" with Charlotte Winn, "Man from Nevada" with Natalie Joyce, and "Phantom Rider" with Lotus Thompson.

Teddy. Reading my words of wisdom and have kept mum—why, how could you? Would that I could tell you what makes Greta Garbo's eyes so alluring but that's her own little secret and a girl can have a secret, can't she? Her eyes are blue with very long lashes and her hair is golden, she weighs 125 pounds, and is 5 feet 6 inches tall. Her first talking picture was "Anna Christie," her second, "Romance."

Samuel S. So you're going to embrace this opportunity to write for information? Why, Samuel! Joan Crawford and Kathryn Crawford are not sisters, cousins, or even related. William Haines can be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. He plays in "The Girl Said No" with Leila Hyams, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran.

Red Head. Where do I get my brains, if any? Is that nice, if at all? I hippity-hopped like anything when I read your pen picture of me. You're way off on age, color of hair and eyes. Otherwise, okay. Sue Carol has dark brown hair, flashing brown eyes, and weighs 107 pounds. Nancy Carroll is the wife of Jack Kirkland and they have a young daughter, Patricia, about four years old. Nancy's latest picture is "Laughter" with Fredric March. Sue Carol's new one will be "Check and Double Check" with Amos 'n' Andy.

Bertha C. L., Benson, Arizona. So you're a new friend of SCREENLAND and you think it's the 'berries'. What kind of berries, please? Lois Wilson played opposite Richard Dix in "To the Last Man," a Zane Grey story, filmed and released in 1923. Marion Davies is not married. Dolores Del Rio was born Aug. 3, 1905, in Durango, Mexico. She has jet black hair, brown eyes, is 5 feet 5 inches tall and weighs 115 pounds. She was married Aug. 6, 1930, to Cedric Gibbons, film art director of Hollywood.

Friendly from Brooklyn. As you were in my busy day, the letters are answered in turn as they come in; first come, first served, but with a limited space in the magazine, it sometimes takes months for your answers to appear. Clive Brook was born June 1, 1891, in London, England. His mother was a prima donna and his father, a barrister. He was on the stage in London and married a popular English actress, Mildred Evelyn, in 1920. They have two children, Faith Evelyn and Clive Jr., Mr. Brook has brown hair, grey eyes, is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 149 pounds.

The Girl from Chicago. Sorry your letter to Sally O'Neil did not reach her but I have a perfect alibi—Sally and her sister Molly O'Day haven't made a picture since "Sisters" for Columbia. When they have another picture contract, I'll let you know in my department. Playing with Sally and Molly in "Sisters" are Russell Gleason and Jason Robards. You can write Malcolm McGregor at 6043 Selma Ave., Hollywood, Cal. James Hall, Warner Bros. Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Cal. George O'Brien, Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave., Hollywood, Cal. Both Ted McNamara and Fred Thompson died some time ago.

Brown Eyes from Indianapolis. I'd have to take on an extra force or a night shift if I answered all your questions. However, follow me while I croon the reply. Renée Adorée was born in Lille, France, on Sept. 1, 1901. Louise Fazenda, in Lafayette, Ind., in 1895. Dorothy Gish, Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. John Bowers was born in Indiana but doesn't say what town. Ricardo Cortez was born in Alsace-Lorraine, France. He has black hair, brown eyes, is 6 feet 1 inch tall and weighs 175 younds.

Jean W. You have a good notion to take up the piano—why not take it up on the roof and push it off? You can write to Dorothy Mackaill at First National Studios, Burbank, Cal., and Jack Mulhall can be found at Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St., Hollywood, Cal. Jackie Coogan is at home at 673 S. Oxford Ave., Los Angeles, Cal. Mary Philbin had the leading rôle in "Drums of Love" with Lionel Barrymore and Don Alvarado in support. Mary hasn't been seen on the screen for some time.

NOT JUST A WIFE!—*Continued from page 31*

one realized that she was furnishing the offstage voice stipulated in her contract.

"This scene will lead to my entrance," she confided. "In three weeks I'll have arrived on the set, in person. We in pictures work like the mills of the gods. Slowly, and we grind exceedingly small."

This was Miss Claire's second talking picture. The first was a Pathé, "The Awful Truth," that created no uproar.

The Claire-Gilbert marriage was one of those front-page sensations for nine days, and the subsequent tiffs and truces were likewise broadcast.

"And that," she advanced, "is one of the very things that makes marriage difficult for professional couples. Heaven only knows that matrimony is a fragile bark at best on what philosophers like to call the Sea of Life, but when it is tossed about on waves of publicity and subject to the storms of popular opinion it has a doubly hard voyage.

"When you read in paper after paper that you and your husband have separated, that he is jealous of you and you jealous of him, it all has a certain terrifying effect. It's all very well to say 'Laugh it off' but it does something psychologically. And whenever Jack and I feel restless we go our own ways. It is a sensible idea."

"Though unconventional," I amended.

"Conventions," said Ina briskly, "are for visiting firemen and people who never get anywhere without signposts to guide them. Intelligent people who are capable of thinking for themselves are guided by moral sense of right and wrong. Conventions are stupid laws that probably have their place. But common sense and a decent sense of ethics are enough to keep the average thinking person straight.

"Aren't we getting too serious?"

There may have been something in the thought.



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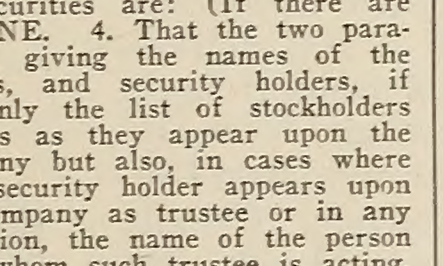
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Without pressing too persistently one was able to gather that New York holds first place in Miss Claire's affections, that she is considering a return to the legitimate under Tyler direction in an adaption from the French, that she enjoyed "Lysistrata" and dancing to Leo Reisman's soothing music at the Casino, that she prefers etchings to oils and evenings to mornings.

"Mornings are the most useless things. Yet in pictures we must turn on the emotion and act human as early as ten o'clock. I am never really awake before noon. Stage work has done that.

"And if I must admit it, I shall never give up the stage. I have been quoted as saying that love in a cottage with a blue and white kitchen to stay home and cook in was my idea of perfect wedded bliss. It was a misprint or the reporter let her enthusiasm run away with her. In the first place, I look incongruous in aprons and in the second, third and fourth places, I prefer a dressing-room to all the twelve-room cottages ever built.

"Much has been said of the fascinating smell of greasepaint and I imagine more will be said. It's all quite true. The stage has a hold that is unbreakable. But there is no reason why one should not be an actress as well as a wife. The two are compatible if the parties to the contract are willing to give and take. (That," she added parenthetically, "is not a new idea. But the whole theory of love and marriage is age-old.")

At this juncture Miss Claire was notified that she might descend from the heights and adjourn to lunch.

"Even Art must step aside for the primitive," said Miss Claire. "We act, we marry, we eat!"

All of which gave me the definite idea that love and matrimony may mix successfully, that an actress may be in love with her art and her husband at the same time, and that Lonsdale is a great training for a keen understanding of life.



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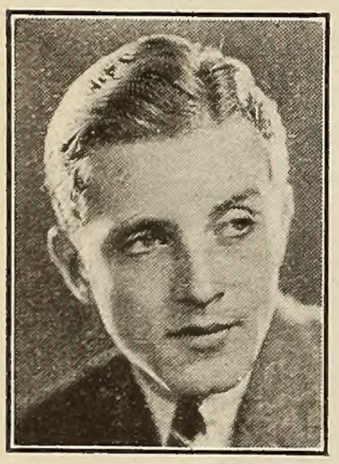
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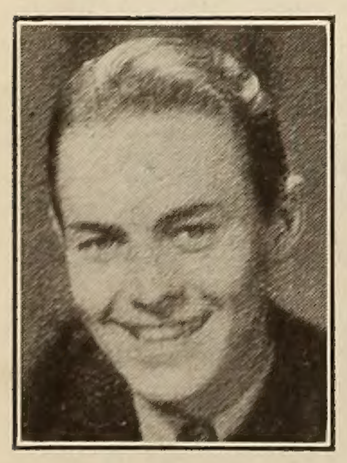
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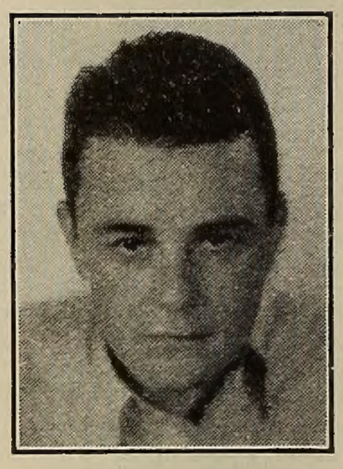
Join in the fun. Pick your favorite. SCREENLAND will help you because that's our favorite sport, better than contract or backgammon—picking potential stars. Look at some we have selected—Constance Bennett, Kay Francis, Janet Gaynor, Norma Shearer, Clara Bow, Dolores Del Rio, Nancy Carroll, Charles Rogers, Richard Arlen, Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, William Powell, Anita Page, John Gilbert, Ruth Chatterton, Charles Ruggles, Sue Carol, Leila Hyams, Robert Montgomery, William Haines, Joan Bennett, Jeanette MacDonald, Jean Harlow, Jack Oakie—we saw 'em in their first films, filed them for future reference, told you to keep your eye on them—and were we right? You're telling us!

You're invited to join SCREENLAND in these prognostications—nasty word, but we can't help that. Our covers are pretty good prophets in themselves. Watch the cover portraits on this Magazine and you'll see the girls who are doing things on the screen today. The boys don't get on the covers but you'll find them inside. Watch the evolution of these stars. These youngsters we are selecting as stars of tomorrow and day after tomorrow are making history a little. Consider their varied appeal. One stands for Romance. One for Adventure. Another means Comedy; still another, Drama. Life, as George M. Cohan didn't say, is just a motion picture after all. You watch the movies for your tips on the new clothes, furniture, foods, moods, and emotions. And then you check up with us and that makes it more fun.

To get right down to cases, here are the kids you should keep your best eye on in the months to come—in good old Number 1,931. Marguerite Churchill, Fox's little more-than-ingénue actress who scores in "The Big Trail." Marlene Dietrich, Paramount's maybe-Garbo. Phillips Holmes, who's gone far already, but who's set to go farther. Maureen O'Sullivan, that girl from Ireland seasoned in Hollywood and retaining the best features of each. Richard Cromwell, Columbia's choice to play the talking version of "Tol'able David," the picture that made Richard Barthelmess and may make this new Richard. Joan Marsh, daughter of Charles Rosher, Mary Pickford's best cameraman, as blondely beautiful as Jean Harlow and even younger. Jean herself, who made you sit up straighter in "Hell's Angels." Claire Luce, once a Follies girl, now a real actress. Barbara Stanwyck, a grand trouper. Miriam Hopkins, new and fresh and blonde—from Broadway. Irene Delroy, also from Broadway. Claudia Dell—Broadway and blonde, but still different. Frank Albertson, an amusing and versatile personality. Edwina Booth, of the African adventure, "Trader Horn." Lillian Roth, sizzling soubrette. John Garrick, English and ingratiating. It's a list as long as—that. You may know some names you wish to add—Ginger Rogers, Dorothy Lee, Russell Gleason, Fred Scott, Una Merkel, Joan Peers. And then there are these boys and girls already poised on the higher rungs of that ricketty old Success ladder and due to climb higher: Loretta Young, Lew Ayres, Dorothy Jordan, Arthur Lake—others.

Next month we'll tell you more about these white hopes of next season's screen. Watch for this feature. You pick your winners and then check up with us—and we'll see who's right. Anyway, we can have a lot of fun!

THE PUBLISHERS.



Lewis Ayres



Claire Luce



Frank Albertson



Dorothy Jordan

Women who command all eyes

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage



OLIVE BORDEN

POISE, grace, charm—only such words as these describe the lithe slimness of the modern, outdoor girl.

Eyes sparkling and clear—skin that glows with natural color—a figure gracefully rounded—such attractiveness is desired by millions—*and is possible to most!*

Proper diet is of first importance. For nothing steals health and beauty more surely than sluggish digestion and poor elimination.

Starving is not the way to win an attractive figure! Eat well-balanced foods—and be certain to include enough "bulk" to keep the system clean. Most diets today lack this "bulk."

That is why millions of girls are eating Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily. It is not fattening. But it does insure regular elimination, sweeping out the poisons that so often cause illness and loss of health and beauty.

Eat this delicious cereal instead of taking pills and drugs that are often habit-forming and dangerous.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also helps protect against dietary anemia by providing iron, the blood-builder. Iron is nature's rouge for ruddy cheeks and cherry lips.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN can be served in many tempting ways, without adding many calories to the diet. Soaked in fruit juices, with milk, in clear soups, on salads. Cook it in bran muffins, breads, omelets. Endorsed by doctors. Always ask for the original ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package—made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.



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"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

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